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TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The women of California are raising money to purchase a home for Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont and her daughter, both of whom find it necessary to live in a mild climate. Of the \$6,000 which it is proposed to secure, over \$1,000 have been subscribed.

The Wage Workers' Political Alliance of Washington has presented a petition to President Harrison asking him to nominate Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton to the senate as associate justice of the Supreme court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Miller.

Mr. George E. Hale of Chicago, is soon to have a new twelve-inch equatorial, especially adapted to spectroscopic work. The dome is to be twenty-six and one-half feet in diameter and is the same size as the smaller one for the new Naval Observatory at Washington, the larger one being forty-five feet in diameter.

A preacher, evidently not only anxious to earn money without work, but regardless of the amount of misery which he may be the instrument of inflicting upon his fellow creatures, advertises as follows: Cupid and Hymen.—The little brown cottage at Cambridge, Pa., is the place to call to have the marriage knot promptly and strongly tied. Inquire of Rev. S. S. Whitcomb.

Charles E. Felker of Oshkosh, one of the ablest lawyers of Wisconsin, a life-long democrat protests against the opposition of his party in that state to the Bennett law. He says: I tell you plainly that this unholy crusade against the common schools is carried on by a coalition of priest, pettifogger, politician and poltroon. Some are inspired by hate. Some by love of gain. Some by hope of office. All are willing to sacrifice the common schools. Woe, woe the day when the fangs of the church clutch the throat of the common schools of Wisconsin.

Recently the Cleveland (England) *Mercury* contained the following advertisement: "Wanted—A really plain but experienced and efficient governess for three girls, eldest 16; music, French and German required; brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manner and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home and there are grown up sons. Address," etc. Such a state of things at home as this advertisement seems to indicate, would, if general, mean social and moral rotteness not pleasant to contemplate.

Rabbi Hirsch is of course in favor of opening the Exposition on Sunday. He says: Preachers teach on Sunday; the exposition is an impersonal teacher and one of morality. Whatever tends to elevate man can not be either irreligious or immoral. I can not conceive that the opening of the exposition Sunday is a violation of the state law. Our public library, our art institute are open and it were well that many more similar institutions be opened on the only day when the masses have the time to learn of the higher things

of civilization. But it will entail work on some of the employes. The running of the cars and the like entails work on some; many of the rich puritans work their coachmen on Sunday, which, if anything is, is a direct violation of the words of the biblical law. The churches are closed during the months of July and August. The rich enjoy the fresh air of the seashore, the mountains, and the fields. Let the less favored enjoy during the summer Sundays the inspiration of the exhibited treasures of art, industry and commerce. "The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

The Quebec government gives a hundred acres of Crown land to every family comprising a dozen or more children. It appears that no fewer than 1,000 heads of families have sent in certificates to the effect that they have at least twelve children, and will consequently enter into possession of not less than 100,000 acres of the provincial domain. The thousand families represent a population of 15,000, and some of the claims sent to the department at Quebec show that several families are composed of twenty-two living children, and others of fourteen, sixteen, and twenty.

Judge L. L. Lewis of the New York supreme court, refused to give the custody of a child to her mother because another daughter had died under the treatment of a Christian scientist, which consisted only of prayer. The Judge said: Should I award the custody of Lucy to her mother she would, if sick, probably be treated as her sister was. While I would not discredit or doubt the soothing and hence perhaps beneficial influence of prayer upon the minds and feelings of an adult invalid, with the light given me I think it unwise to make a person entertaining such views of treating the sick the custodian of a child so young as Lucy is.

Says the *Chicago Tribune*: "Most of the democratic southern Senators voted with western republican senators against the senatorial agents of a syndicate of eastern mill bosses, and put binding twine on the free list. This was equivalent to a gift to western farmers, who need the money badly, of several millions of dollars." The *New York Daily Press*, referring to the same vote remarks: "A reduction in the wages of labor in cordage mills, if not the closing of the mills themselves, was virtually voted by the senate yesterday, when it put binding twine on the free list." The reader is left to make his own comments.

Rev. David Swing, in a recent sermon, said: Unity of language is a first step toward a perfect brotherhood. The Germans of Chicago who stand high in honor and prosperity are all at home with the English language. In admitting emigrants from all foreign nations our country admits them as individuals, not as a colony who come here to establish a home where their German laws may still exist. They may produce all they can of German music, industry, song, and good will, but they should expect the nation to reveal the unity of purpose, language, and laws. These new laws of labor and education, whether sketched by democrats or republicans, philosophers or philanthropists, are the wider and better roads

along which the nation must move. The "little school house" stands under the flag of the Monroe doctrine. In 1823 James Monroe submitted in his message to congress his idea recommending that body to pass a decree denying the right of any European throne to plant a branch of itself in North America. From time to time great duties will disclose themselves. When they appear we must confess them. And now, when the idea of national unity of language, heart, and mind knocks at the door of the "little school house," the door must open that the noble truth may enter and become to the children a new and powerful friend.

The House committee which reported the bill prohibiting aliens from acquiring lands hereafter in the United States made some startling statements in justification of its report. The number of millions of acres held by aliens who reside abroad is not known, but the committee had evidence to show that one English syndicate owns 3,000,000 acres in Texas, another owns 2,000,000 in Florida, a third owns 1,800,000 in Mississippi. The *Holland Land Company* owns 4,500,000, while individuals hold tracts varying from 1,750,000 to 100,000 acres. One Englishman, who resides in his native country, derives \$200,000 a year from land in Illinois. When there are two horses in a stable it is wise to lock the door after one is stolen. It would have been wiser to lock it before either had been taken, but it is better to be a little wise than not wise at all. Alien land ownership is an evil of gigantic proportions. It permits men to draw rents in proportion to the productive capacity of our country, with the benefits of the market created by our protective policy, and to spend their revenues abroad. The investment of foreign money in our industries is, in many respects, objectionable, but the ownership of our lands by aliens is a much greater evil. It is to be hoped that the bill before the House will become a law.

The *Springfield Republican* asks whether the Christian ministry is independent enough to act on its convictions, and adds: "It is Bishop Huntington in the last number of the *Forum* who implies that it is not. He is the one to make the charge that to a very large extent the world has 'bought up the church's title and estate and found profit in administering it for the world's entertainment.' Where privilege sits in the pews it will insist upon being represented in the pulpit. It proved to be occupying the pews in anti-slavery days, and the church in consequence was almost the last to turn against the established order. It is monopoly and privilege which is now fighting to rule out moral standards in Pennsylvania politics and to clear the way for the unobstructed play of the corruption by which they exist. But let us hope they will not be found in possession of the churches." Reference is here made to the support of Quay who "is admitted to be a powerful corruptionist and charged with crimes of bribery and embezzlement, which charge he makes no attempt to answer," and to the address of the Independent Republican committee calling upon the ministers throughout the state to oppose Quay in the interests of good morals and "to exert a legitimate influence to maintain the plain standards of right and wrong in public affairs."

PROFESSOR JAMES AND SPIRITUALISM.

Professor William James, in his work, "The Principles of Psychology," says:

"I am myself persuaded by abundant acquaintance with the trances of one medium that the 'control' may be altogether different from any possible waking self of the person. In the case I have in mind, it professes to be a certain departed French doctor; and is, I am convinced, acquainted with facts about the circumstances, and the living and dead relatives and acquaintances of numberless sitters whom the medium never met before, and of whom she has never heard the names. I record my bare opinion here, unsupported by the evidence, not of course in order to convert any one to my view, but because I am persuaded that a serious study of these trance phenomena is one of the greatest needs of psychology, and think that my personal confession may possibly draw a reader or two into a field which the *soi distant* 'scientist' usually refuses to explore. Many persons have found evidence conclusive to their minds that in some cases the control is really the departed spirit whom it pretends to be. The phenomena shade off so gradually into cases where this is so obviously absurd, that the presumption (quite apart from *a priori* 'scientific' prejudice) is great against its being true."

Such cases as the one mentioned by Professor James are not rare. Comparatively few have been reported outside the columns of Spiritualist papers and publications, because of the incredulity with which they have been received by those who control public opinion, and because it has been common to regard those who relate such experiences as persons of disordered minds, or to class them with known charlatans and frauds. But of late these spiritual experiences have increased in number, and outside the ranks of acknowledged Spiritualists, among both orthodox and heterodox people; and the space given to them by the daily press is an indication of the increasing importance they have assumed in the minds of men whose opinions have weight. The fact that the Professor of Psychology in Harvard University mentions such a case as the above is, in itself, significant, considering the past attitudes of leading professors of that institution toward the phenomena of Spiritualism.

But it is not simply in the trances that is communicated knowledge not possessed by the person who is used as the instrument of communication. In an entirely normal condition, in full possession of all their faculties, individuals write without volition on their part, whole pages, relating facts and circumstances entirely unknown to them and equally unknown to others present who witness the writing—facts and circumstances not believed and actually contradicted at the time by the medium and those to whom the circumstances are read, but which are afterwards by inquiry learned to be true. Of the truth of this statement there is no doubt whatever among those who have carefully investigated the subject. When a person writes automatically about what he does not know, and never has known anything, giving names, dates, facts and circumstances of which he never has had any conscious knowledge, representing at different times personalities differing as to intelligence, grasp of thought, education and peculiarities of character, views, styles, etc., and when the writing purports to be that of invisible beings who once dwelt in the flesh, and gives identifying facts and circumstances, unknown to the medium, in support of the declarations of the controlling intelligence, what other rational conclusion is there than this: that the person called a medium is influenced thus to write by an intelligence as nearly what it purports to be as we, with our limitations of sense, perception and reflections based thereon and with a material environment, can imagine?

That "the phenomena shade off so gradually into cases where" the claim of extra-mundane intelligence is "obviously absurd" need not be disputed; but this only proves what intelligent Spiritualists have long understood, that the communication between this state of being and that of "disembodied" intelligences is imperfect and that the conditions vary from those of almost direct control to those in which the personality of the medium and the personality of the invisible intelligence so mingle that it is

impossible to distinguish the influence of the one from that of the other.

As Hon. Sidney Dean, "member of Congress from Connecticut, from 1855 to 1859, who has been all his life a robust and active journalist, author and man of affairs,"—quoted by Professor James—says: "It is an intelligent *ego* who writes, or else the influence assumes individuality, which practically makes of the influence a personality. It is not myself; of that I am conscious at every step of the process. I have also traversed the whole field of the claims of 'unconscious cerebration,' so-called, so far as I am competent to critically examine it, and it fails as a theory in numberless points, when applied to this strange work through me. It would be far more reasonable and satisfactory for me to accept the silly hypothesis of reincarnation,—the old doctrine of metempsychosis,—as taught by some Spiritualists to-day, and to believe that I lived a former life here, and that once in a while it dominates my intellectual powers, and writes chapters upon the philosophy of life, or opens a postoffice for spirits to drop their effusions and have them put into English script. No; the easiest and most natural solution to me is to admit the claim made, i. e., that it is a decarnated intelligence who writes. . . . It seems reasonable to me upon the hypothesis that it is a person using another's style or tone incorporated in the message, and that to the unseen personality, i. e., the power which impresses, the thought, the fact, or the philosophy, and not the style or tone, belongs. For instance, while the influence is impressing my brain with the greatest force and rapidity, so that my pencil fairly flies over the paper to record the thoughts, I am conscious that in many cases the vehicle of thought, i. e., the language is very natural and familiar to me, as if somehow, my personality as a writer was getting mixed up with the message. And again, the style, language, everything is entirely foreign to my style."

Often "the vehicle of thought, i. e., the language" is very unfamiliar to the medium, unlike the language which the medium is accustomed to use and far above the capacity of the medium in felicity of expression as well as in the complexity and abstractness of the thought communicated.

Professor James has done well in recording a class of facts which has not heretofore been admitted into the text books of colleges, or in the disquisitions of popular college professors, but the psychology of the future will embrace what reading between the lines would seem to indicate that Professor James actually believes, the necessity of recognizing the agency of invisible spiritual beings in psychical phenomena which belong to the facts of psychological science.

"THE PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY."*

The work on psychology by Professor William James, a chapter of which on hypnotism, THE JOURNAL was permitted to publish from the author's duplicate page proofs, has just appeared. This treatise of nearly fourteen hundred pages has grown up mainly in connection with the author's class room instruction in psychology. He has kept close, he claims, to the natural science point of view. "This book," he says, "assuming that thoughts and feelings exist and are vehicles of knowledge, thereupon contends that psychology when she has ascertained the empirical condition of the various sorts of thoughts or feelings with definite conditions of the brain, can go no farther—can go no farther, that is, as a natural science. If she goes farther she becomes metaphysical. All attempts to explain our phenomenally given thoughts as products of deeper lying entities—whether the latter be named 'Soul,' 'Transcendental Ego,' 'Ideas' or 'Elementary Units of Consciousness'—are metaphysical. This book consequently rejects both the associant and the Spiritualist theories; and in this strictly positivist point of view consists the only features of it for which I feel tempted to claim originality."

The author admits that this point of view is any-

* "The Principles of Psychology," by William James, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1890. pp. 1378. \$6.

thing but ultimate and that there is no closed system in the book. The data assumed by psychology, like those assumed by physical science, must sometime be says, be "overhauled," but that this will be the work of metaphysics. Thus Professor James is content as a psychologist to treat thoughts as integers and to regard as ultimate the laws of their coexistence with states of the brain. To go farther, he says, is to be metaphysical. The work is a collection of facts, "a mass of descriptive details," as the author states in the preface, "running out into queries which only a metaphysics alive to the weight of her task can hope successfully to deal with." This he says may be centuries hence.

In spite of his determination to be positivistic and non-metaphysical, Professor James' positions are evidently spiritualistic in their implications. Indeed, on page 181, he says in regard to the material monad theory that all the arguments for it "are also arguments for that well known spiritual agent in which scholastic psychology and common sense have always believed. And my only reason for beating the bushes so, and not bringing it in earlier as a possible solution of our difficulties, has been that by this procedure I might perhaps force some of these materialistic minds to feel the more strongly the logical respectability of the spiritualistic position." The "only trouble that remains to haunt us" on this theory is, he says, "the metaphysical one of understanding how one sort of world or existent thing can affect or influence another at all. This trouble, however, since it also exists inside of both worlds and involves neither physical improbability nor logical contradiction is relatively small. I confess therefore, that to posit a soul influenced in some mysterious way by the brain states and responding to them by conscious affections of its own, seems to me the line of least logical resistance, so far as we yet have attained. If it does not directly explain anything, it is at any rate less positively objectionable than either mind stuff or a material monad creed." This clear statement is followed by the affirmation that "the bare phenomenon, however, the immediately known thing which on the mental side is in apposition with the entire brain process, is the state of consciousness and not the soul itself; many of the staunchest believers in the soul admit that we know it only as an inference from experiencing its states." In other words that we know directly only states of consciousness and that the existence and nature of the "ego," the "soul," or what Spencer calls the "substance of mind," are only inferable from these conscious states—the position of many of the greatest philosophic thinkers.

The work is valuable for the "descriptive details" it contains; and the "queries" to which they give rise in the author's mind show both acuteness and comprehensiveness of thought. It is not generally difficult to learn his views when he discusses questions, as he often does, which he considers beyond the scope of psychology. He does not always succeed well in trying to show hospitality to theories and speculations from which he differs widely, and some of his criticisms of the positions of other psychologists are rather peppery for philosophical discussion.

No other work on psychology of equal importance and value by an American writer has appeared since the publication of Thompson's Psychology, a work written in this country, but published in England a few years ago, and not much known on this side of the Atlantic except among those who have made psychology a special study. Both Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, a kinsman by descent of the celebrated Thompson known as Count Rumford—and Professor William James have produced works which will help to make this country respected and honored among old world thinkers.

CATHOLICISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

In an editorial headed, "Don't Forget the Angels," the *Catholic Review* presents the essential truth of Spiritualism in the following language:

Shall we—can we forget those blessed spirits who are so devoted to our welfare and who perform so important a part in the great work of our salvation? How many of

us remember and say a prayer to our guardian angel? And even of those who say a short prayer daily to their guardian, how many think of the great company of blessed spirits by whom we are constantly surrounded and who, we are taught, are all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be inheritors of salvation? How many who read these lines can name the nine choirs, much more give an account of the functions and offices of each? Angels, Archangels, Principalities, Powers, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Cherubim and Seraphim.

Now the important part which these blessed spirits are performing in the great work of redemption is indicated by the fact that they are mentioned in about one hundred and fifty passages of Holy Scripture. Why, if our spiritual eyes could be opened upon the invisible world we should be perfectly overwhelmed and confounded by the multitude of heavenly spirits and by their nearness to us and their constant, never-ceasing services in our behalf.

The kind offices of these good spirits are rendered necessary by the existence of a multitude of evil spirits, who, we are taught, like their great chief, Lucifer, are going about—up and down in the world—as roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour. How little do even we, who believe in the existence and malice of these evil spirits, realize our constant danger from their ceaseless, seductive temptations. Any one who is sincerely striving to lead a good Christian life has learned from experience what a power of fascination there is in certain temptations, and how difficult it is to resist them in his own strength. How beautiful and consoling is the thought that we are surrounded by a great cloud of interested witnesses who are ready at the least ejaculation on our part to fly to our assistance. The nature of these spirits is most wonderful and worthy of profound study—their intelligence, their power, their subtlety and their agility by which they have almost the power of ubiquity; above all their burning charity and love for souls and their readiness to respond even to the least desire or aspiration on our part for their aid.

Oh, it is sad to think how little these blessed messengers of mercy are remembered and their aid invoked. The doctrine of the angels is not a myth; it is not a mere sentiment, a poetical idea without a corresponding reality. They are a living reality. To deny them would involve the denial of the Supernatural entirely. If the angels are a myth, Christianity is a myth and our faith is vain. Let us then avail ourselves of the admirable arrangement of Holy Church and during this month by reading and frequent meditation and prayer, renew our faith and devotion to the Holy Angels.

Thus is acknowledged the presence of spirits and their communication with mundane beings. Why call in question the fact that many of these spirits are those who once lived in the flesh on this earthly plane of being, especially when they so claim and give identifying facts and circumstances in substantiation of what, on this point, they declare to be the truth? In the teachings of the Catholic church is a vast amount of error and superstition among which doubtless is the devotion to the holy angels, that has long been the special devotion of October, but there is a soul of truth in error, and even in this devotional exercise is the recognition of a spiritual fact of which the Catholic world practically and the protestant world theoretically has lost sight. There are fundamental truths even in "popish superstitions" and one of these is that "we are surrounded with a great cloud of interested witnesses who are ready at the least ejaculation on our part to fly to our assistance."

THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The sixth conference of Friends' Union for Philanthropic Labor was held at Pendleton, Indiana, last September. The Committee on Social Purity made a report which is published in full in the *Philanthropist*, from which the following extract is taken:

In the city of Chicago, an organization which has the sympathy and cooperation of some Friends, and which fills a place of great usefulness, is the Protective Agency for women and children. The Agency extends practical aid and counsel in the courts to accused young girls, to the victims of seduction and abduction, and to women whom an unfortunate combination of circumstances has made victims of bold and successful conspiracies. To such the Agency demands the same rules of evidence applied as a test of character, as those applied to men under similar circumstances. One result which it has helped to achieve is a new abduction law, which has been in operation a little over a year, by which, in cases of young girls,

the question of previous chaste character under the age of eighteen can not be called in question;—and another law to punish proprietors of immoral houses for keeping girls under the age of eighteen without regard to previous character. Still another valuable safeguard to exposed womanhood and girlhood has been secured through efforts of the Woman's Alliance, the appointment of five women Health Inspectors, clothed with police powers. They have discovered and abated grave abuses where women and girls are employed in workshops and factories. The legal age of protection for girls was raised by the Illinois Legislature at its last regular session, from twelve to fourteen years. There is no legal penalty for seduction over the age of fourteen, except through financial damages, if seduced through misrepresentation. The Philanthropic Union of New York Yearly Meeting has no standing committee on social purity, but individual Friends, through the circulation of literature and in cooperation with Social Purity and White Cross organizations outside of our Society, are actively engaged in the work. The Yearly Meeting has itself taken action upon the general subject on different occasions. The Yearly Meeting, held in New York in 1889, adopted a message of greeting and sympathy to the Fifth Triennial Congress of the International Federation for the Abolition of State Regulation of Vice, which was held in Geneva, Switzerland, 9th month, 1889.

PROTECTION FROM TORNADOES.

When trying to escape from a tornado never run to the northeast, east, or southeast, says a writer in the *Forum*. Never take refuge in a forest or a grove of trees, or near any object that may be overturned by the wind. A frame building is safer than one built of brick or stone. The former is more elastic and holds together longer; the latter goes down in the first crash and the debris is whirled into a heap in the center of the foundation. In a frame structure the cellar is the safest place but in a brick or stone building it is the most perilous. In the former case the debris is carried away from the foundation, while in the latter instance the cellar is filled with it. The tornado cave offers absolute security to life and limb, and no means of protection can replace it for that purpose. As regards protection to property, no building can be made sufficiently large, strong, high, or low to resist the force of the tornado's vortex. There is no changing the path of the tornado by the employment of explosives or by any artificial barrier. To contemplate the dispersion of the cloud by the use of any electrical contrivance is also idle. All buildings should be constructed as would be done without the knowledge of the tornado and then protected by legitimate insurance. Protection must be accomplished by organized capital, the safety of one being assured by the legitimate and successful cooperation of many. The writer strongly advocated this method of protection during his tornado investigations in the west in 1879, and now several million dollars' worth of property are thus insured every year.

Says the *Catholic Review*: The Knights of Labor are now the under dog, and it is in order for the curs to bark over them with all their might and main. Let them bark. The Knights can still hold their own and manage their affairs without outside interference. We deplore—every worthy workingman deplores—that there should have been found among their ranks such dastardly members as recent events revealed. But what organization, be it ever so noble in its aims or edifying in its practices, has not unworthy members within its fold? There is no class of society, there is no body of men, from which human fiends have not gone forth. Let us be reasonable, and not blame a whole organization for the deeds of a few. Mr. Powderly and the responsible heads are as heart-sick over the dastardly deeds lately perpetrated as are the public at large. At the same time, would it not be well for the organization to call a halt, reconsider its methods of recruiting its ranks, and devise some means by which none but sober and honest men be admitted as members? By all means let labor organize, and protect itself against such exactions of capital as may be unjust; but let labor remember that every member coerced into its organization and every member who is unworthy of its protection are both a source of weakness. In union is strength; but if that

union is to any extent made up of men whose record is such for brutal behavior and dishonest work that no man would care to have them on his premises—then would such a union contain the elements of a speedy and a well deserved dissolution.

Before President Woodruff declared against polygamy he claimed that he had been in communication with Joseph Smith, and in the conference said: I do not think any one can tell the hour of the coming of the Son of man. I will say here that in my dreams I have had a great many visits from the Prophet Joseph since his death. The last time I met him was in the spirit world. I met him at the temple. He spoke to me, calling me by name. He said: "I cannot stop to talk to you, for I am in a hurry." I met Father Smith: He, too, said to me: "I am in a hurry." I met a great many apostles and others who are in the spirit world and they all seemed to be in a hurry. I marveled at this and wondered very greatly in my mind why anybody should be in a hurry in the Paradise of God. I had an interview with the Prophet Joseph afterwards and asked him the question, "Why are you all in such a hurry here?" He replied: "Well, I will tell you, the prophets and apostles in this dispensation have had no time nor opportunity to prepare themselves to go to earth with the great bridegroom when he goes to meet his bride." He said the time was at hand for the coming of the Son of man, for Christ to go forth in fulfillment of revelation prophecy to meet the bride, the lamb's wife, the church and kingdom of God upon earth. That is not revealed to us nor never will be until the hour comes, but we have much work to do to prepare ourselves for the event. I have had many an interview with President Brigham Young since he died, a great many teachings from him and from others who held important positions here in the flesh, but who have gone into the spirit world.

In "The Contributor's Club," of the October *Atlantic*, are extracts from a letter which John Boyle O'Reilly wrote to a friend, among which is the following: "About growth I am not sure. I grow rapidly toward complete dislike of the thing called 'Society,' but this must be moral rather than mental development. Society is a barren humbug, fruitful only of thistles and wormwood. Home life is the sweetest and noblest in enjoyment and production... How much peace can you get out of small things? There is a peace from the duty of doing which fine natures know, but it is then food for the soul. I wish you had something to do that would take all the earnestness in you to do well. You can be splendidly happy then." Another extract is worth reproducing here: "The strength of a man is in his sympathies; it is outside himself, as heat is outside fire, the aroma outside the flower. A man without sympathies for all that is rude, undeveloped, upheaving, struggling, suffering, man-making, as well as for what has been shaken to the top and is out of the pressure, is not a full and must be an unhappy man."

An article on government and crime in *To-Day* concludes thus: The desideratum seems to be not to abolish government altogether, but to do away with its abuses, to confine its aggressions within the narrowest possible bounds, and to render it as efficient as may be in performing its necessary duties. As human nature is not yet perfect, it is futile to hope that a perfect government can be constructed out of this imperfect humanity. The most that can be expected is that the government shall represent a fair average of the humanity, and that part which is concerned with the administration of justice probably does not represent a fair average; that part which is concerned with the excessive action, the abuses of government, from the ward boss to the wire puller at a national convention or in congress, probably falls below a fair average. The average character of humanity can be raised in two ways: by the general progress of the race, and by segregating and eliminating the worst specimens. The first, which is by far the most important, nature must be trusted to take care of; the second, men themselves may achieve.

TONGUES IN TREES.

By MRS. JULIA M. HOLMES.

"And it came to pass upon the third day, as I sat under an oak, behold there came a voice out of the bush over against me and said, Esdras, Esdras. And I said, Here am I, Lord. And I stood upon my feet. Then said he unto me, In the bush I did manifestly reveal myself unto Moses, and talked with him, and told him many wondrous things and shewed him the secrets of the times and the end."—Esdras xiv. 1. Apocrypha.

Men in all ages have listened to the voice of the tree. Christian and Pagan, Jew and Gentile, have leaned upon the same ancient trunk and turned for counsel to the heart of the tree. At the oracle of Dodona, Jupiter gave answers through vocal oaks, denoting his approach by the moving of a laurel that stood before the gates of the temple; and in his day the guardian angel of the famous medium, Mr. D. D. Home, spoke to him in tones of warning from the leaves of a falling limb. The votaries of old were often startled to hear their questions readily answered by the decayed trunk or spreading branches of an oak, while the poet of to-day finds—

"Every wayside bush aflame with God,"

And though the many

"Sit round and gather blackberries
And daub their natural faces unaware,"

To the devout seeker after truth, divinity still lurks in the branches and waits to tell the secret of the times.

From the decaying trunk of ancient superstition, covered with the moss and mold of a dead past; from the young tree of modern Spiritualism, that miraculous growth of a night, comes the same voice telling the same story, and we find by careful study and patient research these tongues are the outgrowth of one parent stem, with a common root and a centered life. Turning instinctively to the sacred bush at the feet of Moses, accepted by the adoring heart of Christianity as a divine fact, we find it beyond the pale of literary criticism. Listening to the voice which saith, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground," we lay aside our sandals of human reason with the reverend patriarch and silently steal away to the talking oak of Esdras and the trembling laurel of Jupiter. While we arise and stand upon our feet with the prophet, or bow with the pagan devotee, let us first glance at our supernatural tree as a whole, then we shall be prepared to examine its complex life, of root, trunk, branch and leaf. Considered in this view, the most striking feature is its vigor. Thriving alike in all ages, indigenous to no soil, dependent upon no peculiar conditions of clime or country, we conclude its seed is in itself, its roots strike deep in the nature of things, with a vital truth ingrained in every delicate tissue and fiber of its complex being. To bring out this truth, we can not stand bowing with our pagan brother; we must cut it down and make it into articles of familiar household use—fell, carve and polish with the nicest care; we must have the rod, the wand, the planchette, the chair, the stand, the table, all moving, turning, twisting, talking, trembling, all telling of a divine truth, cradled in the heart of universal nature. Before looking too closely at the branches of our subject, let us consider the supernatural in its relation to sound and motion. We notice before Jupiter speaks through the tree he moves it, the "trembling of the laurel" being the first sign of his approach; sometimes this tremble extends to the temple itself, which shakes to its foundations at the step of the inspiring god. Standing in no awe of Jupiter, the majestic creation of an oriental imagination, we yet feel that we are in the presence of a mighty power; the trembling tree and shaking temple are before us, tangible facts which cannot be cast aside with the myths of a fanciful faith. Tracing this trembling spirit out from the roots through the wide ramifications of the supernatural, we are led to the ancient priests who made statues and images,

foretelling things to come, and impressed into them the spirits of the stars, which were not kept there by constraint in some certain matters, but rejoicing in them; that is, as acknowledging such kinds of matter to be suitable to them, they do always and willingly abide in them, and speak and do wonderful things by them, no otherwise than spirits are wont to do when they possess men's bodies."—Occult Philosophy. Agrippa.

Here we find our neighbor, not content with the voice and the flame, cutting down the sacred tree to make a god in his own image; with the child's longing after something tangible, he strives to bring his deity down into a shape that he can see and touch and handle, when lo, this god not only trembles but moves. In Meroe, the cradle of the political and religious institutions of Egypt, Jupiter Ammon stood in his sacred ark, glittering with jewels and tinkling with golden bells and goblets of silver. When this oracle was to be consulted, this god was carried round by a body of priests in procession, and from certain movements either of the god or the ark the omens were gathered. Apollo also was self moved, and performed the prophetic office wholly by himself. Lucian affirms, "When he wishes to communicate he moves in his place, whereupon the priests take him up; or if they neglect to take him up, he sweats and comes forth into the middle of the room, when, however, others bear him upon their shoulders and he guides them moving from place to place. At length the chief priest, supplicating him, asks him all sorts of questions. If he does not assent he moves backwards, if he approves he impels forward those who bear him, like a charioteer. Thus they arrive at responses. I will relate another thing which he did in my presence. The priests were bearing him upon their shoulders, when he left them below upon the ground and was borne aloft into the air."—De Syria Dea.

In our day Apollo gets under the table and bears aloft the man. Our highpriests of culture are carried serenely over the heads of their wondering fellow-mortals on a common dining table in a Connecticut home, and come down to tell the "secret of the times."

A MODERN WONDER.

The undersigned from a sense of justice to the parties referred to, very cordially bear witness to the occurrence of the following facts, which we severally witnessed at the house of Rufus Elmer in Springfield, on the evening of the 5th inst. The table was moved with great force when we could not perceive any cause of motion. Mr. Wells and Mr. Edwards took hold of the table in such a manner as to exert their strength to the best advantage but found the invisible power exercised in an opposite direction to be quite equal to their utmost efforts. In two instances at least, while the hands of all the members of the circle were placed on the top of the table, and while no visible power was employed to raise it, or otherwise to move the table from its position, it was seen to rise clear of the floor, and to float in the atmosphere for several seconds, as if sustained by some denser medium than air. Three persons, Messrs. Wells, Bliss and Edwards assumed positions on the table at the same time, and while thus seated, the table was moved in various directions. The room was well lighted, every opportunity was afforded us for the closest inspection (by the medium, Mr. D. D. Home, and Mr. Elmer) and we admit this one emphatic declaration, we know that we were not imposed upon nor deceived.

WM. BYRANT,
R. R. BLISS,
WM. EDWARDS,
DAVID A. WELLS.

Here we find our trembling spirit, the familiar of the ancients, assuming a tangible shape, and we scarcely recognize its resemblance to the deity of the laurel, but we have only to go to London and sit down with a child at a spiritual séance to find it in a slight quiver of the wood, which causes the child to cry out: "O papa, papa, there's a heart in my chair."

Now we have a trembling tree, a quivering chair, a moving god, and a soaring table, and according to the

reverent faith of millions, we have a sentient soul behind them. Before questioning this spiritual personality at length, we must go back to the vibratory shock generally experienced in the vicinity of our magic tree. Leaving Jupiter to rock the foundations of the ancient temple we must take a peep at a modern passage in orthodox New England: "About a year after the Rochester knockings, similar manifestations occurred at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Phelps, in Stratford, Conn. In one instance a chair was seen to rise from the floor and beat down again five or six times with a violence which caused the house to tremble so as to be felt in all the adjoining apartments."—Dr. Hare.

At the Fox dwelling: "These noises produced a tremulous motion, since well known to mediums, in the furniture, and even in the floor."—Howitt's History of the Supernatural.

At Mr. Elmer's, in the presence of Mr. Home: "We were made conscious of the occurrence of a powerful shock, which produced a vibratory motion of the floor of the apartment in which we were seated. It seemed like the motion occasioned by distant thunder, or the firing of ordnance far away, causing the tables, chairs, and other inanimate objects, and all of us to tremble in such a manner that the effects were both seen and felt."—"A Modern Wonder."

That we are now in the presence of a natural force, similar to the electric, is the most plausible theory yet advanced. That the same power moves the table, shakes the tree, quivers in the nerve of man or beats in the fiber of the wood, is evident as the shock that shook the ancient temple and the modern parsonage, or vibrated with the judge's gavel in the Salem court room. Let us listen with the invisible spectres of that awful scene to the testimony of Tom Morse, "which saith, together with his wife aged sixty-nine, that Thursday night, being the 27th day of November, we heard a great noise without, round the house, knocking the boards of the house, and as we conceived throwing of stones against the house, whereupon myself and wife looked out and saw nobody, and the [bewitched] boy all this time with us. In the afternoon the pots hanging over the fire did dash so vehemently against one another we set down one that they might not dash to pieces. I saw the andiron leap into the pot, and dance and leap out, and again leap in and dance and leap out again on a table and there abide. Again my wife and boy making the bed, the chest did open and shut; the bed clothes could not be made to lie on the bed, but fly off again."

That this spirit moves is a fact; we may call him Apollo or Jupiter, angel or devil, we must admit that he moves. We may call it "fluid" with Mesmer, "od force" with Von Riechenbach, or "wind of divination" with Plutarch, but we can not admit any diversity in its general manifestation. Accepting the hypothesis of a natural force, we are immediately asked, how shall we account for the intelligence exhibited? Let us consult the magician who assures us: "Now this being proved that man hath a power of acting per mutum, or by his nod, or of moving any object remotely placed, it has also been sufficiently confirmed by the same natural example, that this efficacy was also given unto man by God."—Magus.

Turning from the old philosopher to the new, we find the same theory expressed in modern phraseology. Count De Gasparin, who proved to his own satisfaction that the tables did move when they were not touched, asserts: "I will the elevation of an inert object, my will determines the emission and direction of the fluid, the fluid effects the elevation, my will commands and exterior objects are reached, and they are reached by an agent, not by the will itself."

This hypothesis, an invisible natural agent acted upon by a spiritual intelligence is the corner stone of ancient magic and modern mesmerism. Mental action at a distance is a fact widely accepted, proved and demonstrated by many of our most conservative physicians. Dr. Esdaille, sitting in his office in the hospital at India entrances a patient while eating his dinner in a distant dining room, causing him to fall suddenly into the rice and curry. Dr. Townshend of England, mesmerizes a subject in Paris hundreds of

miles away by a simple exercise of the will; accept their testimony with its attendant inference of material force moved by the mind, and the cloud which has enveloped every form of magic, sorcery, witchcraft, etc., is rent by one lightning flash. Here the Spiritualist inquires, if the human mind can so act upon such a force, can not the angelic intelligence use it still more effectively? This is the question before the world to-day. Materialism, that hobby of the age, is saddled with two theories, the pneumatic, or natural law with spirits, and anti-pneumatic or natural law without spirits, and stands confronting the angel of the supernatural, who will not let it pass until they are answered.

NEW YORK.

A BUBBLE PRICKED.

BY PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN.

The attempt of the paper, the *Open Court*, to attract attention to what it calls *monism*, as a grand system of philosophy, is so very peculiar, pretentious and amusing as to have prompted the following correspondence. The following was sent to the *Open Court* for publication:

WHAT DOES MONISM MEAN?

EDITOR OPEN COURT: Presuming that you desire to be understood, will you answer a few questions to one who has not yet found out what monism means?

1. Does it mean that all our different simple substances, from iron to hydrogen, are one in their basic nature, which would imply their interconvertibility according to alchemy.

2. Does it mean that substances and forces are the same; that granite, water, electricity and light are one in their essential nature, or in any sense?

3. Does it mean that intuition, thought and emotion are one with matter and force, or one in the sense of having the same basis; and if so, what is that basis?

4. Finally, does it mean merely that the universe in all its multifariousness is one in some subjective sense, and that it is a good form of expression to unitize its multiplicity by calling it "the All"?

If the latter is your meaning, what is the need of the word monism to express what everybody believes and no one would dispute, if simply and frankly stated.

Very Respectfully,

J. R. BUCHANAN.

The reply to this was to send the editor's book on "Fundamental Problems," referring to the pages in which my questions were said to be answered. But as the book gave no evidence that monism meant anything, my reply was sent as follows:

P. CARUS.—Dear Sir:—Your book is received, for which courtesy accept thanks. I see you have a vigorous speculative faculty, but you fail to answer my questions. If you would publish my very brief note and answer it, the issue would be fairly met. It is not met in the book.

I fear you have not the intellectual courage to do this, for a critical discussion, however brief, would show there is nothing of monism but a word, and a word that represents no substantial idea. Do you refuse to publish my questions? If so, I shall take it as a confession of incompetence to face them. Very Respectfully,

J. R. BUCHANAN.

The reply to this shows how profoundly the editor was irritated by the request for publishing the questions which were so inconvenient, and which he is determined his readers shall not see.

CHICAGO, October 8th, 1890.

DEAR SIR: Your kind letter having reference to your questions in your first letter is at hand. It is a principle of mine to answer so far as I find time all questions addressed to me. As an editor I feel myself under obligations to all who wish for information concerning the standpoint which our publications defend. But you must not think that you can induce me by threatening me with your view of incompetence. I try to be just towards the public at large, and to every such correspondent, but I do not care the least for the opinion of any man. Whether or not you take anything "as a confession of incompetence to face your questions," I do not care. As a matter of politeness, but not in consequence of your impoliteness, I shall at least indicate the answers to your questions. Monism, concisely expressed, means the oneness of the All. [Did any one ever contend for the twoness of the All?] For further details see the Montgomery Controversy No. 157, p. 2479. Not every one recognizes that all processes of nature form one indivisible whole;

some people think that the soul of man has been put into the world from other spheres and is only in transitory connection with it. [What other spheres can there be beyond the "All."]

Monism in this sense (objective Monism) is a working hypothesis, indispensable for science, not overthrown nor likely to be overthrown. [A hypothesis supposes or asserts something, but your Monism asserts nothing. It is not a hypothesis to say that All is All or that one is one.] Every progress in science is one step in the realization of this Monism. Subjective Monism differs from objective Monism in so far as it lays the foundation of Monism. This latter view has been explained in *Fundamental Problems*, pp. 21-25.

Your first question must be answered in the negative. Monism does not necessarily mean the interconvertibility [here the editor was perhaps too much disturbed to distinguish between interconvertible and intercontrovertible] of the chemical element into another. Nevertheless they may be interchangeable. See *Fundamental Problems*, pp. 122-126.

Your second question must also be answered in the negative. That question would require a book for an answer. Science has scarcely progressed so far as to formulate that question correctly, and you may know that the first step to a correct answer is a correct formulation. [Unfortunate scientists who do not even know how to ask a question!]

The third question requires a counter question—What is the basis of matter, force and thought of which you speak?

Your fourth question is not so nonsensical as you think. Nature in all its multiform processes is one whole and this idea is of great importance in science. You will find some explanations of importance also in the articles *Motion and Feeling* (Nos. 153 and 154 of the *Open Court*) and *The Origin of Mind* (No. 1 of the *Monist*).

Respectfully

PAUL CARUS.

In reply to this blustering confession that monism had no new scientific ideas, but meant merely the oneness of the all in no other sense than the verbal sense that we may speak of the Universe as one (which nobody ever denied) I sent the following response:

DEAR SIR: Yours received. I don't plead guilty to the charge of impoliteness. It is not impolite to expose error; but your retort is decidedly personal and impolite, showing that the exposition of your errors disturbs your equanimity.

The truth is your doctrine of monism is nothing at all. The affirmation that the universe may be regarded as a whole is involved in the very use of the word universe, and is about as novel and important as the affirmation that the globe is round, or that one is one. Your doctrine, therefore, asserts nothing and is nothing. My questions displayed its absolute nothingness, and you declined to publish and answer those brief questions for that very reason, and really I did not expect that you would publish them. I expected only that you would confess your weakness by refusing their publication.

The grandiose puerility which could hold up that as a system of philosophy which is absolutely nothing, must of course shrink from any effectual examination or discussion, and it is quite natural that you should resent as impolite a discussion you can not meet before your readers.

But as you thus indignantly refuse to give even three inches of space to very inconvenient questions I feel at liberty to publish them elsewhere and let your refusal be known. As you are unwilling to publish my questions and your answers, I think they may afford some amusement to a different circle of readers.

Very respectfully,

J. R. BUCHANAN.

The pompous puerility of an editor who can discover a glorious immortality in the doctrine of personal annihilation, and a glorious system of philosophy in understanding the meaning of one word, universe, which is understood as well by every advanced common school boy, is probably without a precedent in the long line of literary pretenders and blowers of bubbles. But this is a very small bubble indeed. The iridescent Blavatskyism and Eddyism really mean something and lead to some consequences if accepted. But to say that it is of the utmost importance and a grand philosophy to know that the universe is one universe, neither more nor less than one—neither half a universe nor two universes—that everything depends on this idea or as the editor expresses it, "The leading principles of ethics must always be the expression

of a conception of the world," leads us to wonder at the patience with which the public tolerates pretentious nonsense.

FREE WILL AND CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

By WM. I. GILL, A. M.

The law of the conservation of energy as hitherto expounded, implies the necessitated action of all volition. Our volition, according to this theory, is the expression and measure of preoperative energy on us and in us, and the necessary effect thereof; and the effect of the volition is the transferred and transformed energy of the volition; and as there is a law of uniform and necessary connection between the volition and its consequent, so there is the same immutable uniformity between the volition and its antecedents—else there would be a break in the transference and transformation of energy, and the law of conservation would be nullified so far.

Now very many scientists are volitional necessitarians; and according to them all volitional action exemplifies the law of the conservation of energy. They are so far consistent. All who hold to this law should be volitional necessitarians.

On the other hand libertarians must, to be consistent, repudiate at this point the law of conservation of energy. This law says there is neither break nor failure nor deviation in the action of energy, since that would be a fracture and nullification of the law. Libertarianism, on the contrary, says that the power of moral choice is a power under any given set of antecedents to choose either of two opposite courses, either right or wrong, making allowance for the effect of previous free choices in partially fixing the character. If this is true there is here a clear and definite limit to the action of the law of conservation of energy. It is of small consequence whether I affirm the truth of this moral libertarianism or not. There is, and always has been, a very large number of the first-class intellects of the world who have affirmed and argued it with boundless conviction and quenchless moral ardor as essential to moral philosophy and practical virtue. It is of no consequence to my present purpose to say which of these two great classes of minds, which divide the world between them, is right. One of them is right and the other wrong, for there is no middle ground possible between them.

Right or wrong, every libertarian, by logical necessity nullifies at one point the law of the conservation of energy, and that nullification is serious in proportion to the number and mental dignity and consequent authority of those who hold to libertarian views; and that authority no one can affect to despise.

It was not primarily on this ground, but on physical grounds, that for thirty years I have refused to accept as universal the law of conservation of energy; but as a libertarian I was led subsequently to see that to myself and to all those of the same views there is a logical necessity of taking this stand concerning the law in question. Here, therefore, I make my express protest in connection with the implied protest of all libertarians, against the alleged universality of the law of energy; and so long as there is any respectable number of able libertarian thinkers there will be a living and respectable protest against the universality of this law.

I here make no argument against volitional necessitarianism or in favor of libertarianism. I only call attention to the logical implication of these opposing theories relative to the law of conservation of energy, and thus I leave it with the reader.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE PERSONAL.

By JOEL TIFFANY.

Man, in his creation is an individual; in his complete ~~ness~~ or destiny he is or becomes personal, and, therefore, he is the subject of both an individual and a personal consciousness. In origin the individual is created as the child of the infinite and the finite, and hence, in his creation, he is described as being in the image and destined to be brought into the likeness of the generating parents.

Man first is created as a form of reciprocity, and becomes endowed with such faculties, having such func-

tions as will bring him spiritually into the likeness of his creator. This involves the natural and the spiritual creations, constituting man, both an individual and a personal being. The first essential attribute of the individual man, qualifying him to become a spiritual personality, is consciousness; which becomes the source or means by which his spiritual personality is created.

The presence of this attribute becomes manifest first as a physical consciousness; next as a social and an intellectual consciousness, next as a rational consciousness; then as a moral, making known moral obligations, moral duties and moral responsibilities, and ultimately as a religious consciousness, revealing in the soul a sense of its personal destiny, to be attained by coming to completeness, to the stature of perfect manhood.

Every individual human becomes conscious of the absolute, because of the conscious presence of the absolute within himself. The infinite, the eternal and the absolute become facts of the consciousness. All humans are conscious that for absolute extent or duration, there can be no limitation. Therefore the individual mind can create no ideal of the absolute. It can simply affirm it as a fact of the consciousness.

That which is individual is a proceeding from that which preceded it, and therefore is an effect. All that is individual belongs to existence, and has had a beginning. All such become the subjects of changes. Our earth as an individual body of matter has had a beginning, and has been undergoing changes from that time to the present, and which line of changes will continue while it continues to exist. Thus it has been created by some efficient cause, and by means of such potency it has attained to its present stage, in passing from the elemental to the present organic and living, and these stages have been in time and in location. And noting the history of these changes, they have been progressive, culminating in kingdoms of individualities—such as the earthy and mineral, the vegetable, the animal, and the human or spiritual kingdoms. And these kingdoms are each distinguishable from the other by means of the dominating presence of certain principles involved in their creation and operation; each higher kingdom including that which preceded it, with some additional operating force with its functions superadded, some new law of action and ultimatum made manifest.

All individualities have had a beginning. There was a time when they, as individualities, were not. How, then, did they begin? Who or what became the first parent? How could the chick be produced without the egg? and how could there be an egg before there had been a chick? Here is the problem to be solved by the philosopher. Both chick and egg are here now; so there has been and is a way or they would not be here.

Examination will satisfy any intelligent and logical mind that in the beginning of this earth it existed only in an elemental and abysmal state, and as such was formless and void, and that it has progressed from such abysmal condition to the present one, and that by means of such progress every form of individual existence thereon has been created and endowed by a potential active presence therein, which has, thus far, been to it the Creator and the Providence by which it exists and is sustained.

Investigation satisfies the rational and intelligent mind that there is in this universe an active, potential presence, filling the same, which becomes to it the Creator and the Providence, by which all things exist and subsist; and that such Universal Presence has a method of creating the individual form from the elements themselves, without the intervention of an individual parent having the same status as that of the offspring—and that all the various classes of individuals in their beginning, must have been so created—because in any series of succession not eternal, there must have been a beginning, or that which became the first parent.

And it becomes further evident that under the operation of this creative presence, as soon as the vital and organizing potency is reached this so operates as to invest the living individual as parent, with the faculty of creating in its own image offspring endowed with the capacity of attaining to the likeness of the generating parent. And this being the universal law of such individual endowment, extending to all classes in all the living kingdoms of individuals, and progressing continually from the inferior in faculty and function to that which is superior, thus making out a path of developing unfoldment as the method by which this creating energy proceeds, it is to be logically inferred that this Universal Creating Presence, as the soul of the universe, is working to beget in the image and likeness thereof, sons and daughters of universal being whose destiny is to be that of spiritual completeness in divine oneness, and that the entire chain of individual creations constitutes the process by and through which this ultimate is to become accomplished.

One thing is certain, without the elemental kingdom the earthy and mineral kingdom could not have

been created. Without the earthy and mineral kingdom, the vegetable kingdom could have had no existence. Without the vegetable kingdom there could have been no animal kingdom, of individualities, and hence, nothing of an external consciousness of existence, because there could have been nothing of physical sensation, by which such consciousness could have become revealed, and if there had been no animal kingdom there could have been no human or spiritual kingdom. Thus the use of the elemental and material kingdom becomes apparent. And it becomes also apparent that without these higher spiritual kingdoms of individualities, the rest of creation would have been of no value.

"See through this air, this ocean and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth;
Above how high progressive life may go,
Around how wide! How deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being, which in God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel man;
Beast, bird, fish, insect, which no eye can see,
No glass can reach—from Infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours,
Or in the full creation leave a void;
Were one step broken, the great scale 's destroyed.
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

Science has disclosed the fact that the action of these interior potencies upon these material elements causes a progress of such elements in their status of reciprocity qualifying them for use in the structure of higher organisms. In 1856 Professor James I. Mapes, addressing the American Institute in the city of New York, said: "The plain truth is, every time one of the primary substances, originally from the rock, and then, from the soil, enters a growing plant, and becomes a part of the same, it has progressed; and in a manner in which analysis alone can not recognize; and when from decay of the plant the primary has returned to the soil, it is rendered capable of being absorbed by a higher class of plants, which in turn, by its decay, renders up its primaries fitted for a still higher assimilation."

"It is fair to suppose, and indeed it is generally admitted, that the first plants known upon soils, were mere lichens and mosses. They took carbonic acid from the atmosphere and retained the carbon to increase their bulk, and received from the soil the organic primaries which, upon their decay, were returned to the soil fitting them for the growth of higher organisms, which in their turn performed similar offices."

"This fresh debris of the rock at the mountain side is incapable of producing the higher class of vegetable growth. The double rose can not be sustained in such a soil, while the single rose taken from the primitive soil and carried to the older soil of the garden, may be gradually improved to the double rose; and simply because the inorganic constituents have been in organic life many times, and have thus become pabulum for the new comer."

"Every practical farmer, who has sufficient knowledge to observe facts as they occur, knows that phosphate of lime manufactured from the bones of animals, by treating with sulphuric acid to render them superphosphate of lime, is worth many times their weight of the native sulphate of lime, known as plaster of Paris, and that while one is suited for the use of the higher class of crops, the other is comparatively inefficient."

"Now it is evident that the lime in the bones of the animal was received from its food, which being a higher class of vegetable growth, could assimilate only such lime as had before been many times in organic forms, and, therefore, capable of entering the higher class of plants, and of being appropriated instead of being parted with as *excreta*, for plants throw off any material held in solution by water which is not sufficiently progressed to form a part of its structure."

"These same truths will apply to the phosphate of lime from the bone, as compared with the chlorapatite rock of Estra Madura which has not before found a place in organic life. Thus the phosphate rocks of Estra Madura, and that of Dover, N. J., and elsewhere, notwithstanding the fact that they are composed of phosphoric acid and lime, and in the same relative proportions as in the phosphate from the bone, will not fertilize plants of the higher class. Nor will they even after treatment with sulphuric acid. Thus, notwithstanding the fact that all the phosphate of lime found in the bones of animals and elsewhere came originally from the rock it must have passed through the chain of progression through which all the primaries had passed, before reaching the higher forms of organic life."

"Why are not the chalk soils of England and of the plain of Athens barren, as would be our soils, if one-tenth of the quantity of lime they possess were added? The soils of England are either coralline or fossiliferous, and hence, they have occupied organic life perhaps a million times, before they found their place in these soils. The decay of organic life caused these primaries to be yielded up in a state more readily soluble than before. Large portions of these prim-

aries are carried by streams into the ocean, and there the lime may have been appropriated to form bones and shells, etc., perhaps a million times, before the coral insect used the lime for the construction of its habitation. Finally an upheaval exposed it to the atmosphere and other influences, and thus formed the chalk soil of England, which although *isomeric* with the soil containing disintegrated marble, is for all practical purposes, far different, which difference arises from the progress of the primates it contains."

Thus science demonstrates that the material primates, this "dust of the earth," from which man was made, is being progressed in state of reciprocity, and thus is capable of becoming fitted for a higher activity in a higher field, through a higher reciprocity and responsiveness to the living and potential presence which becomes the Creator and the Providence by which all things exist and subsist. And it is by such progress of the primates that they become qualified as the "dust of the earth," to become the basis of these higher creations, and every plant of the field, and tree or shrub constituting the vegetable kingdom and every living creature from the animalcule to the highest mammal in the animal kingdom are collaborators in the Master's vineyard, preparing the dust of the earth for building that temple which shall become the abode of one, building for eternal life.

THE IDIOSYNCRACIES OF FAITH—A STUDY.

By REV. J. O. M. HEWITT.

II.

In my last paper I reviewed briefly the age of world-soulism, or personification of nature, and found its "fulfillment" in the admittance of the god of the grape and of licentiousness to the pantheon of mankind; but I by no means assert that the dawn of a new day had not been seen by some of the seers of the long ago, who had faith in "the presence," though they could no longer worship the world-soul or enter the courts where purity could not wear untarnished robes. Indeed, the star of a new day had already arisen; the sages had already begun to prepare a new chart of the divine being of heaven, and had established anew the secret shrine of the mystic brotherhood, that ever constitutes the priesthood of religion. Though by no means confined in its discoveries to one land or race, we find the most pronounced departure from the old, whose mystic tent, even to-day, is found in India in what is known as the Egyptian mysteries—mysteries still to nearly all the world, and yet plainly written out in the ceremonial symbolism of their initiatory rites of membership with the priestly caste, so that it seems strange that all the world has not discovered the mighty secret of the dead. Of the Dead! That word is their secret! It was the discovery of the real personality of "the presence," the real individuality of the world-soul. We pause with profit at the threshold of the mystic shrine of Egyptianism and reverently contemplate its past, for not only did Egypt teach the world a new religion, she also gave the world its first lessons in science and philosophy. Both of these went forth as teachers from the séance room or holy of holies of her mystic priesthood.

The rude beginnings of that faith which swayed the mind of the mighty past we can not now tell; they may have been and probably were as humble as the Hydesville cottage and as crude as "the rappings"; but it is not there we look for their philosophy, or attempt to find their religion, for it took almost an age to develop the Sacred College whence issued forth the professors or teachers of the world, but the fact remains that from Egypt came the soul-wonder of immortality to be a living factor in the lives of men, and thus we know our key has turned the bolt of the temple door and enabled us to enter its séance room. Why do I persist in the use of that word? It is because I would so emphasize it that it will never leave the memory, but remain to speak its word whenever the mystery of faith of that age or any other is brought to your attention, for unless you accept it, to you, "the Master's word" will remain forever "lost," and in its place will be uttered its "substitute," which is at best an utterance of man's despair!

The writer on physical evolution and development tells you that he finds the remains of man's arborescent state "in the clumsy effort to grasp a chair or lean upon a desk when he rises to address an audience," but if he may say this truthfully, with stronger emphasis, I may tell you that "the raps" heard from the chair of assemblies, and especially from "the East," "the South," "the West," of the mystic brotherhood of to-day are but the echoes of the raps that held entranced the mind of Egypt's sages, until was evolved the worship of mighty names, famous for wisdom, strength and beauty in the history of mankind before they were famous in the Sacred College of divine contemplation and reverence. I will give one more illustration of "descent," or birth, in the words of Rev. Dr. Oliver, a writer of many books regarded as authoritative by the Masonic institutions of our day. He says: "We are taught to open our lodge upon

the square, but in our most ancient documents we find that it was from the circle"! A word to the wise, is it not "sufficient"?

In the development of this age of recognition, i. e., recognition of the actual source of the words that came to the prophet, priest and seer may be found without difficulty the evidence of study and varied acceptance of modern ideas concerning entrancement, control, obsession, of hypnotism and its kindred studies of human mind; and though so "new" to us, we find as well the evolution theory or theories in the same way that we find a Corliss engine, in the rude sketch of the English Watts, "watching the lifting of the teakettle lid by steam." It was the age of recognition, and of ancestral worship. If they of the mystic priesthood saw for the masses only the mighty turning of the wheel of life, saw the human soul looking out of the eyes of brutes, they also saw that some were not lost in the mighty transformation of death's alchemy, and to these they prayed, and from them sought the mystic "word."

But was "the word" confined to the priestly college, or "the circle" to the sacred precincts of the Temple? Was the glittering "breastplate of the priest" the only hypnotizer's "object" of observation, as the trance would be reached? Was the solemn procession to the Nile, while "the princess" selected from the floating "arks" the infant who was to be for life controlled or possessed, rather, by Osiris, the only "augury" of the world? By no means. On the other hand, we find superstition running riot, until the mind intoxicated with its belief in gods and demigods and daemons, was a ready dupe of the unscrupulous, and a prey for impostors of every kind.

But while this is true, and while we must admit the subsequent degradation of both the mysteries and the priesthood, there still remains the fact that the light that shone from out the portals of the tomb had gone forth never to be wholly quenched, and "immortality attainable" had become the password of mankind.

The idiosyncracies of the age are perceived in the passionate devotion of the vestal, and the fiery frenzy of the priest; we see them in the state laws of kingly "rights," and know them by a Saul's visit to "the Witch of Endor"! By the mirror of to-day we may see the magic mirror of the past, and sense, methinks, the measure of its devotion.

If I may be permitted to call this the age of personality, in my next study I will enter the domain of what a Hegel would term "The Age of the Spirit," an age of faith that has more influence upon the mind of man, in the way of moral uplifting, than perhaps any other.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By H. L. HUTCHINSON.

Some time since I felt called upon to reply to a few points made by E. B. Judson, of Minneapolis on the Bible in our public schools. I passed by many points because I did not feel like asking you at that time for more space. Now I would like to discuss a few other points. He says: "Has not the Christian parent as much right to demand that the public schools give his children a knowledge of the Bible as the atheist has to say that they shall give his children a bias toward agnosticism?"

I answer, he certainly has. The public schools have no right to give a bias either way. Their duty is to take a negative position on all such matters. Teachers have no right to teach anything on such questions. If a teacher knows there is a God, he has a right at proper times and under proper circumstances, not as a teacher nor in school hours, but as a friend, to say so, and to give his reasons for saying it. So, if he is an agnostic, he has an equal right when questioned on the matter to say so, on the same conditions as others have to affirm their belief in the Old and New Testament God.

The thing objected to is that the six hours per day set apart to educate the rising generation, to fit them for the business of life, shall be devoted to sectarian purposes. When the child is studying the multiplication table he is studying that upon which there is no difference of opinion; when studying the Koran or the Bible he is studying that upon which the world differs, and that, which at best, makes but sectarians, that which has prepared people to cut each others' throats for difference in opinion. No atheist ever asked the public schools to give his child a bias toward agnosticism. All he asks is to be let alone on questions not necessary to his education. When you teach the child of the atheist the knowledge of the Bible and its gods are you not giving it a lean from what seems to be the common sense of its parent? Have you any more right to do that than the atheist has to demand that some work on atheism shall be adopted as a school book? It seems to me if Bro. J. could put himself in the place of an agnostic or an atheist for a moment he would see the injustice of his demands.

Supposing he is right in his quotation from Huxley, that "nothing like it [a belief in a God] can be found

for the making of character," would that make the Bible a school book? Catholics believe in a God, yet they claim to know that King James' version is only a base counterfeit of the genuine scriptures. The Jews believe in a God, yet they think they know Jesus was an impostor and the New Testament no part of the Bible. Why should they be forced to read the New Testament? Have they no rights as taxpayers the public schools are bound to respect? Mr. J. continues: "And the agnostic asks you to leave out that without which no civilized state can exist—the recognition of God." In answer to this I will say, the recognition of God has nothing whatever to do with civilization, and if it had the Bible has nothing to do with the recognition of God. Civilization is not an entity or a thing, it is a process, a development; no man can drive down a stake or build a fence, and say all on one side are civilized and all on the other side are uncivilized.

The Jews were not fully civilized, Christians are not fully civilized—civilized people would not kill one another; civilized people would not go to war, or hang any one. I know it was the custom of Whately and others to speak of civilization as a thing, something hidden away somewhere in some dark corner, something that could be handed about from one person or nation to another. Such is not the case. With all our Bibles and Bible-reading we are fostering a so-called civilization which puts a dozen men into the United States Senate worth two hundred millions of dollars, while the poverty-stricken millions have no representation in our "House of Lords."

Civilization is not an end, it is only a means to other and higher ends, the results are only causes of other and higher results. A writer says: "Mr. Buckle maintains that man's progress is due to his physical environment," and a mome, "his reflection will show us that there is truth in the claim." We know that it is utterly impossible to establish a grand civilization in the tropics or the polar regions. Suppose we should send all the ministers in the country, all the gold and silver in the United States treasury and millions of our best citizens to Greenland, could they build up a splendid civilization there? Not at all. Nature is too inhospitable; society flourishes only in a temperate climate. As an illustration of this fact, I may refer to the Abyssinians who have had the Bible in their possession about twice as long as the Anglo-Saxons, and yet they are all a race of barbarians still. Christianity was introduced into that country about A. D. 300; the people still remain rude and barbarous. Bruce relates how he saw the people cut steaks from living cattle and eat them raw (Encly. Brit.), [Hand Book of Free Thought, p. 283]. I wish I could extend these quotations many pages. Pythagoras, the heathen, long before Christ, said: "God is neither the object of sense nor the subject of passion, but invisible and only intelligible and supremely intelligent. He is the universal spirit that pervades and diffuses itself over all nature. All beings receive their life from him; there is but one only God, who is not as some are apt to imagine seated above the world beyond the orb of the universe; but being himself all in all, he sees all the beings that fill his immensity, the only principle, the light of heaven, the father of all. He produces every thing; he is the reason, the life and the motive of all things."

By some means this heathen, this heathen who never heard of a Bible, got better ideas of God than ever occurred to most Bible readers. The quotations made from Washington and Jefferson have no bearing on the question as to whether the Bible should be used as a school book, as both of these men were what the world to-day would call "infidels." Washington said: "The government of the United States is not in any sense founded upon the Christian religion."—[Treaty with Tripoli.] He also declares that "the United States is not a Christian nation any more than it is a Jewish or a Mohammedan nation." In his farewell address he expresses much solicitude for the welfare of his country, but no mention is made of the Christian religion. Jefferson's testimony is: "I know that Governor Morris, who claimed to be in his secrets and believed himself to be so, has often told me that Gen. Washington believed no more in that system [Christianity] than he did."

Now as to Jefferson. In his letter to his nephew, Peter Carr, he says: "Fix reason firmly in her seat and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God, because if there be one he must more approve the homage of reason than blindfolded fear. * * * Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear of its consequences. If it end in a belief that there is no God, you will find incitements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you feel in its exercise, and in the love of others it will procure for you." As to the Old Testament God, Jefferson says: "He is a being of terrific character, cruel, vindictive, capricious and unjust."—Works, vol. iv., p. 320. In a letter to Dr. Woods, he writes: "I have recently been examining all the known superstitions of the world, and I do not find in our particular superstition (Christianity)

one redeeming feature, they are all alike founded upon fables and mythologies." Surely these men did not wish the children of their day to take time that should be devoted to arithmetic and grammar in reading the book of Ruth and the Song of Solomon.

Mr. J. continues in the language of ex-President Woolsey, "What right has the state to permit a man to teach a doctrine of the earth or solar system which rests on atheism if theism is to be banished from our scholastic halls; why permit evolution to be more publicly professed than predestination?" How strange that such men can not write a dozen lines without creating a false issue? The state has no right to permit or prevent a man from teaching anything, providing he does it at his own expense or the expense of those who want his teachings, and not in the houses set apart for public instruction and at the expense of people who pay taxes to have the children educated for citizenship.

So far as the facts are concerned no one has a right to ask whether they tend to atheism or theism. They only ask, are they facts, does science declare so and so? Some objected to Sir Isaac Newton's theory of gravitation because it would "drive God out of the world." It was only fossils who feared God would suffer from the truths this great man taught.

If a theory of evolution can be scientifically demonstrated, it is true, and no one has a right to ask whether it is, or is not atheism. If predestination can be demonstrated as a scientific truth, one necessary to an education, teach it. An authoritative declaration of the Bible, however, is not considered scientific data. As a proof of that, witness how science has driven theology to shift its position on creation, the flood, etc., etc. Dr. Draper says: "The time approaches when men must take their choice between quiescent faith and ever-advancing science—faith with its mediæval consolations, science which is ever scattering its material blessings in the pathway of life, elevating the lot of man in this world and unifying the human race. Its triumphs are solid and enduring. But the glory which Catholics might gain from a conflict with material ideas is at the best only like that of celestial meteors when they touch the atmosphere of the earth, transitory and useless." (Conflict, p. 365.)

The object of our public schools is not to teach theology but to teach our boys and girls how to fill positions of trust that may be conferred on them or they may be elected to fill. An education developing the capacity to do business in any department where the public may demand the future men and women to go is the thing the public schools should confer. Bible reading is no part of good citizenship. The atheists and "infidels" in this country are as good citizens as we have. When did Ohio ever have a better governor than Hoadly the "infidel," when did it ever have better representatives in our federal legislature than Joshua R. Giddings and Benjamin Wade, both "infidels?" If societies and churches wish their children educated to maintain certain dogmas or preach certain doctrines or believe in certain "sacred books" and disbelieve in others, they should at their own expense confer such an education after the public school has done its duty. The public school should leave every child in a perfectly negative condition in regard to religion, Bible and gods.

Mr. J. asserts that, "Materialism is the greatest enemy of the state and that the Bible is the greatest enemy of materialism," neither of these propositions can be proved. The adventists of every school are materialists, they are not enemies of the state, and they believe more thoroughly in the Bible and read it more than any other denomination. What if a few anarchists were materialists, does that make all materialists anarchists any more than a few Christians hung for murder make all Christians murderers? Such arguments if true, which they are not, that all materialists are anarchists, it strikes me are *ad captandum* appeals, nor are they to be classed with fair and honorable arguments. When has the "Bible and the school eradicated those leprous spots upon our body politic, the saloon, the gambling house and the brothel?" They certainly have not done it in any city in America. The most notorious gamblers in America and especially the legal gamblers were brought up in Sunday schools, and many of them are members of churches. When a notorious old gambler (Vanderbilt) in stocks and bonds got ready to close up his career he made peace with the church by leaving a legacy to build and endow a Methodist college, and today another (Stanford) who has accumulated millions by gambling in railroad and other stocks is building a college in California. Mr. J. asks "Why this matter of reading the Bible should be left to the Sunday school." I answer because it is the object of the Sunday school to teach just such things, and it is not the object of our common schools supported by taxes paid equally by Spiritualists, Infidels, Agnostics, Catholics and Protestants to make the reading of the Protestant Bible or the teaching of Protestant religion a part of education.

We are next treated to a learned dissertation on how to teach the Bible. The Old Testament is to be

taught, "as the only history of the world for a long period of time, as a record of God's dealing with a nation, a recognition that God is in and controls the acts of man, thus acknowledging God as the Supreme Ruler of the universe." This would be teaching a falsehood. The Old Testament is not the only history of the world for a long time, nor is it a correct history of any part of the world for any time. But granting the old Testament to be history and only history, even though that history is important is that any reason why our children should be compelled in public schools to read the history of Oran, of Judah and Tamar, of Lot and his daughter, of the purification of women, of the trial of the wives of whom the husband is jealous? Why should our children be compelled to read the Book of Ruth, the songs of Solomon, or David's cursing Psalms? In short why should our children be compelled to turn from the living thought of to-day to the inspirations of a barbaric age and people? There are some things in it that I would much prefer a child of mine should remain in ignorance about, and the less we know about the history of the "God who was in and controlled" some of the acts of the men who figure in the Old Testament the better. When he says we have inherited our religion from the Jews he mistakes; it is true that some of our religious opinions may have come through the Jews but not from them. Emanuel Deutsch, a writer of authority concerning the Talmud, says there are many more vital points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines seem fully to realize. The terms, "Redemption," "Baptism," "Faith," "Salvation," "Regeneration," "Son of man," "Son of God," "Kingdom of Heaven," were not as we are apt to think invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudic Judaism. No less loud and bitter in the Talmud are the protests against "lip serving," against "making the laws a burden to the people," against "laws that hang on hairs," against "priest and pharisees." (Literary Remains, p. 267.) And the Buddhist Bible has its commands against stealing, killing, adultery, lying, and another command omitted both from Jewish and from Christian codes, and sadly needed, "Thou shalt not intoxicate thyself."

But if we get our religion out of the Old Testament that is an all-sufficient reason why it should be a Sunday-school book and not a text book in our common schools.

Some of us have no religion and feel that it is an insult and a piece of injustice to tax us to teach our children a religion in which we do not believe. This is a secular government and can only be preserved by being kept so. Our motto is, "Let all parents see that their children are taught the religion they desire them to learn, at their own expense."

According to this writer the "New Testament is to be taught as the most authentic record of the most interesting period of the world's history."

That would be teaching an untruth. The New Testament is not a history of the world, or of any part of the world at any time. Please do not compare it with Herodotus, Josephus, Tacitus, Pliny, Philo Judeas and many others. When the New Testament is taught as the history of the most wonderful man that ever lived you have outraged the Jews, and many others who either do not believe he ever lived, or if he ever did live was either an imposter or a fanatic. Possibly churches sometimes exercise a restraining power, but that does not prove that our schools should be superintended by priests. Catholicism, certainly has a restraining influence on a class of people whom it would be hard to otherwise restrain. That is no reason why our schools should take it up.

To reply to every point stated by Mr. Johnson would take much valuable space and time, but as I began by endorsing his first sentence I will end by endorsing his last, "Why not face the question fairly and act like men?" I assure Mr. J. and all others, that those who for various reasons think the Bible not a proper school book, are ready to face the question fairly and act the part of men; will he and those who believe with him do as much.

COVINGTON, IOWA.

ART AND IDEALS.

BY DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON.

The third and last suggestion I have to offer is another caution. It is said that "Knowledge is power," thereby implying that it is not itself the ultimate end of human life, but is of value because it gives a wider field and a greater effectiveness to action. The strongest desires and aspirations are satisfied only in an activity which is forever creating. Knowledge, indeed, is often an end in itself, because learning is a process of activity which selects and forms new objects, not before present to the mind; but it is only under the stimulus of ideals which by contrast produce a felt insufficiency of present conditions, a dissatisfaction with what is, that the process of self development goes on to its fullest consummation. This creative instinct must be exercised, or it will become

atrophied, and then growth ceases and decadence begins. We must therefore consider that, good as science is, it is in the art impulse and its products that we behold, after all, the source and the end of individual and social progress. It is in the unknown, which furnishes possibilities of knowing, the unachieved which presents possibilities of achievement, that we find the moving cause of our exertion to know and to do. It is necessary to ascertain what is, and see things as they are; but if we become accustomed to the thought that scientific observation and experiment upon phenomena presented is the only worthy object of mental activity, we shall be in great danger of drying up the fountain of all intellectual and moral vitality. The greatest discoveries of science, themselves, never could have been made without the ideals of art, which set the goal for science to reach; and human life never has been made better save under the inspiration of some ideal of perfection, which is a product of intellectual creativeness. Let us, then, not make the mistake of despising art, whose aim is to eliminate the painful and disagreeable and to produce that which does not perish in the using. Nor should we seek to reduce all art to science, according to the doctrine of M. Zola in literature; but rather leave room for the movement of the creative spirit, which loves to cast off the trammels of the earthy, to soar aloft with ethereal wings, to enter the limitless, to burst into the unknown and flit therefrom something precious for science to work upon and reduce to orderly relations. Our life in the actual must needs occupy us most; but it is in the sphere of the possible, not yet realized, that we find the renewing and strengthening atmosphere, breathing which the blood is sent more swiftly through our veins, rendering us buoyant and able for the tasks before us. While, therefore, we should respect the work of science, and insist on true science, within its own domain, let us not forget that he who is the author of a great artistic creation, clothing matter with mind and moulding Nature to express an idea, enriches the world with the production of his genius, but also exemplifies that man may walk with the gods, that he is himself a creator and finisher; and even suggests that death and nothingness are after all but names which only indicate a vast reservoir of being without beginning or end, wherein lies concealed and from which shall spring forth, eternally and exhaustlessly, an ever-changing and never-ending life.—From an essay on "Evolution and Social Reform."

THERAPEUTIC CONSERVATISM.

BY W. STEWART ROSS.

The prayer cures and relic-and-shrine cures of Christendom, pushed forward for centuries under such powerful auspices, threw the mind of Europe into a groove of therapeutic conservatism out of which even yet we depart with apprehension, suspicion, and reluctance. Harvey, who first discovered the circulation of the blood, was styled "vagabond or quack," and persecuted through life. Ambrose Pare, in the time of Francis I., introduced the ligature as a substitute for the painful mode of stanching the blood after the amputation of a limb—namely, by applying boiling pitch to the surper of the stump. He was, in consequence, persecuted with the most remorseless rancor by the Faculty of Physic, who ridiculed the idea of putting the life of a man upon a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test for centuries! Paracelsus introduced antimony as a valuable medicine; he was persecuted for the innovation, and the Irish Parliament passed an act making it penal to prescribe it; whereas it is now one of the most important medicines in daily use. The Jesuits of Peru introduced into England the Peruvian bark (invaluable as a medicine); but, being a remedy used by the Jesuits, the drug was at once rejected as the invention of the devil. In 1693 Dr. Groenvett discovered the curative power of cantharides in dropsy. As soon as the cures began to be noised abroad, he was committed to Newgate by warrant of the President of the College of Physicians for prescribing cantharides internally. Lady Mary Montague first introduced into England small-pox inoculation, having seen its success in Turkey in greatly mitigating that terrible disease. The faculty rose in arms against its introduction, foretelling the most disastrous consequences; yet, in a few years it was generally adopted by the most eminent members of the profession. Jenner, who introduced the still greater discovery of vaccination, was treated with ridicule and contempt, persecuted and oppressed by the Royal College of Physicians; yet he subsequently received large pecuniary grants from government.

When Sir James Y. Simpson introduced the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic to women in the pains of labor, the Scots ministers mounted their pulpits and denounced him might and main. Their gravamen against him was that, in Genesis, woman's doom had been pronounced,—"In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," and that, in spite of this, he was impiously upsetting the decrees of God by, in any way, by his chloroform, abating the extent of that "sorrow."

The humane physician pursued his course, and ultimately brought ridicule and confusion on the preachers by drily remarking that the administration of anæsthetics was not against the teaching of the Bible; seeing that God himself had been the first to adopt anæsthetical treatment, he having "caused deep sleep to fall upon Adam" before he performed upon him the surgical operation of cutting a rib from his side from which to fashion Eve.—From "Roses and Rue."

A SPIRIT'S PORTRAIT.

A lady who is well known in society circles of this city, says the Los Angeles Herald, recently had a most curious experience at a photographer's establishment. She and the picture taker both desired their names to be suppressed—the lady because of the notoriety which would at once attach itself to her, and the photographer because, as he expressed it, "such a story would ruin my business." He is a most respectable man, one of the best known and favorite men in his business in the city. Neither the lady nor the man are Spiritualists. The man believes that all alleged "spirit photographs" are frauds. The personal identity of the two is not essential. The story is told here just as it occurred, and if any one can explain it they are smarter than the participants are.

The lady, who for convenience will be called Mrs. A., went to Mr. B.'s photographic gallery some two weeks ago to have her picture taken. She took her position and the man threw his cloth over his head to arrange the focus, etc., when with an exclamation of fright his head bobbed suddenly out from beneath its covering and he stared at the lady.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied.

"Did any one pass behind you just then?"

"Why, certainly not," she answered.

He, without going to the trouble of looking through the camera, again took the picture and went into the dark room with it. He came bouncing out in a few minutes and with a white face and strange manner, said that she must sit again. She complied, and again when he proceeded to adjust the lenses he could not restrain his terror. His face became beaded with a cold perspiration, his hands trembled so that he could hardly proceed with the work. Five times did he take the lady's picture, refusing to give her any explanation of his strange behavior. At last he told her she would have to go to some other place; he could not take her picture satisfactorily. Then she insisted on an explanation. He refused for a long time, but at last he made her faithfully promise not to divulge his name to any one, and he brought her the five plates from the dark room. In each of them, by her side dressed in grave clothes, with outstretched arm and beckoning finger, stood the figure of a person who had been very near and dear to her, but who had recently died. The lady nearly fainted and denounced the thing as a trick, but was soon convinced by absolute proof that if there was fraud the photographer did not know of it or participate in it. The photographer fully developed the plates, and the portraits of the living and the dead are exact and startling.

The lady is not in the least superstitious, but the inexplicable affair and perhaps the beckoning finger of the terrible figure has worn on her nerves so as to render her seriously ill, while the photographer is so badly upset by the gruesome incident that he hardly dares to peep through a camera any more.

There is the story. It is a true one: the facts as stated occurred just as described, and can be verified if it should become necessary. It is passing strange, is it not?

In regard to coöperation creating capital J. E. Cairnes says: The savings of working men would necessarily in the individual case be small; the capital arising from such savings, therefore, however large in the aggregate would be held in small portions by a very numerous class. But we know that for the large majority of industrial undertakings a large scale of production is the condition of efficiency. How then is this condition of efficient industry to be reconciled with the existence of a capital diffused throughout the community in minute dependent portions. Obviously there is but one way possible; those minute independent portions must be made to coalesce into masses large enough to furnish the means of efficient action. In other words our reasoning brings us to this conclusion, that what is known as "coöperation"—the contribution by many workmen of their savings toward a common fund which they employ as capital and coöperate in turning to profit, constitutes the one, and only solution of our present problem—the sole faith by which the laboring classes as a whole, or even in any large number can emerge from their condition of mere hand-to-mouth living, to share in the gains and honors of advancing civilization.—Political Economy, p. 89.

ONLY ONE KIND WORD.

'Twas a little thing, only one kind word,
In the hurry and bustle of every day,
But the heart was touched, and the soul was stirred,
And a rainbow of hope spanned the darkened way!

'Twas a world-worn man, with a weight of woe,
Who was groping along, in the crowded street,
When he heard a voice that was soft and low;
And a word that was warm and passing sweet!
And the sluggish life in his veins moved fast,
And the light in his eye was the olden light—
'Twas the one kind word, he had met and passed—
'Twas the blue in the sky, where the stars shine bright!

'Twas a sinning girl, with a reckless air,
Who was one of a throng, on a sunny day,
And her painted cheek and her stony stare
Were the signs of a soul on its downward way!

But a greeting came, and a kindly word,
With a message of grace, to the erring one,
And the centered depths of her nature stirred,
Till she turned from the wrong, and the good was won!

—ELLA DARE.

YOUNG WOMEN AS TUNERS.

A few years since, not more than ten, in response to the rapidly increasing demand for practical instruction in tuning pianos, there was introduced into the New England Conservatory a department which should afford special facilities for the development of this important art. Among those who applied for admission were a number of young women; they were cordially welcomed, for Dr. Tourjee is another man who believes in the capacity of women to excel in various directions. Their progress was noted with special interest, for these were the first, so far as can be learned, who had undertaken, in Boston, at least, a systematic study of the theory and practice of tuning. To the great satisfaction of the management, their advancement was from the start both rapid and thorough, and before the first term was ended, it became evident that a new field of endeavor had been found for girls. As time passed, the highest expectations were abundantly realized; the young women easily kept pace with the young men who were pursuing the same course, and amply proved their ability to excel in this new line of work. From that time the proportion of women to men students has constantly increased, until now they bid fair to be in the majority; and years of active effort by the women who have received an education in this department have proved beyond a question their special adaptation to the work. In introducing this new profession for women it was fully expected that the same prejudice and opposition would be encountered which have always greeted any innovation, and those who were instrumental in bringing the movement forward, prepared themselves carefully to defend it. They knew that the objections would be just what they turned out to be. The first one was that young women would lack the necessary physical strength. To this they had the ready reply that the demands made upon the strength were not so great as were those made in factories, mills, sewing rooms, or even kitchens; in fact, that the tuner's work was not so fatiguing as were many of the employments in which women were constantly engaged, and which came under the head of "women's work." The second objection made was that women as a rule lacked mechanical ingenuity. The only answer needed to this objection was to point to the many manufactories where the nicest mechanical skill is necessary, and which are crowded by women operatives. The third objection was that women lacked the power of application necessary to the acquirement of a difficult mechanical art. Time has answered that argument, as it alone could, and the experience of the years since the department was first instituted has proven that young women, with their naturally delicate ear and touch, possess peculiar qualifications for this work, and that the fine discrimination necessary to the tuning of an instrument is characteristic of them. The manual labor necessary to the accomplishment of this branch of work is calculated to make it healthful and strengthening, and the mental application is sufficient to impart zest and interest to it, while it is attended also with the satisfaction of immediate results. Aside from the limited amount of tuning done

during the construction of the instrument, the sphere of the tuner in the homes of the people, or in the warerooms of music dealers, lies in sharp contrast to the life in shops and mills. The profession is conspicuously one in which there is, and is to be, plenty of room. A glance at the actual condition of the country, as concerns the tuning of pianos, and the numbers of instruments demanding constant attention, proves this. In the cities, naturally enough, the profession is fairly represented, although there the number of thoroughly educated tuners is limited, while, as I dare say many of you realize, in almost any part of the United States there are whole counties, containing hundreds of pianos, with new ones being constantly added, where only an occasional traveling tuner can be found to hurriedly attend to them all. With the vast number of old pianos, which each year demand more care as they show additional signs of wear, and the thousands of new ones, which scores of manufactories are producing yearly, to say nothing of organs, there is surely no occupation which promises a more abundant and ever-increasing business than this of tuning. Every piano made requires care, whether it is used much or little. And as the country increases in wealth and the art of music becomes more universal, especially as pianos become lower in price and are in even greater demand than now, the question very naturally arises, who shall keep these countless numbers in condition to be used? This then is a new field of labor opening to women, another avenue in which our girls may seek employment. —*Sallie Joy White, in November Wide Awake.*

To sit well may be quite as great an art as to write a poem, and to accomplish either requires effort. The pretty pose of the head, the erectness of the trunk and the graceful disposition of the lower limbs are clearly emphasized in a type of woman with which, says the *New York Sun*, habits of the opera are familiar. Now this particularly graceful, alert, birdlike pose, which even in repose suggests something of action and energy, is only attainable by strengthening the muscles about the waist and hips.

The various exercises for muscular development the average woman, who, even with no house to keep or children to rear, is always more hurried and busy than the prime minister of a nation, never has a moment to practice. She can, however, practice the best of them on her way to the matinee, in the midst of a musicale or the rush of a sample expedition, and that is to hold her body perfectly erect for half an hour each day, touching neither chair, carriage or car seat back, and sitting well toward the edge of the seat, with the right foot slightly in advance of the left, ready to rise quickly without help from the hands at an emergency. After a time prolong the half hour to a whole hour, two, three hours, and finally so elastic, sinewy and independent will those lazy muscles become that she will cease to care for spinal supports and head rests like a pseudo invalid.

Home life is the sure test of character. Let a husband be cross and surly and the wife grows cold and unamiable. The children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish and hard. The wife bristles in self defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. This is not what the family circle should be. If rude to any, let it be to some one he does not love—not to wife, brother or parent. Let one of the loved ones be taken away, and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollection painfully. The grave can not hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and green ground are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife's or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear, then, and he sees as never before what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved. It is a pitiable picture of human weakness when those we love best are treated worst. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

One of the most significant signs of the times is the progress being made in the manual training of woman. The Public School of Art for women at Bloomsbury, England, holds a high rank in its instruction in art and mathematics, and is entirely in the hands of women professors. In South Kensington more pupils in proportion to their number carry off prizes in

the yearly national competitions than in any other institution. In Belgium there is an *Ecole Professionnelle*, numbering 770 pupils, and its object is to give women a thorough professional manual education simultaneously with theoretical teaching. In Holland similar schools exist, which admit to their classes young girls of every rank in society, and not only teach every sort of handicraft suited to professional work, but also furnish excellent opportunities for liberal culture to those who do not need to make of art a means of support. In Denmark the professionally artistic education of women is of a yet more advanced character, and the government school of decorative art is attended by 120 women pupils, who are admirably trained to take up art in its various branches professionally.

TRANSITION OF AN AGED MEDIUM.

Last week, from her home in St. Charles, Illinois, Mrs. Caroline Esther Smith Howard passed to spirit-life in her eightieth year. Mrs. Howard was a noted medium. Although she never traveled, advertised, nor sought patronage, yet was her home the center of a constituency coextensive with the country. People came hundreds and thousands of miles to obtain sittings with her; and coming once, they came again, until her patronage far exceeded the limits of her time and strength to attend to it. The editor of THE JOURNAL has known the Howard family from his earliest boyhood, St. Charles being his native place, and the Howards having been among the early settlers in the beautiful Fox River valley. Mr. Leonard Howard, who preceded his wife to spirit-land by several years, was among the most honored and trusted citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Howard were not attracted to Spiritualism, and Mr. Howard was greatly opposed to its claims, wholly discrediting at first the possibility of spirit manifestation. Among the numerous children of the family was a robust son named Walter. We knew him well, for he was about our own age and often our schoolmate. We were fond of him, too, for while he was vigorous, aggressive, with plenty of temper and spirit, he was manly, courageous and generous. After more than thirty years have passed we can vividly recall his sturdy figure, and many acts of kindness which marked his conduct toward us. He was a good fighter, and we have repeatedly seen him administer a sound thrashing to some older and larger boy who was bullying some little fellow or tormenting the school children. In August, 1857, Walter passed suddenly and unexpectedly to spirit-life after a brief and distressing illness. His transition was a great blow to the family, especially to his mother, whose health was seriously affected by her bereavement. Not long after Walter's departure her family and friends began to notice that Mrs. Howard acted strangely at times, and that unaccountable things were constantly occurring in her presence. Sometimes at the dining table and during meal time she would be moved back and forth, chair and all, without visible agency; household utensils and articles lying about the room would, seemingly, transport themselves from one point to another. At first Mr. Howard was irritated by these exhibitions, and it was only after repeated and most forcible evidence that he and others could even entertain the thought of external intelligent agency as the cause of the manifestations. Careful investigation, pursued in the most critical way by Mr. Howard and others who on a priori grounds stoutly maintained the impossibility of spirits having anything to do with the phenomena, finally resulted in establishing beyond all question that Walter was, with his characteristic energy and determination, endeavoring in boyish fashion to convince his people that he was not dead but very much alive, and that his mother was the medium he was using for this purpose. After a time Mrs. Howard began slowly to gain health and strength,

and gradually developed the trance phase. When under spirit control she grew more calm. She was controlled two or three times a week by a powerful spirit who, with some difficulty, made the family understand that the medium's friends in spirit-life were trying through him to impart to her system magnetic forces of which she had been depleted. He told the husband and children not to be worried about her, that he would bring her through all right, for she had a great work to do. The assertions of the spirit proved true, and for over thirty years Mrs. Howard was a conscientious, faithful instrument for the demonstration of the continuity of life and spirit manifestation. It would take many volumes to record leading incidents of experiences with her.

Among other notable people in the habit of visiting her was Mrs. Abraham Lincoln who spent the greater part of two summers at St. Charles for the sole purpose of being near Mrs. Howard. It is well known that Mrs. Lincoln's mind was seriously affected by her tragic experiences, and it is affirmed by some who knew her well, that but for her knowledge of Spiritualism and the strength and consolation she obtained from the spirit-world through Mrs. Howard and others she would have become hopelessly insane. Although overrun with visitors seeking to use her mediumship, Mrs. Howard never accumulated even a moderate competency. Her charges were small and her gratuitous work large. Mr. and Mrs. Howard have gone from earth leaving six children and many grandchildren, but a small estate; yet they leave a legacy of honor, of work well done, of affection, of true manhood and womanhood which is above price, and more highly esteemed by their kindred than worldly wealth. Of all the children, Mrs. O. A. Bishop, of this city, is, so far as we know, the only one who is a medium. Mrs. Bishop has been long and favorably known for her medial powers.

The funeral services over the mortal body of Mrs. Howard were held at her late residence in St. Charles, and conducted by Miss Emma J. Nickerson. We had hoped to print an abstract of the discourse, but the notes taken by the reporter were not prepared for publication in time for this issue.

A PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

The following extract is from a letter written by Dr. S. T. Suddick to D. E. Perryman under date of August 29, 1890: "We had a nice little circle last night in our parlor, and good phenomena, so far as table tipping goes. Myself, wife, and two neighbors composed the circle, there were about a hundred questions asked and all were answered correctly so far as we know. One gentleman was requested to go to a sick friend, and was told the number of days he would live, etc." Dr. Suddick in a letter enclosing the one from which the above extract is taken says: "I also enclose a private letter I wrote, part before and part after the sitting, in which I speak of the séance. This fixes the exact date. The letter was returned to me by my request."

STATEMENT OF DR. SUDDICK.

For some time past we have been holding spiritual séances, or circles regularly every Tuesday and Friday evening at our home in Cuba, Mo., and have gotten and are getting many messages, truthful and otherwise, although the untruthful ones are few comparatively and are generally so from known causes such as misunderstanding of question asked, inharmonious circle, etc., etc. Most remarkable was a "Prophecy and Its Fulfillment," a hurried statement, of which appeared in the *Evening Post* of October 18th. Two friends had called on me, namely, Charles H. Cottman, bookkeeper for the firm of Newman & Jones, general merchants, and James E. Hollow, Jr., of the firm of Hollow & Son, dealers in hardware and furniture, both doing business at this place. They, my wife and I, sat around a small walnut center table

placing our hands on its top surface in the usual manner, and in about ten or fifteen minutes the table began to move, indicating the presence of our spirit friends, or some intelligence with the power to move it, and answer questions intelligently, as we found by asking. The lamp was sitting on a piano in the corner of the room, turned down so as to make a subdued or mellow light but not so low but that we could see what time it was by our watches as we sat at the table, or jot down the communications as they were spelled out.

Mr. Cottnam had a friend, Mr. Chris. Varis, a prominent hotel keeper of St. James, Phelps county, Mo., and a former resident of this place. His disease was a chronic affection of the throat. Mr. C. had called on him a few days previous and found him very weak and sinking fast. He could take no solid food, and all the nourishment he got was by painful swallowing a little egg-nog or milk. His attendant physician, Dr. Headlee of St. James told Mr. Cottnam that he thought Mr. Varis could live but a few days at most, and from his appearance Mr. Cottnam was of the same opinion. After many other questions were asked and answered, the table answering by tipping two of its feet two or three inches off the floor, and then striking it again, once for no, twice for don't know, and three times for yes, Mr. C. asked, "Do you know my friend Chris. Varis, of St. James, Mo.?" "Yes," "Is he any better than when I was with him last?" "No." "Is he worse?" "Yes." "Will I have time to get to him before he passes out if I take the next train?" "Yes." "Will he live over to-morrow?" "Yes." "Do you know when he will pass out?" "Yes." Then the table rocked back and forth slowly, the feet striking the floor forty times, making forty distinct raps, much to the surprise of all present, as we were expecting him to pass out much sooner. We counted, and found that the time indicated would be October 8th; so to make sure we were right we asked, "Will he pass out on October 8th?" "Yes." "In the forenoon?" "Yes." "Will a telegram be sent to me on the morning of the 8th to that effect?" "Yes."

A night or two after the above described seance Mr. Cottnam sat at another house with different sitters, and received the following confirmation of the above. He says: "We had been sitting only a few minutes when the table began to move. I asked, 'Is the spirit demonstrating a friend of mine?' 'Yes,' (indicated by three distinct tips of the table.) 'Will you spell your name?' 'Yes.' The alphabet was called in the usual way, and the letters signalled by tips spelled Ben. Walker. 'Are you my friend, Ben. Walker of St. Louis?' 'Yes.' 'I was not aware of your demise; when did you pass out?' Three distinct tips. 'Does that mean that it has been three days since you passed out?' 'Yes.' 'Is your body buried?' 'No.' 'Will it be buried to-morrow?' 'Yes.' 'Do you know my friend Chris. Varis?' 'Yes.' 'Will he pass out on October 8th?' 'Yes.' 'Are you sure of this?' 'Yes.'"

Mr. Cottnam was not aware of the death of Mr. Walker, and rather doubted the truth of the message about him. The *Globe Democrat* of the next day, however, confirmed the truth of his death and stated that the interment was deferred until his son arrived from a distant city.

The prediction about Mr. Varis became an open secret, and was talked of freely through the town from the morning of August 30 until October 8th, when a telegram came over the wires informing Mr. C. that Mr. Varis died that morning at six o'clock.

I append a letter from Dr. Headlee, the physician who attended Mr. Varis, which corroborates the account just given. I also send the signatures of twelve of our best citizens in further confirmation, and the signatures of the sitters. Many more names could be obtained, but I judge the following to be sufficient.

CUBA, MO. S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

DEAR DOCTOR: About a week previous to the death of Mr. Chris. Varis I was in Cuba, and a friend was inquiring about him. I told him that on the evening before I did not think he would survive the night, but on that morning he had rallied a little, that the chances all were that he would not last twenty-four hours. He then told me that he (Mr. V.) would live until the eighth day of October, and that he would die on that day; this he did, dying at 6 a. m.

Mr. Varis was sick about seven or eight months and for the last three was expected to die at any time.

Respectfully yours,
S. H. HEADLEE.

ST. JAMES, MO., Oct. 18, 1890.

CUBA, MO., Oct. 15, 1890.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—This is to certify that we, the undersigned citizens of Cuba, Mo., did, prior to the death of Mr. Chris. Varis, of St. James, Mo., which occurred on the morning of the 8th of October, 1890, hear of a prophecy to the effect that he would die on the morning of that day.

We heard that his death was foretold at a seance, at the house of Dr. S. T. Suddick, in the town of Cuba, Mo., on the night of August the 29th, or forty days days prior to that event.

S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.
I received message for Cottnam Oct. 8th, from St. James. CHAS. C. KENT,

Telegraph Operator at Cuba.
JAS. E. HOLLOW, JR., one of the circle of Aug. 29th.

LONGSTREET SIMPSON, Clerk in Store.

I. P. BRICKEY, Prop'r. Cuba Hotel.

E. A. EVANS, Real Estate Agt.

F. R. HARDESTY, Druggist.

W. T. HUNTER, Blacksmith.

C. H. COTTNAM, one of the circle of Aug. 29th.

DR. V. L. SHELPS, Dentist.

DR. J. H. MARTYN, Physician and Surgeon.

GEO. ASKINS, Hotel Clerk.

MRS. LOUISE FARLEY SUDDICK, one of the circle of Aug. 29th.

J. A. PORT, Shoemaker.

J. A. CAIMS, Clerk in Store.

B. F. JOHNSON, Notary Public.



EVIL.

TO THE EDITOR: My idea is that evil is an indispensable factor in our present existence, as through it life is made to be a struggle, and progress is thereby open to us in order to mend and better the imperfections of our nature—brought into evidence by evil in its contrast with good. If evil did not exist on earth, the absence of it would imply that human beings were all perfect, and life such as it at present is would be an impossibility, as our intellectual faculties would soon be impaired through want of activity, and our planet would soon be the limbo of idiots. Without evil, good would remain unknown to us, as it would lack a comprehensible meaning, in the same way as beauty would be of impossible appreciation if ugliness did not render it evident to our perception through contrast. This being the key-stone of my argument, let us consider what inferences can be drawn from it.

1st. That although we are pledged, according to our laws, which are the outcome of our reason, to deal severely with those who infringe them, yet we can not at heart but feel mercifully inclined towards evildoers, because there needs must be undeveloped spirits, who, in bearing the penalty and shame of their faulty conduct, will in another life be enabled through the salutary and precious sufferings of experience thus acquired to ascend a step higher and have a less rude lot to contend with.

2d. That in the eyes of our common Father things take their course in accordance with his almighty will, which ordained that, on the scale of perfectibility, beings of different grades should be brought together and struggle, so that those more advanced should offer an example to those in the rear, and be themselves benefited through the sufferings and cares caused them by the misconduct of the more elementary spirits in the flesh.

3d. That naturally by what has been stated in the two inferences, any one will easily understand that the edifice of Christianity collapses, and that in point of religious belief we look upon God as the Great Oversoul, that never can possibly commit a mistake (the one, for instance, of creating beings who could turn out in opposition to his almighty will), and who has through the laws of evolution shown that some out of necessity must needs lag behind,—they personating the indispensable factors of evil—yet they too shall reach their goal in due time, according as they, through their intellectual aptitude in learning and appreciating the laws which govern the moral and physical world, shall have gradually risen by following the example of their more advanced brethren, and by adhering to the dictates of their own acquired experience.

4th. What we generally call by the name of sin is the result of ignorance or of wrong interpretation of the laws inher-

ent to the moral world, or of willful transgression of those laws—and the consequences thereof are what is termed punishment, but what I, in my way of seeing things, would simply note down as the natural result of our neglecting, or willfully abstaining from conforming ourselves to the said laws, and thereby damaging our happiness, which is the very thing we all have in view and are ever striving to possess. It is the same as in the physical world, where, if you put your finger to a lighted candle, you soon find out that you hurt yourself; but if you foolishly persist in so doing, you burn yourself more and more, and must take the consequence of your reckless conduct.

5th. In conclusion, evil is the outgrowth of our inexperience and want of proper discernment, and when we ponder over it we find that if we were all perfect, there would be no such thing as evil or good, and our life in this world—such as this world is to us—would be perfect repose—sleep—it would, in fact, be nothing.

Such is my belief. God, the Mind Supreme, the Soul of the Universe, can never have meant to do harm to us, that is, to its own creation; and, indeed, to place us in a dangerous position, which might cause us misery throughout eternity. In believing otherwise, we clearly prove that we have a very wrong conception of the deity; for it would be a monstrous blasphemy to suppose that the Almighty, to whom the future is as the present, could ever have willed that any one of his myriads of children would be doomed to suffer forever, as the obvious question would naturally arise: Why did he call to life such a one? And if he did so designedly, then, indeed, his name could not be God, but Satan!

I have written in haste, but hope I have succeeded in giving you a sufficiently clear idea of my way of contemplating the fate of the little miles—men—that crowd upon this small planet; but who, little as they are, possess an element which constitutes their real "ego,"—their true spark of life—and which escapes the law of measure and is heir to life everlasting, destined to proceed on its, to us, mysterious course, ever drawing nearer and nearer to the fountain-head of perfection, as it progresses through countless worlds athwart the starry realm of infinite space.

The idea of our ever being able to commit anything against the will of the Almighty is preposterous, and the doctrine of eternal punishment is sheer blasphemy. We are placed here, as it were, in a labyrinth; but we have Ariadne's thread at our disposal, namely, reason, with which to guard against all baulks and treacherous corners and find the proper way of reaching the outlet scathelessly. If we do not make proper use of this our guiding light—the thread reason—it is not that we act against the will of the Almighty, but that we are not, as yet, sufficiently experienced or indeed cautious, and thereby bring upon ourselves the penalty of anguish and misery, the natural consequences of ignorance or recklessness, and thereby also impede our progress, and needs prolong our stay in the earth-bound labyrinths. But as all tends to progress in the universe, we have a fair hope that in battling triumphantly against evil, that is against the baulks and treacherous corners, and ever acquiring a further insight into the laws that govern the material and moral world and conform ourselves to them, we shall, in due time, reach near enough to perfection to enable us to take up the part assigned to each of us in the life universal.

I press your hand, and am ever fraternally yours,
SEBASTIANO FENZI.
FLORENCE, ITALY.

MIND READING AND SPIRIT AGENCY.

TO THE EDITOR: The prominence given in THE JOURNAL of October 4th, to my former communication on "Mind Reading," will perhaps justify a short criticism on a single point that seems to have been inadvertently overlooked by you in your review.

I expressly referred to the spirits as "accompanying" and "assisting" in such cases. You, after stating that "the *Banner of Light* takes the same view," conclude your comments thus:

"But there is no reason for thinking that it" (the clairvoyant power) "is possessed in no degree by persons here.... and that all the... feats are performed by exalted spirits."

A single illustration will perhaps show that we are, after all, in the same boat.

A young lady whose mediumistic development I had an opportunity to follow closely for several years and who, not having been equipped with very prominent perceptive phrenologically considered,

was largely in need of "assistance" such as spirits can best supply. During her early experience in clairvoyant trance it became necessary when "discerning spirits" that the particular spirit she saw should first throw sufficient of its aura or personality upon her to permit the sitters readily to determine just who she was seeing and the order in which the spirits presented themselves to her vision. A spirit we recognized as Addie was always the first to so identify herself and at that time always "assisted" in that phase of her clairvoyance. In four other phases of clairvoyance different spirits as definitely assumed the duty of guide during their special phase. It was one of these whose advent I now recall. The medium had been induced to attend sittings held for materializations from which, at first, I remained absent but by a peculiar cough affecting the medium I became aware of the presence of a stranger spirit among us. No visible forms appeared at the sittings; but later on while attending one of these seances I discovered the purpose of our new acquaintance. Until this evening the medium had been clairvoyant only when entranced. Towards the close of the sitting she was afflicted with the peculiar cough and at the same time was seized with an ague that shook every window in the house and in the midst of it while apparently normal saw her mother in spirit clairvoyantly. Upon the lights being produced the spirit, Alexander, as we afterwards called him, entranced the medium, when the shivering and cough were intensified and the spirit began manipulations over her and soon allayed the symptoms and reduced them to a minimum. He then stated his only purpose in entrancing was to relieve himself of these "earth conditions" that he might assist the medium into conscious clairvoyance. This he did; and thereafter the medium could induce clairvoyant sight at will but always had it accompanied by a little ghost of the cough that first attracted my attention to Alexander's presence. His death had been a comparatively mild one; his intelligence far above the average of spirit guides and the surroundings of his advent harmonious and well guarded.

Given the same opportunities; an ignorant spirit who had passed out with heart failure or brain fever; an atmosphere of rampant skepticism, with no mortal present prepared to act in an emergency, and consider the possibilities. This was why I stated I should never thus risk a medium. I can recite hundreds of incidents as strongly bearing out this point but do not wish to encroach further on your space to fortify my position which I think your own experience will largely justify now that I have been more explicit.

Yours fraternally,
N. A. CONKLIN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MRS. WATSON IN BOSTON.

TO THE EDITOR: By request of the Berkeley Hall Spiritualist Society I send a few lines to your valuable paper, thinking that its many readers will be interested to hear of the good work that has been done here by the earnest and eloquent speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson of California. The society was indeed fortunate in securing the services of one so gifted to open the season's series of lectures. But two Sundays covered the time of her stay here; there could hardly be more soul-stirring thought crowded into four discourses. A crowded house of intelligent listeners greeted her on each occasion, with increasing interest to the last. Her subjects were well chosen, and handled as only well constructed human instrumentalities, cultivated by experience and use, can handle them. There are many good speakers on the rostrum at the present time, yet there are but few among them who have the brain capacity to take the impressions of truths embodied in the subjects chosen, and with such clearness of vision able to embellish with enthusiasm and eloquence which make each truth presented acceptable to an audience, as Mrs. Watson.

The reception given Mrs. Watson in the spacious parlors of Mrs. Pope and daughter, whose guest she was while here, was largely attended by representative Spiritualists, among whom were several mediums and speakers, who, together with good musical talent, made the occasion a very enjoyable one. Mrs. Watson made while here many friends whose grateful prayers will follow her wherever she goes—realizing as they do, that in her ministrations everywhere, not only Spiritualists but all others who may be fortunate enough to be within sound of her voice, will find by and through her inspirations, an incentive to higher thoughts, loftier aims and nobler

actions. It is the wish of all here that she may be with us again at no distant day.
BOSTON, MASS. E. W. P.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is said to be the largest organization of women the world has ever seen; they are banded together against what they believe to be "the worst foe woman has ever had,—a foe who dates its age by centuries, and whose business is backed by far more wealth than any other commands." Mainly through the undaunted and enthusiastic efforts of Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, warmly seconded by Frances E. Willard, a magnificent building is now in course of erection in Chicago which when paid for will, it is estimated, bring in an annual revenue of \$250,000 for the use of the Union. \$1,000,000 is to be the cost of "The Temple" which will be thirteen stories high; from the roof will spring a gilded *fleur-de-lis* seventy feet high, surmounted by the figure of a woman with upturned face and outstretched hands. This splendid edifice will stand at the corner of Monroe and La Salle streets, a monument to woman's power of accomplishment and a most effective accessory of temperance work. The corner stone of the structure is to be laid on Saturday, November first, with imposing ceremonies in the presence of a large number of guests.

Dr. M. E. Lazarus, Guntersville, Ala., writes: I have had some little experience or rather observation of mind reading. The most effective case was this. I had in the neighborhood of New York City two acquaintances one of whom, the Reverend William H. Milburn, had recently arrived from Mobile and I have good reason to believe had never seen or heard of the other, a professional magnetizer, Dr. Harrington. I had never mentioned Milburn to Harrington. One morning I took him with me to see H. and left him there in conversation. M. is, I suppose you know, highly intelligent, worldly and cautious. It is very unlikely he would have given H. any hint in subjecting himself to be investigated for it was H.'s faculty of mind reading which had attracted M. I saw him sometime after and he was much impressed; he said Harrington had told him of the most secret facts in his family life. I think well authenticated facts of mind reading are recorded of the Swiss novelist Zschokke in the English translation of his "Fool of the 19th Century." If Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie is living, she can probably give interesting cases. I think she has mentioned a personal experience in her "Autobiography of an Actress," in which mind reading occurs. Several persons have been correct in their statements about myself, but the details are not fresh in my memory. I have no doubt of the existence of the faculty. Its culture would prevent many disastrous mistakes. In a more advanced society it may be the chief method for criminal court investigations.

Mr. John K. Hallowell who came to Chicago less than a year ago and began in a quiet way without advertising or flourish to heal the sick by animal magnetism, and the assistance of unseen intelligences, has been eminently successful. He has changed his residence to 866 Sawyer avenue. On and after December 1st he will have an office in the magnificent Chamber of Commerce building, corner of La Salle and Washington, where for two hours each day he may be consulted. He prefers however to treat patients at their homes, as he secures the best effects that way.

THE JOURNAL is in receipt of an extended account of the complete exposure in Cleveland of that peripatetic materializing humbug, Mrs. Effie Moss, but it is not worth while to take space to detail the affair. It is patent to sensible people that all these

public, dark-room cabinet shows are fraudulent; and those who think otherwise will never give in to evidence, no matter how clear, until they have learned by long and costly experience what consummate fools they have been making of themselves—and then they will not always own it up.

Prof. M. Delafontaine is giving a course of lectures on Chemistry at the Chicago Athenaeum, 50 Dearborn street. On Wednesday evening, November 12th, he will lecture on "Fire, its Nature, Condition and Products; Heat, How Measured; Stoves. Poisoning by Combustible Gases. Nov. 26th, Light: Incandescence, Flames, Illumination, the Spectroscope. December 10th, Food Adulteration. These lectures commence at 8 o'clock, p. m. They are free to all. Tickets may be had on application at the office of the Athenaeum.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is convalescing. Dr. Smith writes: "Mrs. Smith is improving, though rather slowly; but she is so much better that we feel quite hopeful."

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

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With Notes and Comments.

A treatise for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern Wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence.

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This well attested account of spirit presence created a wide-spread sensation when first published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Over fifty thousand copies were circulated, including the Journal's publication and the pamphlet editions, but the demand still continues.

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NO WONDER

the interest continues, for in it on indubitable testimony may be learned how a young girl was

SAVED FROM THE MAD HOUSE,

by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent interference of Spiritualists, and after months of almost continuous spirit control and medical treatment by Dr. Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending in some respect, all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common acclaim came to be known as

THE WATSEKA WONDER.

Were it not that the history of the case is authenticated beyond all cavil or possibility of doubt, it would be considered by those unfamiliar with the facts of Spiritualism as a skillfully prepared work of fiction.

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The present issue is a superior edition from new stereotype plates, printed on a fine quality of toned paper, and protected by "laid" paper covers of the newest patterns.

The publisher has taken advantage of the necessity for new plates, and with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, incorporated with the case of Lurancy Vennum one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1880, entitled

Psychical and Physio-Psychological Studies.

MARY REYNOLDS,

A CASE OF

Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. Epes Sargent makes reference to it in that invaluable, standard work, The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Vennum, but is nevertheless a valuable addition. The two narrations make a

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Roses and Rue: Being Random Notes and Sketches. By W. Stewart Ross. London: W. Stewart & Co., 41 Farringdon St., E. C. pp. 256. Mr. Ross is an essayist and poet whose writings are marked by independent thought and a strong and polished style. In this volume are brought together a number of short pieces under such chapter titles as "Fair Rosamond," "The Last Interview with a Man of Jesus," "Asceticism and Superstition," "Leprosy," "Soap," "Capital Punishment," "Bruno," "Insomnia," "Witchcraft," "Erick's Comet," etc. They are replete with sense, sentiment and wit. One passage is quoted to convey an idea of Mr. Ross's prose style. "I know of a pair of little shoes, dried and shrivelled, worn at the heels, holed at the toes and brown with age. I know of a mother—ay, and a father too—who would not exchange those two poor little relics for the boots of a Bayard armed with golden spurs, neither for the priceless slippers of silk and gold and the buckles blazing with diamonds that flashed on the instep of Cleopatra. For the wearer of these two poor little shoes lay on that mother's breast as her first born, and he climbed upon that father's knee. The lilies wave over his little grave in the field of the dead; but with the only two on earth who knew him, his is still vividly and pathetically alive. These two little shoes recall the sound of a baby footstep that shall be heard never more; the laugh, the bright eye, the sunny hair, and all the prattle and the joy that Love had to give to Death. The attachment to these little relics is too deep for words, the price is too high for gold. The sight of them calls forth emotion inexpressible, as over them the moistened eye of the mother sees far off the little green mound where the lilies she planted bloom and her darling lies." This reference is to illustrate the sentimental worth as distinguished from monetary value of objects. Mr. Ross's poetry is sometimes fantastic, but always vigorous, graceful and full of real enthusiasm, rising oftentimes to intense passion.

The True Author of Looking Backward. By Mrs. John B. Shipley (Marie A. Brown). New York: John B. Alden; pp. 47, paper, 5 cents.

In this essay an attempt is made to prove that Bellamy took the scheme depicted in "Looking Backward" from a work entitled "Woman in the Past, Present and Future," by Herr August Bebel, a prominent German socialist. There is resemblance, but plagiarism is not shown and there is no evidence that Bellamy ever read Bebel's book. The romance of "Looking Backward," Mrs. Shipley claims, was taken from "A Far Look Ahead," which was published in 1883 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and reprinted in 1889. The ideas are similar but they were not original with either author. Mr. Bellamy arranged them in a manner and presented them in a style to attract attention and to awaken popular interest. A large socialistic sentiment was of course a factor in making the book a success. There seem to be no well-grounded reasons for the charge of plagiarism against the author of "Looking Backward."

The Struggle for Bread. A Discussion of some of the Wrongs and Rights of Capital and Labor. By Leigh H. Irvine. New York: John B. Alden, 1890; pp. 182. Mr. Irvine discusses in a forcible, concise style some of the rights and wrongs of capital and labor and industrial depression in their relation to the present railway system, which is regarded as iniquitous. Trusts are denounced as inimical to the interests of the people. Mr. George's theory that private ownership of land is a cause of poverty is vigorously opposed. Attempts "to place worth and worthlessness on the level of communism" are discouraged. Profit sharing is advocated as a system simple in itself and just in every respect to all the parties interested. The little book contains much food for thought.

The International Series. New York: John W. Lovell Company. Price 50 cents a number. In this series is still published a variety of novels, as the following indicate: A Smuggler's Secret, by Frank Barrett, and Ida by Mabel Collins are two novelettes bound in one volume. The Smuggler's Secret is a tale of the sea and the author seems especially adapted to writing such stories. Ida, is a picture drawn from life in Morocco by Mabel Collins, who is well known through her work on occult games. Notes from the

News, by James Payn, is composed of notes published at various times in the *News* and brought together in a compact form.

Ecelyn Gray; or the Victims of Our Western Turke. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By H. I. Stern. New York: John B. Alden, 1890. pp. 235. This drama takes the reader back to the early days of Brigham Young and Heber Kimball in Utah, to the days of the Danites, of the Mormon's hostility to Gentile emigrants passing through their territory. The rites and ceremonies of the endowment house, of which exaggerated descriptions are given, supply much of the material for the drama, while in statement and spirit it belongs to that class of books directed against Mormonism that sees in the system nothing but iniquity and in the hearts of its adherents nothing but lust and murder.

The Sin of Edith Dean. By Bella French Swisher. New York: John B. Alden, 1890. Cloth, 50 cts. In this poem of 96 pages is related the story of a woman's love and devotion in a manner that sustains the interest of the reader to the end.

Oceanides. A Psychological Novel. By Ernst Von Himmel. Boston: Ernst Von Himmel Pub. Co. pp. 418. A psychological romance, imaginative, sentimental, dealing with elective affinities, and rather weak in style.

Edwin Arnold's new poem, "The Light of the World," will have an introduction by Richard H. Stoddard. It will be illustrated with reproductions (by special arrangement) by Hoffman's celebrated pictures of the "Life of Christ," and by a portrait of the author. The poem will be also copiously annotated. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, have the control of the American edition. This edition will be issued some time this month, and prior to the publication of the poem in Europe.

BACK NUMBERS OF LUCIFER.

We have numbers of this English Magazine for November, 1888, for sale at 25 cents. Readers will find articles of much interest in this issue. We also have numbers for July, November and December, 1889—and January, April and May, 1890 at 30 cents. Now is the time to order.

Miss Fanny Williams has just completed a ten-mile grading contract on the Evansville and Terre Haute road of the Mackey system, near Columbus, Ind., and has shipped three car loads of horses and machinery to Wellington, Ohio, where she has another contract for twenty-five miles of grading on the Cleveland and Wellington railroad.

A Beau of 1829.

When grandpa went a-wooing,
He wore a satin vest,
A trail of running roses
Embroidered on the breast.
The pattern of his trousers,
His linen, white and fine,
Were all the latest fashion
In eighteen twenty-nine.

Grandpa was a fine-looking young fellow then, so the old ladies say, and he is a fine-looking old gentleman now. For the past score of years he has been a firm believer in the merits of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. "It renewed my youth," he frequently says. It is the only blood purifier and liver invigorator guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money promptly refunded. It cures liver disease, dyspepsia, scrofulous sores, skin eruptions, and all diseases of the blood. For lingering coughs and consumption (which is lung-scurf in its early stages) it is an unparalleled remedy.

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During the ride—and the time of departure is especially arranged with reference to the attractive portions of the road—one may look out on as beautiful scenery as there is in the world. The entire train is heated by steam from the engine, and lighted with kerosene gas. The vestibules between the cars enable passengers to pass from one to the other without either danger or difficulty.

The New York Central's four tracks and level road bed permit the highest speed with safety.

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A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

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—BY—
GILES B. STEBBINS,

Editor and Compiler of "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages," and "Poems of the Life Beyond";
Author of "After Dogmatic Theology, What?" etc., etc.

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BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

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A MOTHER'S BLESSING.

BY LYDIA R. CHASE.

My child! I can not speak, for as we part
I wish to show you, to the last, a smile;
Though you will know beneath it all the while
The tears are welling in my mother-heart,
For of the little children whom I gave
Their taste of earthly pleasure and of pain,
The one will soon be far o'er hill and plain,
The other resting in a distant grave.

So as I bid you, in my heart, good-bye!
Because I can not make my lips to speak
The little word—since nature is too weak
To hold a steady voice, and eyelids dry—
I give you, once again, my darling child,
A mother's blessing and a mother's prayer
That you will keep life's blossom budding fair,
"Unspotted to the world" and undefiled.

Do not forget that as you turn to go
From the old love and home to find a new,
Your parents' blessing will abide with you
And him you give your life and love; and tho'
I write our last good-bye through blinding mist
A peace is in my heart, for thro' its pain
Shines forth the hope: our loss will be her gain,
No tears must blot the page that shall be kissed.

I would not cloud your fair and happy lot
Where toward the sunset you would build your
nest,

But pray that you may bless, and be thrice blest,
And make your home a very Eden-spot.
But there's a secret closet in each home,
And skeleton within, by darkness hid,
Unless you open wide the door, and bid
Love's sunlight drive out every shade of gloom.

There are some precepts I would have you keep
In mind, culled from the Bibles of the earth.
One from the Hebrew Scriptures of great worth
Is, "As you sow, so also shall you reap."
Remember this, my girl, and let it tend
To guide your steps in pleasant, useful ways
That will most surely make your harvest days
Rich with a sweeter fruitage at life's end.

Another precept, from Confucius—
That Eastern sage who taught the golden rule
But negatively, like the German school,
Which, copied, has been handed down to us
Reversely in our modern Bible text:
Do not to others what ye would not they
Should do to thee and thine; this rule obey
In this world to be happy in the next.

And yet two others, from that Savior-Prince,
Siddhartha—gentle teacher of the East—
Who was so merciful to man and beast
As puts to shame all human record since:
Do right for its own sake, not for reward
Of this life or Nirvana; nor because
Death is the penalty for broken laws;
For right's sake only, said this noble Lord.

Thus Buddha gave a loftier conceit
Than selfishly to do the righteous deed:
Sweet pity was the burden of his creed,
As charity was Christ's—the Law complete.
Said Buddha: "Seeking nothing he gains all;
Foregoing self, the universe grows I."
Ponder these truths, my daughter, and then try
To be your best: you can not fail nor fall.

PHILADELPHIA.

[Written on the marriage of the author's daughter Lelia.]

SING TO ME.

Out of the silence wake me a song,
Beautiful, sad, soft, and low;
Let the loveliest music sound along,
And wing each note with a wail of woe,
Dun and drear,
As hope's last tear:

Out of the silence wake me a hymn,
Whose sounds are like shadows soft and dim.
Out of the stillness of your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there—
Wake me a song, thou child of art,
The song of a hope in a last despair,
Dark and low,
A chant of woe;

Out of the stillness, tone by tone,
Cold as a snowflake, low as a moan.

Out of the darkness flash me a song,
Brightly dark and darkly bright;
Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along
The mystical shadows of the night.

Sing it sweet,
Full and complete,
Where nothing is drear, or dark, or dim,
And earth song soars into Heavenly hymn.
—FATHER RYAN.

Marriage is not a failure in homes where "Garland" Stoves and Ranges are used.

She Wasn't Surprised.
"Mamma, said little Alice as the baby lifted up its voice, "do all the babies come from heaven?"
"Yes, dear."
"I ain't surprised," said Alice, thoughtfully, as the infant lifted its voice higher.
"Why, love?"
"Oh, I wouldn't want them there, either, if I was God."

Needed It for Appearance' Sake.

Little Bessie had received a birthday present of a fine blue parasol. She carried it over her head all through the house, brought it to the table with her when she ate and insisted on taking it along when she went to bed. Her mother demurred at this.
"You don't need it while you are asleep, Bessie," said the maternal parent.
"Yes, I do, mamma," she answered. "If I should die and go to heaven I'd want my parasol."
"You wouldn't have any use of a parasol there, my child."

"Yes, I would, mamma. If God should ask me to go out walking with him I'd be in a pretty fix without a parasol, wouldn't I? He'd think I was from the country."

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

Different Methods of following the injunction "Love One Another."

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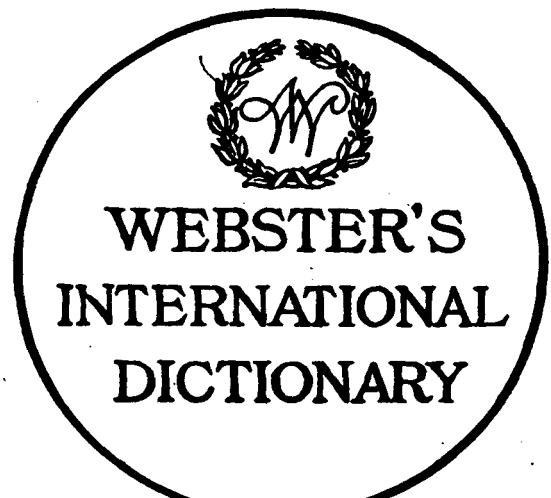
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And now in the wind's caress;
With song as sweet as at morn the starling
Is wont to the skies to trill,
Mollie, the farmer's daughter and darling,
Comes tripping adown the hill.

Purple and black are the braided tresses
Her dainty temples that crown:
Light is her step on the sward it presses
As fall of the thistle down.
The squirrels peek from the wayside hedges,
As the maiden moves along,
And count it chief of their privileges
To list to her jocund song.

Down where the alders and slender rushes
Border the rivulet's banks,
And the widened sweep of the water gushes
Under a bridge's broad planks;
Whistling a love song, in broken snatches—
His hat pushed back from his brows—
Robin, the miller, awaits and watches
For the coming of the cows.

Up to their knees in the stream the cattle
Drink deep of its crystal flow;
Little they care for the lover's prattle
Or the bliss the twain may know;
Their heaving sides with their draughts dis-
tended
They enter the path again,
And crop the grasses, with heads low bended,
On either side of the lane.

The shadows deepen; the dew is sprinkling
With diamonds all the meads;
And faint and far, in the distance tinkling,
The sound of the bell recedes.
Still on the bridge, where the water glistens
As the moonlight on it falls,
The miller talks and the maiden listens,
But the cows are in their stalls.

—W. D. KELLY, in Ladies' Home Journal.

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Thy eager throbs, thy wild desire;
Nor let opposing foes disturb
Thy aim, nor quench thy steadfast fire.

Patience, stern Will! Though sluggish moves
The event which thou wouldst fain control,
Forget not wheels that form new grooves
In virgin soil are hard to roll.

Patience, bold Brain! The startled crowd,
Who "think in herds," ne'er yet did greet
New truth with acclamation loud,
Until crowned victor o'er defeat.

Patience, O Conscience! Do not haste
Vainly to hurl indignant gibes
At those whose sense of right is based
On laws which pop'lar rule prescribes.

Patience, proud Soul! e'en though the few
Who ought to know misunderstand
The unthanked work thou'rt called to do,
So that thy work bear Wisdom's brand.

Patience, brave Toller! Duty asks
Thy isolation. Fear not thou!
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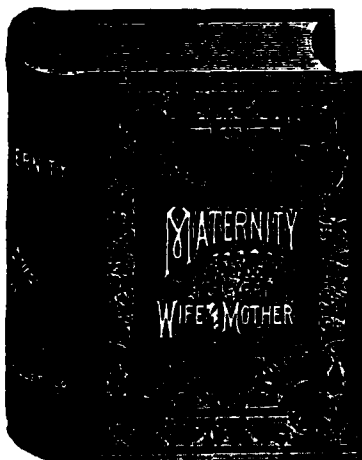
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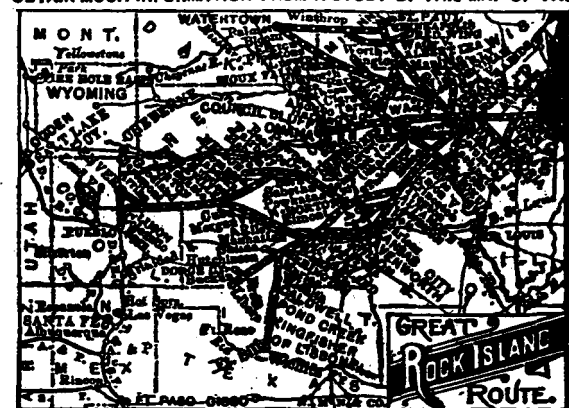
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"Intelligent and Discriminating Approval is a Great Moral Force."

Readers of THE JOURNAL are well aware that in the conduct of the paper I have ever been quite indifferent to the plaudits of the rabble, the approval of the unthinking and the support of sentimentalists. Equally careless am I of the opposition which has grown up and combined its forces on every hand, with ramifications and sympathizers in quarters that would surprise most readers were I to be more explicit. I have endeavored to make a paper which should be of assistance to those who are teaching and leading in their various walks of life, for the intelligent minority rather than for the unintelligent majority. I am not indifferent to expressions of approval from the discriminating. Such approbation has great value; it is an actual force, aiding me to maintain the high standard of the paper on the one hand, and moulding the public mind on the other. I could fill pages of every issue with encomiums from people whose judgment is rated in their respective circles of activity as most excellent. In print the approval of Peter Funk of Snideville or Eliza Ann Smikes of Newton's Corner is just as weighty as that of Judge Daley of Brooklyn, or Miss Doten of Boston, to people who never heard of either

and have no way of measuring the value of these judgments. I am going to give you this week a word from several representative people, not to gratify my own feelings but to enable you the better to present THE JOURNAL to those less well informed and to support opinions I am sure you already hold.

Most of you know of Mrs. Hester M. Poole, who so ably conducted the Woman's Department of THE JOURNAL for ten years, and some of you have the great good fortune of personal acquaintance with her. A cultured Spiritualist in the highest sense of the word, a successful teacher, a writer of rapidly growing reputation, and, withal, highly mediumistic, her opinion has value in it for you. In a letter lately received, after referring to her own very busy life Mrs. Poole adds: "But no enforced silence weakens my interest in THE JOURNAL. Indeed, I hope the experience and competency of Mr. Underwood will relieve you of much pressure, all his old friends of THE INDEX ought to take THE JOURNAL; it is scholarly, calm, dispassionate. I think last week's (Oct. 11th) one of the best ever published; and the editorials are altogether admirable."

Warren Chase is known to you as one of the pioneers of modern Spiritualism. After forty years service and an experience surpassed by none, he writes from the quiet of his Cobden home thus: "I have long noted and regretted the condition of our literature and our public mediums. Very little of what we have in our papers or through our mediums is worthy of place in scientific and literary circles, or prints of our age; hence I am glad you have got B. F. Underwood to help you. What has surprised me is that what purports to come through entranced mediums does not reach a higher level. Of course there are refreshing and brilliant exceptions, green oases in the desert of mediocrity.... As Spiritualists, we have had phenomenal evidence enough, and yet most of our papers, mainly read by Spiritualists, are filled with accounts of phenomena, spirit messages, answers to questions by spirits, long prayers that I never read and do not see the use of. Give me philosophy and good common sense, such as THE JOURNAL supplies."

The Sphinx, the leading Spiritualistic publication in Germany, has in a late number an article on Spiritualism in America. Speaking of the American press it says THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL "is especially distinguished by its obstinate fight against the frauds of counterfeit materializations, which flourish widely in the United States.... It is also severely critical of the spirit messages of the Banner of Light.... It is extraordinarily rich and varied in the matter it presents, and is rendered especially interesting by its numerous communications, in part from very able and distinguished co-laborers, one of whom is Prof. Elliott Coues, M. D., of Washington." I presume Prof. Coues is selected for special mention for the reason that his name is widely known in many scientific and other circles of continental Europe.

Among the finest trance test mediums ever known in modern Spiritualism, Mrs. Jane E. Potter, of Boston, ranks with the best. I have had through her mediumship the most remarkable tests of spirit identity and of the wisdom and foresight of communicating intelligences. Of late years Mrs. Potter has almost, if not entirely, withdrawn from public work, and she never encouraged a promiscuous, heterogeneous patronage. A business letter lately received from Mrs. Potter concludes as follows:

I can not close this letter without mentioning to you how much I admire the new form of THE JOURNAL. I have intended to speak of it before this, but I have been so full of care I did not do so. I see such great improvement in the paper in every way. I have always given it the preference over other Spiritualist papers. During the past year it has seemed to have completed its house cleaning, as it were, and come out bright and shining; and its readers are all very proud of it. In other

words, it has for many years been going through a fearful battle and has fought bravely, and the victory completely won. It has now had its bath, thrown off the clothes soiled in the service and put on a suit clean and free from battle stains and hard campaigns. What a fight it has had, and what a glorious victory it has won. Of its future prosperity there is no doubt.

I am very proud of the high class of intelligence and character represented by my subscription list. My subscribers are, so far as I can learn, representative people in their several and widely separated walks of life. Whether wearing the judicial ermine, standing in the pulpits, making laws at Washington, delving in the mines among the Rocky Mountains, struggling with the arduous cares of the household, navigating lakes or oceans, nursing the sick in hospitals or caring for the mentally diseased in reformatories, or everywhere, in any honorable vocations, THE JOURNAL's subscribers are noted as the foremost and best in their field. And yet I am not satisfied! I want more of them. Spiritualism needs more active workers among this class.

THE JOURNAL needs your active support on the financial as well as on the moral plane. It is entitled to what you owe, if you are delinquent on your subscription, as some are. There is a vast amount of missionary work now falling on my shoulders which you ought to esteem it a pleasure to assist in carrying. Give me judicious and discriminating words of approval when you feel inspired; but give also that substantial cooperation on the business plane, without which financial success is impossible.

"OUR FLAG" PREMIUM.

I have been some time looking for a meritorious new book to offer as an inducement to new and old subscribers. I was seeking one that should be of universal interest and permanent value. After rejecting a hundred or more I selected "Our Flag." See advertisement elsewhere. Every patriotic American needs to be familiar with the information given in this book, and every parent should see to it that the children of the household master its contents.

The third exhibition of the Chicago Florist Club will be held at the Second Regiment armory, on Michigan avenue, between Madison and Monroe streets, November 4, 5, 6 and 7. Lovers of flowers will be able to gratify their taste at this exhibition, as the generous list of premiums offered will ensure a fine display.

Mr. Home J. Field passed through Chicago last week on his way to Idaho. Though said by many to be a medium of great promise, Mr. Field has thus far declined to follow mediumship as a vocation, preferring to earn his support in other ways and use his gifts as occasion seems to require for the good of others.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls will publish in November a narrative poem in blank verse by William Cleaver Wilkinson, entitled "The Epic of Saul." The poem treats of the career of Saul the Pharisee up to the time of his conversion. The poem is divided into fourteen books, each book having a title of its own.

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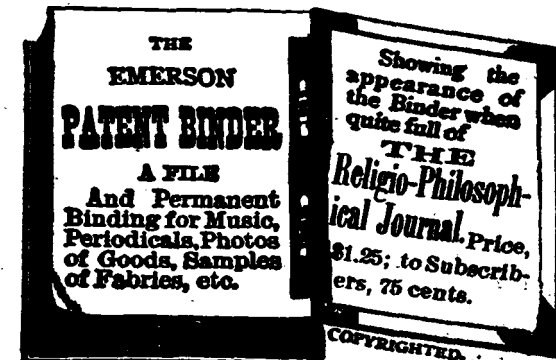
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THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, NOV. 8, 1890.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 24.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc., See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

In Forest Hills cemetery was unveiled recently a granite monument in commemoration of the services of Horace Seaver who was editor of the *Boston Investigator* from 1839 to 1859. The cost of the monument, \$1,200, was raised by popular subscription from liberals in all parts of the United States.

The American Secular union held its annual convention at Portsmouth, Ohio, last week. Dr. R. B. Westbrook was reflected president and Miss Ida Craddock secretary. Resolutions were adopted pledging the organization during the coming year to active work in resisting ecclesiastical encroachments upon the government and in promoting complete secularization of the state.

Over 27,000 women in the city of New York supporting their husbands and children, paying taxes towards the support of office holders and politicians, and not one of them can vote, says the *Northern Light*. What a great, free government it is under which such a state of affairs exists! The highest nature of man—the supreme tribunal of justice—can not but declare such a government just as criminal as that of the Czar of Russia.

Rev. William S. Dodd, whose home is in Cesarea, three hundred miles East of Constantinople, relates in the *Independent* that he has known of cases of drunkenness among the Turks. He adds: I have no intention of claiming that drunkenness is as prevalent among Mohammedans as it is in America. It is far from it. But those who come really to know their manner of life know that their supposed universal virtue in this respect is a myth.

A Polish priest of Berlin, Wisconsin, has issued a circular in the German language and caused it to be distributed among the German Catholics of the state. The following is an exact translation: "The time is not far when the Roman churches by order of the pope will refuse to pay the school taxes, and sooner than pay the agent or collector, put a bullet through his breast. This order can come at any time from Rome, and it will come so suddenly as the pulling of the trigger of a gun, and, of course, this will be obeyed, as it comes from God Almighty." This alien priest and his parishioners believe that their supreme allegiance in all temporal as well as spiritual matters is to Rome first. At the command of the See of Rome they would resist the payment of a school tax and "put a bullet into the breast" of a United States officer. There is urgent need of the American school house and compulsory education in Wisconsin, and in other states as well.

The proceedings of the recent Medical Congress at Berlin prove that pathological experts are devoting themselves assiduously to a mastery of the theory of germs. Curiously enough, it is at St. Petersburg that the most elaborate preparations are being made for bacteriological inquiries and experiments. Prince Alexander Petrovich of Oldenburg is providing an institute, at a cost of £65,000, for the special consid-

tion of contagious maladies. The building will be splendidly provided with all conveniences, including laboratories, chambers for microscopical examinations, cabinets for the professors, a common hall and bedrooms. A small railway on the Decauville principle, which was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition last year, will enable the dead bodies and live animal subjects of experiment to be conveyed expeditiously through the establishment as required, while the whole of the buildings will be furnished with the electric light. Medical men throughout the world are certain to watch with interest for the fruits of Prince Alexander's munificence. There is a good deal yet to be discovered regarding the origin and operations of the germs which have so much to do, in health as in sickness, with the welfare or otherwise of the human frame, and an institution devoted exclusively to the pursuit is one to be hailed with gratification.

Reincarnation is the Oriental fad which some unfortunate Spiritualists have adopted to the great detriment of our progress as a movement, says the *Reconstructor*. From a somewhat extensive personal observation, and from information of others we have discovered this pregnant fact, that while all these disciples of Orientalism are perfectly ready to avail themselves of the liberality and charity of Spiritualism to secure a hearing, get money and opportunity, they are never found consecrating themselves to the work of upbuilding the same. They weaken, where they don't destroy our associations and meetings. We very much doubt if any one can point to a single instance where one of these sapient, full-fledged Theosophists and yet pretending to Spiritualism has gone out into the highways and byways to build up spiritual societies. Genuine spiritual lecturers have been doing this all the time.

A writer in the *Medium and Daybreak* makes these sensible remarks which are worthy of the consideration of investigators of spiritual phenomena: To produce phenomena of any kind, it is necessary to provide the requisite conditions. Telegraphy is due to an electrical phenomenon, and attention has to be paid to electrical conditions. If we wish to telegraph to the continent, we must see that our batteries and instruments are in order. When a mind wishes to manifest itself, the requisite conditions have to be observed quite as strictly as in the case of the electric telegraph. While here in the earthly form, our friends possess a series of mechanical appliances whereby they communicate with us, either by voice, gesture, or action; but when they leave the material, they lose their natural means of manifestation; if, therefore, disembodied spirits wish to commune with us, we must either become exalted above material into a spiritual condition, or we must lend them instruments by which to manifest.

At a recent meeting of the French Geological society a communication from M. Transchold, of Moscow, was read on the non-invariability of the level of the ocean. It terminated with the following conclusions: In proportion as certain parts of the earth's crust rise from the bottom of the sea above its level the latter must be lowered. The surface of nearly all the present continents have been at one time the bottom of the sea. They rise from the water partly because of

the retreat of the waters of the oceans. As continents are formed, one part of the waters of seas is transported to them in form of lakes, rivers, eternal snows, glaciers, and organized substances. Owing to these actions the waters of the ocean have been constantly diminishing and their levels lowered correspondingly. In proportion as the earth cools down, ice accumulates near the poles and on mountains; water is taken more deeply into the surface of the terrestrial crust, the formation of hydrated minerals being manifested everywhere. The result of all these conclusions shows us that since all the water that ever existed may still exist in the form of perpetual ice, snow, hydrated minerals, etc., the waters of all oceans have been gradually disappearing, and that the lowering of oceans is going on even at the present day to a greater extent than ever before.

Just as THE JOURNAL goes to press intelligence is received that Mrs. Ann Leah Underhill passed to the higher life on November 4th. The following is the substance of a communication received from one who was an intimate friend of Mrs. Underhill: Mrs. Ann Leah Underhill was the oldest of the three Fox sisters who stood at the front when the battle raged with fury and when all that a mystified and credulous public could invent was said against them to make the world believe them dishonest and deceitful. To Leah, who was the oldest sister, seems to have been committed the government of the others. When they were directed to go forth and to let the world know the facts her sister Margaretta was the only medium in Rochester, Katie being on a visit to Auburn, N. Y., and Leah not having become a medium, although desired by the spirits to be present with her sister when the rappings were heard. But for Leah nothing might have resulted from the rappings at that time, for Margaretta was so frightened on the third night that she refused to go, by the advice of several friends who had intimations of intended violence by a mob. Then Leah—with Mrs. Amy Post—said that they would go and made ready to start; Margaretta finally said, "Well, I will go, but I'm sure I shall be killed," and she verily thought she would be on that fearful night; but all who were engaged in bringing Spiritualism before the public were saved. Leah had profound regard for the spirits as guardians, while Margaretta never had any such feeling. It was in view of these facts that Capron's "History of Spiritualism," said, in 1855: "If ever this proves a real, permanent blessing to all mankind the name of Ann Leah Brown—since Mrs. Underhill—should stand conspicuous as one of the 'heroines of history,' who fought the battle against a world of opposition; while her younger sisters were the only media and after she became one herself," and to the truth them uttered the world has been an ever living witness. Mrs. Underhill for many years lived a retired life, having given her services in her younger days, and until she had seen Spiritualism advocated in all civilized countries. She never lost her interest in the cause that was the dearest to her of all others, as many correspondents throughout the country can testify. While she lived a quiet home life her departure will be felt by a great number who were recipients of her constant bounties, for she never sent the needy away empty and they will look in vain for her generous hand which gave for benevolent objects and to private charities.

BOSTON UNITARIANISM.*

Mr. Frothingham thinks that justice has not been done to the Unitarianism which lay between Channing on one side and Parker on the other,—“literary Unitarianism it might be called, the religion of sentiment, feeling, emotion, the religion of unadorned good sense.” That the representatives of this Unitarianism, whose fame has been eclipsed by those named were destitute of positive creative force is admitted, and as a class of thinkers they held no eminent place, but Mr. Frothingham maintains that they contributed largely to “the freedom and ease of movement in the mind of this generation, its elasticity, its gracefulness, its love of musical expression, its demand for finish in thought and phrase, its modest demeanor in the presence of great problems,” and liberalized the atmosphere even if they did not originate any philosophical or doctrinal system. They were scholarly gentlemen, “fond of elegant studies, of good English, of courteous ways, of poetic expression, of the amenities of life.” They were conservative, disliked innovation, gave no welcome to untried ideas; “agitation, violence, vehemence, even in the advocacy of just principles they deplored; they believed in the prevalence of sweetness and light.” Of course such men can never possess creative force and can never be great leaders.

Mr. Frothingham declares without qualification that Channing was “the father of spiritual Christianity.” His immense and growing fame, the dedication of churches in his honor; the association of his name with the sect, the acclaim of its most eminent men, preachers, critics, thinkers, the steady increase of his noblest teachings, while his limitations have been gradually falling away, the development of his cardinal thoughts—upward, inward, outward—all attest this.” It is a good deal to say of Channing that he was “the father of spiritual Christianity.” Admirable as was his character and great as was his spiritual insight and aspiration, is there any movement or thought that can be traced to him with a certainty and definiteness warranting Mr. Frothingham’s claim? We have no hesitation in saying that there is not. Of Parker it is justly said that “his talent was practical, not speculative,” “an enormous leader, but not a subtle thinker,” “had a prodigious memory, but not a penetrating intellect or soaring imagination.” He was direct, frank, witty, eloquent, sarcastic; he was practical, executive, had great mental force and power of denunciation and contempt. “His closet writing would never probably have been of great value, nor would he have been famous as a scholar.” But his great force of will was directed by noble impulses in humane paths and made a power of justice. It is the class of men who lay between Channing and Parker, lacking the fervent spirituality of the one and impassioned earnestness of the other that Mr. Frothingham describes. To this class belonged his father, Dr. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, reminiscences of whom are given in this volume and woven into a sketch of his life.

Emerson, unable to widen the church, left it for another career, Ripley abandoned it, Parker virtually seceded from it, but Dr. Frothingham followed the beaten track. As a sect the Unitarians were then indifferent to the question of slavery, the introduction of which by John Pierpont as well as Parker’s rationalistic criticism was deprecated by Unitarians generally. Of the latest and best modern theological thought but few of the Unitarian ministers had any knowledge. Semler, Paulus, Strauss, DeWette, Rosenmüller Eichorn, Herder, of these but few knew anything. There was no sympathy with what is now known as modern thought. As a rule the Unitarians were “sensationalists,” not transcendentalists. “The Unitarians were conservative, believers in providential arrangements of society, believers in respectability, in class distinctions.” Their theology was hazy in its character. Mr. Frothingham says: “Unless my memory deceives me, a decided intellectual deliverance from the bondage of tradition can be traced back to my boyhood.”

* Boston Unitarianism, 1820-1850. A Study of the Life and Work of Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York and London: G. P. Putnam Sons. 1890.

This “decided deliverance” he thinks due mainly to Boston Unitarianism. Mr. Frothingham was reared and educated under Unitarian influences, and so powerfully does this influence now assert itself that he writes as though he were unaware of the intellectual activity and of the rationalistic and freethought influences outside of the fastidious circle to which he belonged. He forgets, for the moment at least, that Unitarianism had its intellectual, moral and religious antecedents and that it was but one of the many phases of the thought and spirit of the times. Of the liberal forces that were in operation outside the Unitarian denomination, he shows small appreciation, and writes, indeed, as one might who was unacquainted with them, which of course is not true of Mr. Frothingham.

The history of Boston Unitarianism, to be of much value to thinkers of to-day, must be written as John Fiske writes American history, that is with continual reference as far as possible to the influences which resulted in the events, institutions and systems described or explained. Mr. Frothingham is a scholar, possesses fine literary attainments, exquisite taste, discrimination, and a catholic spirit, but he is deficient in philosophic grasp and in the scientific spirit, and fails therefore in connecting events, seeing their just proportions and giving them their proper place in historical development. This is a work for which a merely literary and theological education such as Mr. Frothingham has in an eminent degree, is no adequate equipment.

As Mr. Edwin D. Mead says, the Unitarian church “vastly exaggerates its office as a pioneering, leavening, original force in American religious thought and life, and takes credit to itself for broad and complex results which are due only in a very slight degree to its energies or insights, but are the common results in itself and the other churches in varying degrees of the operations and pervasive influences of the *Zeitgeist*. . . . An admirable digester Unitarianism has certainly been, but not, as seems to us, a great producer or energy, not a ‘pioneer.’ It has been singularly barren, it seems to us, of original virile powers; and when fresh and vital forces have indeed sprung up within it, true prophets and pioneers, as once, in the case of Emerson and Parker there did, it has hastened to disown them, to thwart and repress them. We do not think that we risk much in saying that these two disowned children alone—Emerson and Parker—have done more genuine ‘pioneering’ and ‘leavening’ work for American religious thought than the whole Unitarian church in all its life. They have done and are still doing their revolutionizing work for Unitarianism and orthodoxy alike—for orthodoxy not through and by Unitarianism, but directly and at first hand. Darwin’s ‘Origin of Species’ and the ‘*Mechanique Céleste*’ are what made the new heavens and the new earth, and the mails brought the news to Cambridge and to Andover.” Mr. Mead mentions also German criticism and the new spirit of our poetry and literature, which have gone “where the Unitarian bell was never heard,” and the writings of the English Broad Churchmen, as important aids. “We think it is not too much to say that the ‘Origin of Species’ and Strauss’ ‘Life of Jesus’ alone have done more leavening work in the various churches than the whole Unitarian influence.”

Mr. Mead further says “The deadly feeling of having attained” was what sent so much of our New England Unitarianism to sleep, almost to seed, forty years ago, petrifying almost a generation into material not only most impervious to new religious thought, but, what in this matter is equally important and indicative, most provincial, Philistine and essentially small in its apprehensions of the scope of half a dozen recent intellectual movements, and stolid even to the calls of inevitable and urgent social reforms.” These facts can not be ignored in any just element of the attitude and influence of the Unitarianism of the past. That of to-day is better and under the influence, of forces from without as well as within it is steadily improving. This is not less true of all the other sects, which are powerfully affected by the progressive forces of the age.

“GODLESS SCHOOLS.”

Bishop Keane, in cape and cassock, occupied the pulpit of Appleton chapel, Harvard college, on the occasion of the delivery of the annual Dudleain sermon which has been given since 1750. He could not allow the opportunity to pass without indulging in the remarks usual to his order about the exclusion of God from our public schools. At the banquet in Chicago last Wednesday in honor of Archbishop Feehan, one of the speakers—Rev. McGovern—in the course of a speech to the toast “Our Holy Father,” said that the pope “has vigorously protested against godless schools.” By “godless schools,” of course is meant schools in which religion is not taught; and there is no religion that can be taught in the schools with the sanction of the “holy father” except the Roman Catholic. Why should schools in which boys and girls are taught to read and write, and are educated in the common branches to fit them for the work of life, be characterized as “godless.”

An elementary education is needed by all as a means to an end—as a preparation for meeting the demands and discharging the duties of life. Is learning to read and write or learning the facts of geography “godless” because it is not accompanied by prayer, pious ejaculations, singing of hymns or counting of beads. Catholic children can be taught as the church requires at their homes, and in private schools. Why object to our public schools because the Catholic faith is not taught there, when they are schools of the state, supported by public money, for the education of all, irrespective of religious beliefs? What the Catholic church wants is that it shall be given control of the public schools or as many of them as may be needed for the attendance of Catholic children; in other words it wants a division of the school fund and the support of Catholic schools by the state. The policy of this church is dictated from Rome. The “holy father” denounces our public school system and Bishop Kater of Wisconsin denounces all who do not vote for the repeal of the Bennett law as traitors to the Catholic church. Thus the ecclesiastical whip is cracked over the people of a denomination and hierarchical and church influence is brought to bear against the wise policy of unsectarian public schools and universal education in this Republic. It is time the American people were awake to a realization of the situation.

EDUCATING BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER.

A few weeks ago THE JOURNAL had occasion to refer to some Brooklyn teachers whose soulful sensibilities were harrowed by the immoral suggestiveness of Longfellow’s “Building of the Ship.” Now comes the reported statement of Francis A. Waterhouse, head of the Boston Ladies’ School, that female beauty is a serious bar to high educational attainments; that coeducation is dangerous, and that boys and pretty girls should be kept apart. “I recall,” he said to a reporter, “one beautiful young girl who was so attractive that half the boys were ready to do her bidding. She was to my mind a serious menace to the good of the institution and I expelled her. By employing her fascinations and blandishments on a school committeeman she succeeded in getting herself reinstated, much against my better judgment, and a short time later she more than fulfilled my anticipations by eloping with one of the schoolboys, to whom she was clandestinely married.” All the circumstances are not stated, but the case, whatever the outcome, would seem to fall far short of proving that it is dangerous to have boys and girls in the same school room. There is another man, a school trustee in Indiana, who refused to employ any young lady teacher who would not first sign a contract that she would not receive the attentions of any young man during her period of employment. A newspaper representative who was present at a recent meeting of Cook county (Ill.) teachers reports, some of the remarks he heard in regard to that Indiana trustee:

“I don’t swear,” exclaimed Col. Parker, president of the association, “or I would express my opinion of such a man.” “Now such a demand is unreasonable,” main-

tained Mrs. Parker. "Just suppose that this rule had been maintained heretofore, what would Col. Parker have done for a wife, and what would I have done for a husband? These school trustees insist that lady teachers shall be pretty, and that they shall not be married, and now if they intend to deny them the privilege of a beau, what's to become of them?"

Mr. L. Schoeder, of Park Ridge, glanced at the pretty young ladies who sat in the seat with him and said: "It isn't right!"

"I wouldn't sign such contract!" exclaimed the young ladies in a chorus. "I would quit teaching first, but please don't use my name; it wouldn't do."

J. B. Williams, of the Riverdale school, said: "The privilege of entertaining beaux ought to be limited," but after a bevy of young girls took him away to the corner and talked with him he returned and said: "I have concluded that love ought not to be interfered with."

Boys and girls should grow up in each others' company and be educated together, and neither young men nor young women should be required, in becoming teachers, to submit to any unnatural restrictions. There is something indicative of morbidness, pruriency and mental and moral unwholesomeness in much that is said by those who see only danger in the face and form of the beautiful girl and immorality and vice in the association of the sexes.

"THE SUBMERGED TENTH."

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, is the author of a book, which is a topic of discussion in England, entitled, "In Darkest England and the Way Out." It is a work of 300 pages and presents a scheme for the relief of poverty, ignorance and vice in what the author call the "submerged tenth of the population."

The plan of General Booth, for the alleviation of the distress of the masses of English whose wants prevent them from paying heed to morals or spiritual welfare is to raise a fund of £1,000,000, the income of the greater part of which is to be devoted to aiding the poverty stricken. General Booth's life work among the poor enables him to judge of the extent of poverty among the English people. He estimates that a tenth of the population of that nation is in actual need of such assistance as could be rendered by such a fund.

General Booth proposes to found a city colony for the hungry and homeless of the metropolis, who will be given work in labor yards and factories chopping wood, making mats, sewing sacks, etc. In this connection will be organized the "Household Salvage Brigade," which will collect enough broken victuals, old clothes, newspapers, etc., to support the refugees and factories of the city colony. The second feature is a farm colony, to be recruited from the city colony when the members will again use the London "Salvage Brigade" as a basis for support. Immense pigeries will be established, and the pigs will supply brush and bacon factories, bone and button works, grease and soap works, etc. There will also be second-hand clothes and boot establishments, employing an army of tailors and cobblers. Each man will build his own house or shanty and no public houses will be permitted. Finally, General Booth proposes to found a foreign colony, recruited from the other two. A tract of land will be taken in South Africa and the best workers from each colony sent there, but obliged to repay the cost of their transportation by their future labor.

The London *Daily News* says: "There is something captivating in the grandeur and completeness of the scheme. As an intellectual effort it is like the day-dream of a philanthropist revised by a practical man. The Salvation Army may fail in this great attempt, but we are distinctly of the opinion that it ought to be allowed to try and succeed." The *Daily Telegraph* comments thus: "Waste labor to waste land is General Booth's watchword. It all reads like More's 'Utopia,' but the General's firm faith in the possibility of his scheme carries the reader away. It is better, at all events, to dream of a social panacea than to acquiesce in things as they are. The world was never yet cured by pessimism."

The English press recognizes the fact that there is in London and other English cities a vast amount of

poverty and wretchedness, and the importance of some practical measure for its relief commensurate with its extent and its chronic character.

THE NAME CHRISTIAN.

In his address in this city, last week, Mr. M. J. Savage, after outlining the Unitarian church of the future, saying that it would continue to be theistic, for the reason that Unitarians believe in

"One law, one element
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves,

raised the question: "Is a church like this I have outlined a *Christian* church." In answering it he said in substance that measured by the standard of the creeds, it may not be, but that remembering what Jesus taught in regard to God our father, life forever with God, and loving help as the condition of all good, we may be content to let the sects quarrel over names, while we, like the great Galilean, go about our father's business. Doubtless this position is satisfactory to many liberal minds who call themselves Christians, although they have outgrown belief in the distinctive theological doctrines of the Christian system and hold only to those elements of religion which are as much a part of Mohammedanism, for instance, as of Christianity; others think this position involves inconsistency. Mr. William J. Potter, president of the Free Religious Association, though a theist, a most devout man and certainly a Christian, if a Christlike disposition and life can make a man one, is among those who decline to call themselves Christians.

Mr. Potter said in an editorial printed in *The Index* in 1882:

Several years ago we came to the conclusion that no one who would not call himself a follower of Christ in a different sense from that in which he might call himself a follower of Socrates or Buddha or Emerson, is properly entitled a "Christian," and since that time we have not assumed the name. To apply it as some radicals do to the ethical and humane principles of universal religion, appears to us not only illogical, but unjust and derogatory to those who have reached the same principle from other religions than the Christian. To illustrate, Dr. Adler and Mr. Salter are, in substantial agreement on religious problems theoretically and practically, the one coming from Judaism, the other from Christianity. Why should Mr. Salter insist on calling their common belief and conduct "Christian" more than Dr. Adler should insist on calling them "Jewish." Both abjuring as they do the special authority of the religions from which they have come, they are more rational and more just to drop also their old religious names for some new name that shall impartially cover their new common faith. And this is what we have felt ourselves compelled to do.

CONDENSE.

Well written, carefully prepared contributions are always welcomed by THE JOURNAL. The more care in preparation the shorter and more lucid will be the articles. As a rule, all that can be profitably said at one time on a single topic may be covered in one thousand to thirteen hundred words. Collateral themes should be rigidly excluded and the main subject held closely in hand. If the subject is one covering large scope, it can better be treated under different heads and in several short articles, each independent of the other, but all making for the same end. It requires care and a persistent effort to follow these suggestions, and the increased attention of readers and the growing ability to put things cogently and concisely will far more than compensate for the trouble. THE JOURNAL does not wish to repress the flow of contributions, but rather to stimulate it, by giving a greater variety to each issue, and by helping contributors to clarify their thought and avoid wastage of good material. A single loosely thought out, hastily written long article often contains germs of a half dozen clear cut and readable essays.

Referring to the announcement of Rev. Richard D. Harlan, son of Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme court, and pastor of the First Presbyterian church of New York, of his determination to resign his pastorate, the Chicago *Tribune* says: If the lines

are to be drawn as strictly as this the church will be in danger of losing more of its brainy young men. It had better cling all the more tightly to its old preachers who can subscribe to the old formulas, for the young men who are abreast with the developments of science can not be relied upon conscientiously to teach as literal truth what their fathers and grandfathers preached and believed. The church will lose more Richard Harlans unless it allows them to preach according to their best light, which is the only light an honest, conscientious man can have for his guide. If it can not give the young men this latitude it will have to content itself with the elders who were educated differently.

A writer in the *National View*, noticing the death of Philip H. Montague said: When our friends leave their earthly bodies we are apt to shudder as the mortal remains are consigned to the cold and silent grave and to locate them afar off, hidden from our mortal eyes and removed beyond the reach of human affections and living sympathies. But if we can realize the natural truth, that the spirit interblends with this world, that there is only a thin veil between them, that there is no death for the spirit, that what seems so is transition, that when our friends put off mortality, because by reason of trials, sufferings and diseases, their mortal bodies can no longer obey their wills and serve their purposes, that they have put on immortality and have entered into their spiritual bodies, which are perfectly natural and well adapted to meet all their wants and requirements of the spiritual world—when we realize fully these glorious truths, all gloom and despondency will leave us, and we know that in accordance with God's immutable natural laws, all is well with our friends.

The Emperor of Austria is against capital punishment. Recently a death warrant was brought to him to sign, says the *Independent Spectator*; he refused to affix his name to the warrant which he tore in pieces. This is the best thing we have heard of a crowned head doing for some time. Its influence is worth much at the present time, when the question of capital punishment is being so generally discussed. The day will come when enlightened and civilized men will no more think of slaying their fellowmen through the machinery of law than they now think of taking the life of those who in their judgment are no benefit to society. But when this hour of splendid enlightenment will arise, depends in a measure on each one of us. We may be of small consequence individually, but we each have some influence and it is our duty to throw the whole weight of that influence on the side of progress, humanity, and a better civilization.

In a letter to *Light*, London, Prof. F. W. H. Myers writes: Let me say then, in a word, that I am wholly at one with my colleagues as to the methods of our research, although I inevitably differ from some of them as to some of the results obtained. Such difference, I say, is inevitable; inasmuch as the society has never professed any common creed, but includes, as a matter of fact, almost all shades of opinion, from Roman Catholics to agnostics, and from convinced Spiritualists to men who entirely disbelieve in human survival. The belief in which we are, I hope, united is a belief in scientific method, and a conviction that in this, as in all other inquiries, an indolent acquiescence in evidence less than the best attainable is one of those short cuts which are likely to prove the longest way round.

Says Oliver Thorne Miller in *Popular Science Monthly* for October: It seems more beautiful to lay our friends to rest, softly pillowed, shrouded in satin, inclosed in rosewood, covered with flowers, and of anything beyond we refuse to think. We erect the imposing marble, set out the blossoming plant, and carry flowers to the spot. The cemetery appeals more strongly to the sentiment than does the crematory. I find no fault with sentiment, but I say it will more appropriately cling around an urn containing the pure ashes of what was once a loved form than about the unmentionable and unimaginable horrors covered by our flowers.

THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS IN CANADA.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

No recent event has so clearly marked the progress made towards the social emancipation of women as the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Women recently held in Toronto. I am in receipt of copies of the *Globe*, *Mail*, and *Empire*, the leading daily papers of that conservative Canadian city, each containing full reports of over two columns of the meeting couched in not only respectful but complimentary language, while the editorial pages have none of the contemptuous criticism or invidious witticism in regard to "Our Strong minded Sisters," and "the weaker vessel" which a few years ago such a gathering would surely have evoked. The head lines too are changed completely in tone. I quote from the *Globe's* heading, "The Women's Convention—Business-like Procedure.—Woman and her Right to the Ballot." From the *Mail* "Women of Worth—Brilliant Addresses and Discussions—Sound Reasoning Clothed in Eloquent Language." From the *Empire* "The Dearer, Better Half—Striking, Able, and Clever Papers."

Not the papers alone showed this visiting body of American women great respect, but the people and the city officials of Toronto showed them every attention and honor possible. The platform of the great Pavilion was placed at the disposal of the Association, and it was draped with English, Canadian and American flags in honor of the occasion, while a large and beautifully colored inscription bid the ladies "Welcome to Toronto!" The congress was invited to visit all the public buildings, the university, schools, Women's Medical college, etc. A committee was sent from the city officials to take all who would go to a long carriage drive taking in all the principle points of attraction and interest within Toronto's limits, and a public reception was given the association by leading men and women of the city. It was a red letter day for womanhood everywhere!

The papers read and the addresses given by the women themselves were worthy of the occasion. The President, Julia Ward Howe, presided at all the meetings during the session. Among the notable papers read and discussed was that of Mrs. F. W. Parker of the Illinois Normal Training school on "More Pedagogy in Our Universities and Normal Schools," which was an earnest plea for more thorough training of teachers for their work. "Education in America," she said, "is under the conventional domination of forms fixed by tradition, and the disheartening result of this is a woeful indifference to the study of the best methods of education. In Germany the principle of pedagogic training has a firm hold; and there is a chair devoted to the purpose in every university." Several Chicago members took part in the discussion of Mrs. Parker's admirable paper. Mrs. Kate Gannett Well's paper advocating individual moral energy in eradicating social ills instead of special legislation in regard to them aroused a very spicy discussion. Miss Georgia Louise Leonard, of Washington, D. C., held the close attention of the audience on a theme new to many of those present, the status of "Women in Ancient Egypt," which she showed to have been freer and more elevated than in many of the later cultivated nations. Of this paper the *Empire* says: "It was rich in thought and poetical expression and of a most engrossing interest in its description of Ancient Egypt."

Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, of Denver, Colorado, one of THE JOURNAL's valued contributors, whose portrait appears in the Toronto *Mail's* report of the proceedings of the congress, gave a very brilliant and critical paper on "The Dramas of Henrik Ibsen" in relation to their embodiment of an ideal womanhood and their influence in arousing attention to some hitherto ignored phases of the woman question. Helen Campbell's thoughtful and suggestive paper on "Working Girls'

Clubs," with which she is practically familiar, was read in her absence by the secretary of the association, Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles.

At the closing meeting, School Inspector Hughes, of Toronto, made a short speech full of compliment to the ladies of the association, in which he said that at first some of the men were a little afraid of the scientific women, but during the session they had got over this. "We have learned," he said, "that you are a body of women whom we can respect, and with whom it is an honor to cooperate in any way."

COMING ASPECTS OF THE PLANET SATURN.

BY ELLIOT COUES.

Just now the spirit of prophecy is rife, and horoscopes of the world are cast by more than one dreamer of dreams. Buchanan's predictions of last July attracted general attention. Others have followed; yet others will follow. In all their variations, due to individual idiosyncrasies, they are unanimous in their declaration of great political, social and religious revolutions now immanent, as well as of some physical cataclysms affecting profoundly the crust of the earth. So far the prophets and visionaries—what has science to say? Science speaks with mathematical certitude respecting certain movements of the planet Saturn within the next few years which profoundly affect its position relative to the earth.

In 1891, on September 22d, Saturn being in Leo, the earth will pass from the south to the north side of Saturn's ring. There it will remain until the winter of 1905-6, when it will return to the south side, followed by the sun, Saturn being then in Aquarius. In 1921, Saturn having returned to Leo, the earth will pass again to the north side and be soon followed by the sun. The same year (1921) the earth will again pass to the south side and back again, to remain there until 1935, when the like movements will recur, Saturn being again in Aquarius.

If I am not mistaken, more than one of the prophecies now before the public bear directly as to date upon the years in which these planetary changes of relative position occur. An astronomer would call this a "coincidence." An astrologer would call it—what would an astrologer call it? Not being one, I do not know.

1726 N street, WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 24, 1890.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

BY J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

III.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Those who have examined the mesmeric marvels of our physical organism can be at no loss to understand how impossible it is to stop there, and close that mysterious volume of psychical knowledge, which opens its wonderful pages to our view, as we become fitted to profit by them. In the mesmeric experiences, my first knowledge was forced upon me; so here too the same fortuitous proof followed me up, and despite my obstinate incredulity, bound me around with a chain of evidence impossible to be treated lightly by a rational being.

We are not to suppose with our present imperfect knowledge of the subject that we can derive any information from the promiscuous use of clairvoyant revelation, on which we would be justified in placing reliance. So many obscure conditions exist, that it is in spontaneous revelations alone we may with any confidence hope for a verification. The formal tests, that from time to time have been proposed, are fallacious in the last degree, and almost necessarily end in failure; no conclusion is to be drawn from their want of success. We can seldom hope to utilize this faculty in recovering lost property, or reading concealed bank notes. The reality is to be established by patient observation until proof comes spontaneously. It is not part of our usual physical life and at the best is but the effect of some rudimentary and fitful cause. No adverse argument is to be founded on a presumed want of use. To contend against the reality of an alleged and respectably supported fact, merely be-

cause we do not know its place in the vast volume of nature, is a rank abuse of reason.

After my long experience and the rigorous demonstrations I have been favored with, there seems to be no certain expectation of the reliability of clairvoyant statements until they are verified by subsequent investigation. The sources of error are numerous; ignorance on our part of the proper conditions in which this power can best exert itself ranks among the foremost; fatigue, misleading, health of the body, tranquility of mind, unfair mental influence of others, undue eagerness not to fail, and perhaps many other disturbing causes which evade detection.

The nearest approach to a reasonable confidence is in those peculiar cases, where a clairvoyant voluntarily appoints a future day and hour for the promised revelation. A true sensitive perceives infinitely clearer than we can possibly do the causes which affect lucidity, and if not misled by some ignorant or dishonest promptings of thought or voice, we may entertain a reasonable hope of a successful issue at the appointed time. We can not overrate the influence our own purposes exert on the clairvoyant. Love of truth and honesty of thought are above all the open sesame to her powers. In the face of unfairness and hostile criticism, the doors of this sensitive faculty firmly close, we can not open them with a sledge hammer.

The cases which I have selected are those of persons of a cultured class in private life, with whose daily walk and surroundings I am as familiar as with my own.

By the orders of her physician, a lady had been kept in a dark room for an extremely threatening inflammation of her eyes. A publication by the late Archbishop Whately had directed the attention of this lady's friends to the subject of mesmerism, and being on terms of intimacy with the family, I was requested to devote myself occasionally to her service. As I entered the house for this purpose, I placed my hat on the rack in the hall, and proceeded up stairs to her room, which I found so extremely dark that nothing was visible to me at first. By the light of a match I took in the situation generally, and began the passes. The patient proved to be exceedingly sensitive, and it was soon evident by a change in the tone of her voice and the character of her replies that she was asleep.

During the conversation, the handle of the door was shaken, as if some one on the outside was unable to turn it. The lady exclaimed, "That is the little boy Franky with your hat on his head." The knob was soon turned, and the little fellow stood in the doorway with my hat on. He had been playing on the sidewalk, and seeing me enter had followed and in his sport put on my hat and came to the room where I was. As there were no natural means of knowing that it was Franky at the door, or that he had my hat on his head, the opportunity was improved for further experiment. Taking the hat, I quietly placed in it the first articles which came under my hand in the dark (the door had been closed), the one a brush and the other a vial, picked up from a formidable array on the dressing table, and placed them on a wardrobe about seven feet high. Turning to her I asked what had been done. She immediately told me where the hat was, and inside of it there was a brush, and away down, as if in a deep well, she saw g-a-r-g-l-e. Striking a light, I examined the bottle and found it empty, but on brushing off the accumulated dust, saw the statement verified by the printed label, "Gargle."

Whatever ingenious solutions may be hazarded by those who were not present, to the observer who alone can judge of all the circumstances, there is but one, namely, a mode of perception by other means than the natural senses. The husband of this lady was very unwilling to believe that so extraordinary a faculty had been developed in his simple-hearted little wife, whom he had never suspected of being able to see through a millstone, until he was at length obliged to confess the fact. His favorite method of experiment was to set the hands of the hall clock at hazard, and then rush in to ask the time they pointed at. His wife generally reprimanded him for playing tricks with the timepiece, and until she wearied of its repe-

tion, in very many instances told the hour pointed out by the hands. This lady finally recovered her health as well as her eyesight and ceased to be clairvoyant.

Another excellent proof of this remarkable power was exhibited at a later period, on the arrival of a young relative from a sea voyage. Immediately on landing he had taken the first train, and on reaching the house hastily threw his top coat down in the drawing room, and without being announced hurried up stairs, where he found his sister in a mesmeric sleep. She knew him before he spoke and although delighted to meet him, like a careful sister, began to chide him "for putting flour, treacle, ginger and eggs in his best coat pocket." The poor lad was dismayed at the charge, and denied it with some warmth, at the same time throwing open his jacket that we might see he had nothing of the kind on his person, when the clairvoyant explained that it was not the coat he had on, but the one he had left in the drawing room. His exclamation, "How did you know that," made the matter worth following up, and going down to the room I brought the coat up with me, and to the amusement of all present extracted from one of the pockets a square of gingerbread large enough for a substantial meal. The clairvoyant heartily enjoyed the joke.

The same persons on another occasion furnished as remarkable an instance as the foregoing of this incomprehensible power. This young fellow had taken a fancy to rear silk worms, and had brought some with him in paper boxes. In his quest of food for his pets he espied a few tender leaves on an imported mulberry tree, which was with difficulty being nursed into a feeble life. He furtively stripped the boughs, and with the evidence of his misdemeanor fresh upon him, had the temerity to enter the room when the clairvoyant was in a mesmeric sleep. "Why, H," she exclaimed, "you ought not to have taken those leaves, you have killed the tree. You have taken fourteen of them, wrapped them in another leaf, tied them in your handkerchief and put them in that pocket. You have just taken them."

The embarrassment of the young culprit was evidence enough of his guilt, but making him draw out his handkerchief from the indicated pocket, I untied it and found, first a cabbage leaf, then fourteen mulberry leaves, and going into the garden felt, as I saw the next morning, that nearly every leaf had been rifled from the precious tree. The whole of this transaction, theft and all, was after dark.

Being in company with an eminent physician of London, whom I then met for the first time, and of whose family affairs I had no knowledge whatever, I related to him some facts which had come under my notice. It appeared that he had tried some abortive experiments with an alleged clairvoyant, and as they had failed, he made the too common mistake of fancying that the matter he had not as yet been able to learn himself could not be learned by others, and that his ignorance was the measure of all knowledge on the subject.

Before parting he gave me a note of three lines, from which he had torn the date, address and signature, as a test for the first good clairvoyant I might fall in with. When the opportunity offered, the note was submitted with the following result: "The man who wrote this was a wild-looking man, always gazing downwards as if searching for something. He is the same man who gave you this note; he was not in his right mind when he died. You think I do not know what I am saying" (this thought did cross my mind) "but I mean he was the same blood, he called him brother. He was a very ill-tempered man, dark and scowling. It was very hot where he died, and they buried him among the poor people. They thought they had brought his body home, but they brought another. It makes me ill to look at him; he trembles all over." I handed this statement to the Doctor and requested an explanation of it, if there was any to begin.

He told me that the note had been written by his brother who was supposed to have been deranged, and had a peculiar manner of watching the ground; that he wandered abroad and died of delirium tremens in

a southern country, without friends or money and was buried in the paupers' allotment. His body as was supposed had been brought home, but there were serious doubts entertained as to its identity. Neither the clairvoyant, who was a most estimable lady and with whom I was intimately acquainted, nor myself had any knowledge whatever of this unfortunate brother, or knew that such a person had existed. The lady had never even heard of the gentleman who gave me the note.

On a certain Thursday afternoon a gentleman whose mind was much exercised by the effects of a long drouth on his suffering grounds incidentally asked a member of his family who was being mesmerized for some acute neuralgic pains as to the probability of rain during the night, as there were indications of an approaching storm. The patient declared in the most positive way that there would be no rain in the night, no rain on Friday, no rain on Saturday, but that on Sunday whilst we were at dinner, there would be a heavy shower. Sunday arrived and not a drop had fallen, and not a cloud was seen during the day. At seven dinner was served and we sat down to it without a hope of the much needed rain, but before long distant thunder warned us that the predicted storm was approaching, and it broke upon us in a copious shower before we had left the table.

The explanation of a fact of this kind, of such frequent occurrence that coincidence is impossible, is to be looked for, perhaps, in the exquisite judgment of the somnambule, as to the time when certain causes then in operation will produce their inevitable results, rather than to an absolute prediction of a future event. The next relation, however, in some of its details seems to indicate a power of prophecy *per se*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPIRITUALISM.

BY WARREN CHASE.

The wild theories and vague speculations of writers and speakers on Spiritualism are nearly as numerous as those of Christians and seem to be largely drawn from that source from which most of the writers and speakers come into the, to them, new religion. Among these is a theory of eternal life, by which is meant eternal, conscious, individual existence based entirely on the fact, now well established, that the human mind passes through death intact, whether the individuality, or form, does or not. The mind is an entity without the individuality, the latter being subjective as in dreams—at least so it seems to me from a large experimental observation.

I am not able to see how the fact of a new birth into another life is any more evidence that it is an "eternal life" than the birth into this is; to me it seems as essential that a preëxistence to this must be a part of an eternal life as the one that succeeds this short earthly stage of being. The speculations on life seem curious. To me life seems to be an imponderable, invisible element, never increased or diminished and from an eternal source or overflowing fountain entering into all forms of organic existence, but not creating them, as it is plainly proved that even protoplasm may rest inert and as dead matter until something starts it into organic life, and it is the essential material in starting all organic forms. When an organization ceases to perform its normal and natural functions, or is what we call dead, life does not leave it but stands ready to enter into new forms as they are made up from the changing matter of the decaying form.

I do not claim to be exempt from these theories and speculations but mine are not drawn from Christianity, as I was never in it and never adopted any of its theories. Christians claim to know many things which I do not and to have a source of knowledge which is beyond the realm of science. All scientific experiments limit knowledge to the senses and in each order and species of animal life the knowledge is restricted to the senses of the creature, rising only as the senses increase and broaden; and as we go down to where there is no sense, there is certainly no knowledge. My organ of time is deficient and I can not tell one time from another and never knew of a discord in

music, and yet I love music. The dog that howls at it must be hurt by it.

COBDEN, ILL.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

By ATHENE.

During the last decade I have read of the dual appearance of several individuals. One case stated by Blumenbach was that of a young, amiable, talented school teacher who could not be retained long in any school or college, because her pupils would see her sometimes at the head of their class in the class room, while others taking a recess would see her at the same time walking in the garden, etc. I do not think the laws explaining this double appearance have yet been fully explained. I will relate a case that happened before my own eyes.

My wife and family some years ago were living in Arizona. While I was absent on business in New York, my daughter Estella, Mrs. W. E. Hensley, who is very sensitive and mediumistic, became anxious on account of my prolonged absence from home. I retired one night as usual to rest; slept very pleasantly and awoke about break of day, and turned over with my face to the wall. I had scarcely done so, when two hands grasped my shoulders with great force and turned me completely round, when I saw with surprise my wife, as I at first supposed, standing near me. My first thought was that she had died and that this was her spirit which had come to say farewell, which generally takes place when any member of my family takes its departure for the other world.

I noticed particularly the dress, which was made from a stuff I had sent to the family several months before; besides she had a black silk handkerchief tied around her head turbanlike, which I remembered she sometimes used when troubled with headache. I exclaimed, "Lola! Lola!" But as I spoke, her eyes glanced at a large-size doll that lay on an armchair near my bed, which had a lifelike appearance, which she evidently mistook for a real child, for she — back, receding from me, but perceiving that it was only a doll she turned her face full toward me, standing in front of a large looking glass between two windows, and as she gave me a pleasant recognition, the light being better, I saw distinctly her features, and that it was my daughter Estella; gradually she rose from the floor and dematerialized and faded away.

I was still alarmed, thinking she had died, and the same day wrote to my family in Arizona telling them about the strange occurrence, and intimating that I was expecting to hear of her death. In due time I received an answer to my letter telling me that on the morning of the day Estella had appeared to me in New York she, at the breakfast table, told the family that she had been to New York and had seen her father, and tried to give them an account of the way, condition or state she had traveled, but which all the family supposed was only a dream. Such is my simple story. Can you or any of your many correspondents who are deeply versed in spiritual phenomena explain how these things occur?

I will give you my opinion and understanding of this matter. I am aware that everything we behold around us as the work of man was first spiritual before it was made natural or material. The architect first projects from his mind on paper the house he is going to build and then it is built; and so with all men's doings of every species and kind—or, in other words, their thoughts, ideas and affections become materialized. It is one of the universal laws of the spiritual world that all thoughts, ideas or affections of angels or spirits are seen in their corresponding respective forms, in their surroundings, and that the forms of their dwellings, furniture, clothing, landscapes, etc., vary and change according to their states or conditions; and if we think deeply upon this subject we find that we obey a similar law, for we are continually making changes in our clothes, dwellings, and surroundings in pursuance of this universal law of the heavens and the earth.

My theory in relation to my daughter appearing to me in New York while her body was in Arizona is

this: The society of spirits with whom she is associated in the spiritual world (and all while living here are thus associated, though they don't know it until they pass into the other life), attracted by her ardent desire to see her father, lent their aid and power to help her realize what she so ardently desired, or in other words, they supplied the power, transported her spirit across the continent and materialized her in my presence, and put that strong power—electrical, if you like—into her hands which turned me around with a force that was irresistible.

The genuine materializations that sometimes occur from spirits on the other side so as to become palpable to our natural sight, all take place in accordance with the same universal law.

I have related in a previous article the appearance of two beautiful hands in daylight, one holding a crystal goblet and the other as if trying to show me what I should do, while the owner of the hands, either an angel or angelic spirit, I can not say, spoke and said: "Take three drops of laudnum and a pinch of salt in a little water." This came to me in answer to prayer made by me a moment before to the Lord to cure me of a bad pain in the back part of my head, which no doctor had been able to cure or relieve, but which was cured almost immediately after taking the remedy sent down from heaven. Can any of the philosophers of the various schools of our day explain or account for these things through material law? If so, let them answer.

THE REASONS WHY.

By W. WHITWORTH.

To the second query of Mr. Plimpton, "How account for the vast amount expended in the erection, enlarging and refurnishing of the Catholic churches of this country, the working people furnishing the funds," I unhesitatingly answer, from hopes and fears of ignorance and superstition. Deeply instilled in the minds of the great mass of her devotees, the Catholic Church has impressed the belief that every dollar given to her coffers secures direct credit to the donor in heaven. Not only this, but that the more of their means the poor creatures lavish in this direction the greater the glory they will inherit in the celestial kingdom. Conversely, that lack of giving entails severe penalties in a horrible hereafter. The entire business of bartering indulgence from the penalties of sin, as well as of saying masses in behalf of souls in purgatory, that has obtained throughout a large portion of the church's existence, is based on the doctrine that liberal giving into priestly coffers has power to insure future condonement for misspent lives and eternal bliss in heaven. This gives the key to the vast sums that have been lavished on the church for the adornment of altars and shrines of saints; immense amounts in legacies wrung from frightened souls in the dread hour of death; gives pointed force to the universal expectation that gifts into the Catholic sanctuary will avail in securing pardon and blessings from on high. No more potent influence to drain money from superstitious devotees could be devised. It draws a continuous stream in the shape of weekly church dues, as well from the poorest laborer as from the poorly paid servant girl; from the latter, in special assessments for some grand cathedral or extravagant altar adornment, often to a large extent of her entire earnings. Nor does it matter how the poor, ignorant laborer may need his scant earnings for support of his family; his wife may help at the washtub, and their children roam the streets from want of clothing fit to be seen at school; the dues assessed, believed to be given for the glory of God, must not be turned aside from such holy purpose for any need whatever.

But aside from this steady drain in weekly dues, there are enormous amounts levied in the form of special requirements for extraordinary expenses; for the erection of magnificent church edifices, costly internal decorations and palaces for the bishops; nunneries and parochial schools, intended to supplant the public school system. These special sums are not gained by voluntary contributions. In the true sense of the term they are assessed in stipulated amounts duly apportioned to each member of the church by the

church authorities, and collected by personal visitation of the priest, order book in hand, very much as a money lender would demand accruing interest on his loans.

In the mines of Pennsylvania where the most densely ignorant foreign Catholic devotees are employed, it is customary for a priest to appear in the paymaster's office on the regular pay days, and draw the sums he has set down against the names of his flock, the sums being deducted from the monthly wage account. A like style of collection obtains in certain large iron works in this city among the low-grade, superstitious workmen drawn from Catholic countries of Europe. Presumably this is the ready method pursued where ignorance ever and blind belief that the Catholic church is the mouthpiece of God and the priest the direct means of communicating with heaven.

During the hard times following the panic of 1873, an Irish family of the working class were struggling hard to save sufficient for interest payments on a small, home in fearful dread of mortgage foreclosure. Indeed, so stinted were their means, that only by the severest denial of many absolute necessities were they able to keep their heads above water. In the midst of this severe experience a burly priest, the very picture of florid, robust health and generous living, presented himself in demand of an assessment of the church for one of the oft-recurring extraordinary building expenses. Twenty-five dollars was the amount required. Mrs. Sullivan, the mother of the family chanced to be the only one at home. She was almost stunned by the largeness of the sum demanded, and pleadingly explained how almost impossible it would be to give so much, as in truth they were at that very time actually robbing themselves of needed necessities so as to lay aside sufficient to pay on their place. In a loud, imperative voice that sounded like that of a harsh landlord threatening distraintment, the well-fed priest replied that the grand work of the church could not be stopped, assessment must be paid; and paid it was, in spite of the woman's appealing statement that the children did not have a sufficiency of nourishing food, and the exhibition of her feet to show how badly she needed shoes to keep them from wet and cold.

If this were an isolated case it might be attributed to the harshness and cupidity of an individual priest; but so many similar cases have fallen within my own experience, and that of my friends, that I am constrained to the belief that it presents the stereotyped course of Catholic church procedure. How else is it possible to account for the enormous wealth in real estate and buildings owned by the church in all the large cities, in chief part drawn from the very poorest paid laborers and servant girls who form the great mass of the church devotees?

By the same methods she once laid her accumulating grasp on half the real estate of England, and similarly to a great extent on that of the continent of Europe and South America. And her plans are laid to accomplish the same purpose in this free land of the United States, if by breaking down the public schools she can educate the masses to the requisite ignorance and superstition she requires.

CLEVELAND, O.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

[The manuscript of the following prophecy was written on August 27, 1890, and received by me September 3, 1890, from . . . , who desires to remain unknown as its author for the present, but who also requests me to attest the date. This I hereby do, in compliance with the wish of a friend, without any responsibility for the statements hereinafter made.—ELLIOTT COVES, 1726 N street, Washington, D. C., September 9, 1890.]

The greatest factors in the making of history among all nations are their systems of religious and civil government. Only those persons who have been earnest and thorough students of these systems, both ancient and modern, in all their varied phases, are competent to judge of the forces at work now in the evolution of either national or international history. No impartial and unbiased student of the course of religious and civil polity can avoid the conclusion that once, far away in the dawn of civilization and thence to the zenith of its splendor and glory,—the whole ancient world was governed by a confederation of individuals, each of whom united in himself the characters and the

powers of both priest and king. In that time, called the "Golden Age," there was one universal religion,—the nature worship; and one universal form of government,—the patriarchal. Both were taught and administered by wise men who claimed to be instructed and controlled by a hierarchy of spiritual intelligences. The ruins of their temples and the traces of their prehistoric ordinances and customs remain to-day among the monuments of Yucatan and Peru, of Britain and Scandinavia, of Egypt and India, proving contemporaneous identity of creed and policy, of absolutely autonomous rule, of gradual corruption, steady deterioration, downfall, and disappearance from the face of the earth. Now their wondrous wisdom and power is the shadow of a memory—their fables and courts but the baseless fabric of a dream. But history is a cyclical drama unfolded ever the same, yet ever with new accessories and different setting on the stage of human life. Ever the same actors return upon the scene, solving again the problems and showing again the powers that were before, upon a higher plane of cyclical evolution, with more complex conditions and more momentous consequences.

The time has come again and the fruit of time is ripe. Once more are the destinies of the world to be guided—whether manifestly or invisibly—by the spiritual powers that upheld the hands of the lords, kings, and priests of a golden age. All mankind is to acknowledge one God, profess one religion, and submit with a wise joy to one just and all-comprehending government.

The systems of religious and civil rule in the world to-day are as diverse and conflicting and mutually incompatible as their basic principles are corrupt, cruel, tyrannical, and unjust. It seems incredible that this fair earth should come under any united system of universal belief or any concerted action in civil policy, unless some awful convulsion of the nations brings about changes now almost inconceivable. Yet the potencies that work revolutions in religious and political institutions all over the world are set in such marvelously concerted and cumulative action as shall effect even such a historical cataclysm, and involve greater changes than can be humanly foreseen.

To-day, there is a pause—an awe-inspiring lull before the breaking of the storm upon us. But soon will the whole world plunge forward with a wondrously accelerated momentum to the climax of her glorious historical drama. Individuals and nations will mingle in bloody wars, in the final frightful scenes of imperial and royal revolutions, of priestly tyranny and laic superstition, of famine and pestilence, of flood and fire, of quaking earth and lowering sky—all of which, like the night the day, shall usher in the dawn of a new civilization and crown the era of universal happiness, peace, and good-will, when all peoples shall obey one law of love and worship one God of righteousness. . . .

"Come, my people! Enter thou thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee. Hide thyself as it were for a little moment until the indignation be overpast. For behold! The Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity; the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain!"

The seers and prophets of every school of thought have foretold extraordinary changes to be wrought in church and state during the latter part of the nineteenth century. However they have differed in their creeds and theories, however their faith in the future has varied in details of events to come, they have been unanimous in fixing the time of these wonderful occurrences between the years 1850 and 1925. All the prophetic dates fall within this period of time,—the last half of the present century and the first quarter of the next. Here the Indian Buddhist ends his fourth round, or animal age, and begins his fifth, the era of mind. The Mohammedan foretells a great judgment to come upon the world at the end of this century. Martin Luther and Jacob Boehme and Emanuel Swedenborg cast prophetic vision onward to the coming centenary. A host of modern preachers, prophets, visionaries, clairvoyants—be they Millerites or Adventists or spiritualistic mediums, agree in nothing else so well as in forecasting this period to be one of unexampled vicissitudes in the supposed established order of human events—in the religious and political, in the racial and industrial, in the social and sexual worlds. Hundreds of the most learned, pious and orthodox ministers of the gospel, and laymen without number, in the Evangelical churches of Europe and America, have interpreted the biblical references to the consummation of the ages as prophecies of happenings within these same few years, which are to witness the second Advent of the Christ.

Though I base many of my beliefs upon my knowledge of religious and political history, yet most of my convictions are also grounded upon earnest and prayerful study of the sacred scriptures. I take the symbolic and prophetic passages of the Bible in their broadest sense as referring to all peoples, nations, and sects—neither exclusively to the Hebrew, Catholic, or Protestant communions, as commonly understood.

All biblical expressions regarding the "church," the "elect," the "redeemed," and the like, are of world-wide and universal application to wise, just, and righteous persons of every creed and color. Babylon—Jerusalem—Gentile—Jew—angel—dragon—every symbolic world—has its mystical as well as literal meaning for those who discover the spirit under the letter of the law. The Bible was written by inspired mystics; and only mystics who understand its occult symbolism can comprehend its significance, resolve its metaphors, and interpret its prophecies.

All the great predictions enfolded in the mystic leaves of the Bible have two signs. All the prophets, from Moses and Isaiah to St. Paul and St. John, gave unmistakably one or the other of these signs of the now approaching end of one era and beginning of the next as a new cycle in religion. These two signs are: First, the dissolution of the Turkish empire; and second, the return of the Jews to Palestine. That both these great events must happen within a few years from the present time, is apparent to every observer of current political affairs. The daily papers even mention them both as probable occurrences of the near future. The fall of the Sublime Porte when the crescent shall have waned—either through Russian intrigue or through the natural disintegration of the heterogeneous Turkish empire—will be the signal for a war in Europe the greatest, and in its consequences the most terrific, of any struggle the world has ever seen. The whole map of that continent will be dissolved and rearranged. Its every government now existing will be overthrown within the next ten years. It is both possible and probable that this war will begin with some treachery or aggression on the part of Russia within two years, and extend throughout Europe within five years. During this momentous and sanguinary conflict, England will lose Ireland through an agitation precipitated by famine in the latter and misrule in the former country. Either through the conquests of the Russian advance, or through the revolt of the natives at the height of England's difficulties at home, India will be lost forever to British rule. The outbreak of the general European war will be favored and hastened by the socialistic elements of the several nations involved. Organized warfare will become complicated by the conflict between labor and capital, and be attended throughout with the horrors of bloody riots among the strikers, not only in European countries, but in every civilized nation on the globe where the masses will be arrayed against the classes. Such conflicts between labor organizations and organized capital will increase in frequency and severity in North and South America and in Australia from the present year to the year 1901-2, when the governments of these countries will become socialistic and despotic. In the impending political intrigues and military operations France will conquer Germany, regain her lost provinces, extend her boundaries, and become again the foremost power in Europe. Germany will lose her present military prestige, and be torn with internal dissensions arising from her socialistic classes and from the fierce hostilities between the Catholic element in her southern and the protestant element in her northern provinces. During the progress of these wars both famine and pestilence will lend their terrors to the great drama, and financial crises will decide the fate of empires. Jewish bankers will increase in wealth and power all over Europe; and religious fanaticism will so pursue and persecute the race, that even the wealthiest Jews will seek Palestine for peace and security. France will find a military hero as soon as the occasion requires a leader in war, and members of the royalist party will carry her on to supremacy. The First Napoleon attempted to revive the titles, pomps, and glories of the Roman Empire; but the last Napoleon will see the star of that invincible dynasty, in Syria and in Egypt, shining upon a coalition of the Gaul and the Jew. The prophecies in the Book of Daniel and of Revelations will be literally verified, in the combination of all the present governments of what was once under the Roman sceptre into one vast confederation, ruled by a despot who becomes such by universal suffrage. The first upheaval in Europe will set on foot the wildest and most fanatical experiments in socialistic and communistic government, both political and industrial; and the cry of "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*" will become continuous and ultimately triumphant. A radical democracy will demand and accomplish fundamental changes in church, state and society. The masses and not the classes will rule. Power will be vested in the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's molten image, till all royalty and aristocracy be swept away in the fall of all the houses that hold hereditary rights and privileges. For a few years the most bigoted Catholics and Protestants, both in Europe and America, will increase in wealth and power. But when radical democracy and socialism have acquired full control, these will destroy the influence of the pope, degrade every system of religion, and make the priests and their churches everywhere subject and obedient to the state, as mere satellites of the official body of the confederated democracies. Ignorance and arrogance will indeed "play such tricks before

high heaven as shall make the angels weep." During all these years of incessant turmoil and vicissitude, the only consolation and refuge left to persons of cultured minds and just and tender souls will be the revival of interest in everything pertaining to their spiritual development and true religious feeling. The cry "The Bridegroom Cometh!" will arouse the sleeping virgins among human souls, who will arise and trim their lamps and seek for oil to set them burning. Millions who know no second coming of Christ in person will begin to watch and pray for the coming of the Mystical Christ in the hearts of men; and the orthodox churches will awake to their labor like the primitive Christians. "And they that will be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

From this year 1890 till the end of the present dispensation, or consummation of the ages, I foresee the most astounding and constantly augmenting manifestations of the invisible spiritual powers, both for good and evil, working out their respective ends on the material plane among mortals, and urging on the conflicts I have but dimly outlined. I believe the forces for evil will long seem more potent, as they certainly will be more manifest and more aggressive, than the powers for good. I foresee terrible famines and commotions in Asia as well as in Europe, among the Chinese and Japanese. Thousands of Chinese, imported to build the Nicaragua canal and for other purposes, will become a disturbing element amongst us. That nation is likely to gain possession of the Sandwich Islands, whence a hostile invasion of some parts of America is not improbable. Nothing will avail to stop the spread and ravages of the cholera, either in the Occident or the Orient. Political and financial difficulties will arise among the South American republics, and be complicated by religious dissensions like those soon to occur in North America. Political schemes, with railways and other immense commercial enterprises, will advance with giant strides in Africa, as well as other parts of the world. During the latter part of this century a Stanley or other such leader will acquire despotic power in the Dark Continent. Russia in her convulsions will greatly extend her dominions in Asia. From this year onward gigantic material undertakings of every kind will move on with increasing rapidity. The building of railroads and other evidences of reviving prosperity in Syria, Palestine and Egypt will turn thoughtful people again to the study of biblical prophecies respecting those countries. Sooner or later will be a union of the worst elements in the Greek, Roman, Mohammedan and Protestant churches for the purpose of rule and aggression; and this combination will realize the "Mystery of Babylon" of Revelation.

The most pronounced and amazing feature of this age will be the increasing activity and influence of women in every walk in life and in all countries. Thus three of the most despised and apparently insignificant members of the body politic will rise to the heights of power, display the most vehement passions, and exhibit the most noble heroism. These are the woman, the workman and the Jew.

During the next fifteen years the Negro race, both in Africa and in America, will advance more rapidly than any other in the essentials of civilization, though this progress will be marked with great loss of life. They will become more decisive and aggressive in their demands for just recognition and equality of right among the whites in the United States, and are likely to avenge some of the wrongs of centuries when our own discords become more pronounced.

I believe in the divine mission of the literal house of Jacob and of the mystical spiritual house of Israel. To this latter belong all regenerate souls, the "circumcised" from every church and nation, of every tongue and people on earth, Jew and Gentile becoming elect and one in soul development. The better class of the literal house of Jacob, having had a history unparalleled among the nations, and endured the sufferings that develop the higher feminine element in them—the divine Shechinah—to a supreme degree, will be peculiarly qualified to teach the world anew the arts of peace and the organization of industry on the just principles of cooperation. To those that remain in Palestine after the terrible wars I foresee will be entrusted the leadership in this noble and honorable office. But the more sublime privilege and duty of teaching the peoples true religion and morality will develop the mystic house of Israel—on the whole body of those who are filled with the Christ spirit, be they Jew or Gentile.

During the next century Jerusalem will become the center of the world's life and thought and feeling. There will be found the greatest teachers of the purest principles of religious and civil government, through whom the earth shall enter upon another Golden Age, in which mankind will worship one God with one loving faith. To these "redeemed" of the nations shall be revealed the hidden things of the past, and the profoundest secrets of nature. They shall teach the people the identity of all real religion, the unity of

truth, the beauty of holiness, the very mystery of the Christ.

"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory; and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and the royal diadem in the hand of thy God. And I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains; and my elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there."

NEWS FROM THE PLANET MARS.

The communication from the well-known astronomer M. Flammarion, which appeared in our *Paris* cablegrams yesterday, says the *New York Herald*, furnishes some most interesting new observations of the planet Mars, made this summer at prominent European observatories. Our astronomical collaborator thinks they teach some strange things.

Among the Martial seas there is one on the 90th degree of eastern longitude which, on account of its isolation and superficial area, resembles our Black sea. "Hitherto," says M. Flammarion, "it has always been observed as uniform and nearly circular, but last June M. Schiaparelli of the Milan observatory discovered that this sea was cut in two by a yellow band, which divides it into unequal parts." A Martial lake somewhat similar to our Lake Tschad was also noticed to have been bisected, and five immense canals were also divided into two parts by two straight lines absolutely parallel to each other, in the same manner that a certain number of enigmatic canals were noticed to have been divided some years ago." M. Flammarion significantly asks: "What can these seas, lakes, and canals that divide themselves up in this manner be?"

Our celestial neighbor, the red symbol of war, though never nearer than 35,500,000 miles, is an object of commanding interest, as vivified from the same source of energy that supplies the earth, and hence as suggesting the possibility of life on its surface. The astronomer of the Juvisy observatory strongly hints that the new observations indicate the agency of intelligent creatures on Mars—the mathematical precision with which its canals were divided, looking like the work of great engineers skillful in artificial means of utilizing the forces of nature for their own industrial purposes. The absence of water and air on the visible side of our moon renders its habitability very improbable, though this fact does not show that the other side is equally unfitted for maintaining animal and vegetable life. But the case is very different with Mars.

Sixty years ago the elder Herschel noticed distinct outlines of Martial continents and seas. Viewed through more and more powerful telescopes the chief peculiarity Mars has ever since presented is the strange intermeshing of water and land—but few great oceans like the Pacific, none, perhaps, stretching from one polar circle to the other, but many narrow arms of the sea, comparable to the Baltic or Red sea, dividing the land masses. In Schiaparelli's map the Martial sea, which he recently discovered to be "cut in two by a yellow band," is called Solia Lacus and is connected by straits resembling Davis strait to the Mare Australe or the grand southern ocean of our fellow planet.

In 1873 M. Stanislaus Meunier saw proofs of the great age of Mars in the shape of its seas, and confidently expressed the opinion that our seas will assume the same outlines when they have gradually undergone a certain diminution of volume consequent upon their progressive absorption by the solid nucleus. The division of the Martial sea now discovered by M. Schiaparelli may possibly be accounted for upon the theory of M. Meunier, through some upheaval of the planet's solid nucleus. And it would not be unreasonable to offer a similar explanation of some of the other remarkable phenomena reported by M. Flammarion in recent cable dispatches. But the story of M. Meunier would totally fail to account for the recently observed division of five immense canals "into two parts by two straight lines, absolutely parallel with each other."

It has been surmised by astronomers that the continents of Mars are occasionally inundated by floods of water (due partly, perhaps, to the melting of what appear to be its polar snows), which may account for great differences in the appearance of its canals. But such floods must be less extensive and destructive than those of our Mississippi or Amazon. For the Martian atmosphere is not so dense as ours; and, as the planet receives from the sun less than half the heat received by the earth, the evaporation from its seas, and consequently the amount of flood-producing vapor in its air are not half so great as those of our globe. We should probably not suffer on Mars from the torrential rains characteristic of our tropical zones. But whether the composition of its air would

suit the texture of our lungs is very questionable indeed.

The long, straight, and narrow canals of Mars were first observed in 1877, and seen again in 1881, when nearly all of them were double. Prof. Young, in his latest work, admits that the cause of this "gemination" is a very important and perplexing problem. But this problem, as well as the problem of their division, now presented by M. Flammarion, can only be solved, as the latter suggests, by the construction of l'œil de géant—a gigantic telescope which will bring Mars nearer to us. The next favorable opposition occurs in 1892, when there will be an opportunity to solve these problems. It will perhaps be a magnificent opportunity for discovery lost if the colossal instrument proposed by M. Flammarion is not made and ready for use then. But we hope that by 1892 the instrument will be forthcoming for the occasion.

THE COLLEGE COLONY AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD GUILD.

By ANNA ISABEL WILLIS.

A walk down Rivington street is not the pleasantest stroll one can take in New York City. The sidewalks are narrow and dirty, and crowded at times with slatternly women and playing or fighting children. Dingy shops of all sorts push their wares obtrusively out close upon the passerby, and on a warm day the odors of decaying vegetables, unsavory cooking and ill-kept streets make the place disagreeable to keen nostrils. Passing down from the Bowery one crosses Christie, Forsyth, Eldridge, Allen, Orchard, Ludlow and other streets—not the worst in New York, but far from the best.

Through this neighborhood, all last fall, winter, and spring, a small company of young women have been walking daily with what would seem a heroic spirit of determination to do good. They call themselves the College Colony. Their plan of work is a simple one, founded on the idea that the universities owe a duty to the masses. The members of the colony are all ex-college students, and they live in Rivington street for the purpose of being neighborly—with a view to the gradual elevation of those who are their neighbors.

Last summer the large house at No. 95 was thoroughly renovated for the use of the colony, and here these young women, less than a dozen in number, have lived, with an able housekeeper to look after their home. All but one have pursued their regular occupations; that one, the head of the colony, devotes her whole time to its work. Of the others, one is a practicing physician, some are teachers, the remainder follow various callings. The house is very simply but attractively furnished, the basement being devoted to the doctor's office, the kitchen, and nominally free baths. Here any mother can bring her children and indulge in an unlimited supply of water, soap, and towels, all for a dime or less. Well patronized? Indeed they are! That is one department of which the colony is very proud.

On the first floor are a large front room fitted up as sitting and reception room, and a rear apartment used for a dining and clubroom. Above are sleeping rooms. The basement could not be seen on the day of my visit, because it was "in a state of slop," my conductor smilingly said. Possibly she was glad that curious eyes could see nothing but the first floor. The house is a kind common in New York, a reminder of past gentility in a now far from genteel neighborhood. The lofty walls of the first floor are well papered in neutral tints, the woodwork harmonizes, and under the massive mantel is a grate which, in the season, sparkles with a comfortable coal fire. Photographs and other simple pictures hang on the walls, though nothing so out of keeping as gilt-framed paintings is visible. The floor is covered with an art square laid over the dark polished wood, and low book cases with dull red curtains hold a good stock of volumes. These are loaned to the children who haunt the place day and night. Book-strewn tables, both light and easy chairs, a lounge, and an upright piano complete the furnishing of a room to look in at whose windows must be an education to the neighbors. And, of course, so neighborly a colony seldom draws its curtains to exclude the poor humanity outside.

The dining room has the same air of easy comfort combined with simple appointments—light wood chairs, table draped with a bright cover, and thin curtains at the long rear windows. This is the children's paradise, for here is their "club room." The members of the colony have formed numerous clubs for sewing, working, reading, etc., this being the easiest way of reaching the children, and through them the hearts of the homes around. If the results of the colony are measured by the flattering juvenile attention it receives, great must be its success. Children are always to be seen on its steps or climbing the area railing, or peeping, first cautiously, then boldly, into its front windows; and one can imagine with what joy

little groups of them find admittance into the wonderful house at club hours on almost every week day and evening. Their special fun in the summer must be playing with a little drinking contrivance fastened to the iron area railing, and which some unsympathetic people have termed a nuisance. Small boys have an irresistible desire to turn the water on and suddenly inserting a finger under the faucet, to send a mimic shower over the sidewalk, to the detriment of temper and costumes of passers by. Just why this free fountain seems to be a necessary adjunct to the colony's usefulness, now that New York has an unlimited supply of water, is not known to the uninitiated.

There are women's clubs, too, and they are well attended by mothers who learn here how to make home brighter and neater with limited means.

In the same ward, on Forsyth street, not far from this colony, is one of a similar character founded by men. It has been organized perhaps two years and a half, beginning life in the basement of a tenement house of the better sort, but later finding quarters in a three-story brick house, all of which it now occupies. The place looks homelike, with its old-fashioned entrance and the bright sign, "Neighborhood Guild House." Almost every one thereabouts knows of its existence, as inquiry at places some distance away testifies. It is modelled after Toynbee Hall, in the notorious East End of London, which was organized by men from Oxford and other great universities, its fundamental idea being to bring all sorts and conditions of men together on an equality. That idea is the basis of the Neighborhood Guild, and Mr. Charles B. Stover, now at its head, never loses sight of this. His aim is to bring all grades of society together, and have each learn something from the others. It is said that no man has been more successful than he in touching and holding the masses.

The work of the guild reaches all classes and all ages of mankind. There are a kindergarten, a cooking club, and various other plans for helping and elevating the children. Following these are a young men's club, a young women's club, and a parent's club. The kindergarten numbers fifty children, who meet each day from 9 to 12 in the morning. Sometimes children of well-to-do parents are induced to attend, to follow out the plan of mingling all sorts.

The guild furnishes another means of culture in its lectures. Some who speak are from Columbia college, and any interesting lecturers who are in the city and can be induced to come, with the idea not only of teaching the people but also of being taught by them, speak to the mixed population of the tenth ward. It is a mixture, truly. A man born and brought up in the district and still living there roughly estimates that one-third of the people are Germans, one-third Jews, a few Irish, and the rest all sorts.

"Can these people understand lectures on such subjects as you have named—for example, on Siberia or Russia, or the nationalization movement or political economy?" was asked.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Many of these people are extremely intelligent and ambitious to get on in the world. They take every chance they can get to become well informed. They work early and late, live economically, and save with a definite purpose. It is not uncommon for a family to become in a few years owners of real estate, and even rows of buildings, where before they lived in a room or two, even subletting a part of their poor abode to so-called 'boarders,' who are, in reality, tenants."

Toynbee Hall is a strictly Christian organization, and is under the care of bishops of the Church of England; but the Neighborhood Guild is wholly non-sectarian, some of its members being from Felix Adler's Society for Ethical Culture. Mr. Stover does not believe in having religion taught by or at the guild, his desire being to lead the people to think, weigh, and choose for themselves. But that design which aims to bring all sorts together shows itself in the group of leaders, for one of them at least is a keen-minded, practical Christian, a member of an orthodox church, and he says that whether his co-laborers call their work Christian or not, it is full of one of the main truths taught by Christ, the duty of neighborliness, illustrated by the story of the good Samaritan.

The Neighborhood Guild has lived long enough to prove itself a success. There is nothing in New York which gets so close down to the real lives of the people. It is no kid-gloved, patronizing philanthropy, but aims to help by giving means of self help. The College Colony has not yet demonstrated its right to live, but in another year the vote of its neighbors will tell.

SPOKE AND VANISHED.

Mr. M. T. C. Flower writes to the St. Paul Daily Globe as follows:

I request a short space in your widely circulated paper, to relate a circumstance (no doubt still fresh in the memory of many Minnesotians), which occurred in this state on January 7 and 8, 1872, at which time so many people lost their lives. The early part of

that day (the 7th) was very mild, the snow gently falling until 12 or 1 o'clock, when the wind shifted to the northwest, and for the two following days the most severe and terrific blizzard ever encountered resulted. On the morning of the 7th John Weston (well known to the writer), a farmer living near Grayham's lake, started with an ox team to the timber, some five miles distant, for a load of wood, was overtaken by the storm and perished. Search being made after the storm the load of wood, together with the unyoked oxen, were found, but no trace of Weston. But about ten days subsequently a near neighbor of the Weston family, John W. Gasper, while feeding his stock, having passed into the stable, and, on turning to go out, met Mr. Weston coming in at the door, dressed, as was his usual custom in cold weather, with cap and soldier overcoat. Supposing him to have returned in his normal condition, he accosted him thus: "Hello, John; we thought you were frozen to death," to which Weston replied, "So I am, and my body lies a mile and a half northwest from Hersey station," and then, in the language of Mr. Gasper, "vanished like the rubbing of a figure from a slate." This account of the appearance of Mr. Weston was given the writer by Maj. E. P. Evans, of Garden City, a reliable gentleman, who was appointed by Gov. Austin storm commissioner to visit that portion of the state to distribute to the sufferers from the storm funds appropriated by the legislature for that purpose, who had it direct from Mr. Gasper. This was published in the Hersey paper at the time, and copied into at least one St. Paul paper. Weston's body was recovered some three months later, in a ravine, after the snow had sufficiently melted to leave it exposed to view. The strong point in evidence that this was the spirit of John Weston, appearing to his former neighbor, and pointing out the location of the body some ten days after the storm is, that it was found three months thereafter, precisely as described by the apparition.

"HYPNOTISM": SPIRIT MANIFESTATION.

The *Phrenological Journal* (October) reprints an article which appeared in the *Manchester Courier*, September 6, 1847, reporting experiments made by Mr. Braid, the introducer of the word "hypnotism," in the presence of the famous Jenny Lind. Two factory girls were thrown into the sleep; Mr. Braid sat down to the piano, and the two girls joined him in singing a trio. One of the girls then accompanied Mr. Schwabe in singing a German song, giving both notes and words correctly, and simultaneously with Mr. Schwabe. Another gentleman tried her in Swedish in which she also succeeded. Then Jenny Lind was accompanied by the sleeping girl in the most perfect manner as regards words and music. Jenny then tested the girl's powers to the utmost by a continued strain of the most difficult roudades and cadenzas including some of her *sostenuto* notes, but in all these peculiar arts of the accomplished vocalist, she was closely and accurately tracked by the sleeper; who, though she had a good voice, knew very little of music, and, of course, could do nothing of the kind in her waking state.

These facts are only an illustration of what is constantly going on in life. The great masters and teachers of difficult arts bring along their pupils by infusing into them, to a degree, their own peculiar personal merits, as in the case of the girl in Manchester. All mankind are thus operating on one another, and it is, therefore, of the utmost importance to well regulate the influences under which mankind are reared, trained and developed.

Another illustration is found in the singing of the spirit voice. We have often observed that it does not take an independent lead (as in the case of Mrs. Billington's mediumship) but closely imitates or follows some sympathetic voice in the circle. It is a "derived" voice, as are all the spirit voices, for if the medium engage in conversation, the voice is interrupted.

Again we are led into a train of thought. If these phases of manifestation depend so intimately on human aid, the same must be true in respect to all forms of spirit manifestation. In other words, the spirits can not manifest to us more than we give them conditions for—more than we are prepared to receive. Therefore, the true basis of successful and satisfactory spirit manifestation, is the personal development and elevation of those who engage therein.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

Rev. M. J. Savage in his recent address before the Unitarian conference in this city, said: "Above and beyond all general considerations, careful psychic study has bred in me a great hope that immortality is to be discovered as an open fact of to-day." And "careful psychic study" has led many who were before unconvinced to accept the doctrine of a future life as the most rational explanation of the phenomena experienced or witnessed, phenomena which Unitarian ministers generally should follow the example of Mr. Savage in carefully investigating.



NOBODY KNOWS.

Only a kiss on the baby's face,
Only a kiss with a mother's grace,
So simple a thing that the sunbeams laughed,
And the bees ha ha-ed from where they quaffed.
Only a kiss, but the face was fair,
And nobody knew what love was there.
Nobody knew—but mother.

Only a word to a mother's joy,
Only a word to her parting boy,
And the changing lights on the window shone
As her boy went out in the world alone;
Only a word from a mother brave,
But nobody knew the love it gave.
Nobody knew—but mother.

Only a sigh for a wayward son,
Only a sigh, but a hopeless one,
And the lights burned dimly and shone with a blur.
Could a mother condemn? 'tis human to err.
Only a sigh as she took his part;
But nobody knew what it cost her heart;
Nobody knew—but mother.

Only a sob as the tomb doors close,
Only a sob, but it upward rose.
And the lights in the window flickered and died,
And with them, her hope, her joy, her pride.
Only a sob as she turned away.
But nobody knew as she knelt to pray.
Nobody knew—but mother.
—New York Weekly.

MISS M. NORTH.

The death is announced of Miss Marianne North, the accomplished artist, botanist and traveler. She was born at Hastings, England, in 1830, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick North, M. P. Miss North early developed a strong taste for natural history and a desire for travel, and in 1865 she went with her father to the East. For two years they resided in Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, and after Mr. North's death, in 1869, his daughter devoted herself to painting as a profession. In 1869-70 she executed a large number of landscapes in Sicily, and in 1879 visited Canada, the United States and Jamaica. Her sketches made in these places were the foundation of the present collection at Kew. She next went to Brazil to paint the flora of the country, and she was received with much distinction by the emperor. Teneriffe, India and Ceylon were then visited, the result being a splendid collection of studies. A selection from them was exhibited before the Royal Society. In November, 1877, Miss North went to India, and on her return, two years later, she offered her entire collection of pictures to the authorities of Kew, in trust for the nation, and she engaged to build at her own cost a gallery for their reception. The offer was accepted, the hanging of the paintings was superintended by the artist herself, and on July 8, 1882, the gallery was thrown open to the public. There are upward of 700 paintings, and, according to the testimony of Sir J. D. Hooker, it would be impossible to overrate their usefulness and scientific importance. On August 4, 1882, Miss North left for the Cape, to study the vegetation of South Africa. Early in 1883 sixty new paintings were sent to Kew, and in June the collection had so increased that a new room was added to the building. On September 24, 1883, Miss North left London for Mahe, the principal island of the Seychelles group, where trees and flowers flourish which are unknown elsewhere. Here also she made many valuable sketches. She subsequently visited, in pursuit of her artistic and scientific objects, California, Borneo, Java, Australia, and New Zealand. A final journey undertaken to South America brought on a long and painful illness, from which Miss North never recovered, and she died a few days ago at her home in Gloucestershire, leaving a work which few can surpass. —*Scientific American*.

The truth is that Catholic women are afraid of themselves; they are shocked at any undertaking which will bring them before the world. Hitherto the church has had no place for women outside the position of wife or religious; failing a husband or a vocation, she is relegated to a seclusion deeper than even the cell of the Carmelite, dividing her time between prayer and needlework. Given a task that does not necessarily require the services of a religious—such as teaching, nursing, etc., work which any educated or sensible woman can perform, the nun or the sister is preferred

every time? Where are our academies conducted by ladies in touch with life in all its issues—lay women, wives and mother? Where are our trained nurses, ready at a call, be the sufferer man or woman—carrying sweet comforting into the chamber of the convalescent, governed by no rules save those of womanliness? There are none; some communities allow their members to go, two together, on visitations to the sick and to nurse during the day—remaining through the night is "contrary to rule"—therefore the night must take care of itself. Why, our non-Catholic friends can give us points all along the line! There is no place but the hospital, should a Catholic without home fall ill, and only a long purse can support the charges outside the charity ward, and that—! The nineteenth century has brought about many changes, but none more important than those affecting the status of women. It behooves the Catholic to awake to the fact and take her own place in the front rank; neither in mental progress nor in energetic action for the improvement of her sisters should the Catholic woman lag in the march. She does five-sevenths of the praying beyond the sanctuary rails—she does two-thirds of the literary work beyond the scriptorium of the priest—why then should she not assert her value and her rights? —*The Catholic Review*.

A New York paper recently offered a prize for the best brief answer to the old yet very new question: "What Shall We Do with Our Girls?" Madame Albani-Gye was judge, and awarded the prize to the writer of a short essay, which proved to be from Ella Wheeler Wilcox. This is the essential part: "The foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in helping others, and instill constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for others' pleasure as a means of soul development. Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest parents can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it."

Philadelphia Press: Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler is still studying art in Paris, according to the last accounts received, says the *Illustrated American*. She is living very quietly, and is trying to avoid the consequences of the notoriety gained by "The Quick or the Dead?" Fame is one thing, notoriety another, she has discovered. One of the consequences of notoriety is that some people seem to think that she has no longer any rights to privacy as an individual that they are bound to respect, and this mistake on their part was productive of many annoyances at first. Mrs. Chanler's art studies have not yet resulted in a picture that has been exhibited publicly. She made no attempt last spring to have a picture hung, although it was expected that she would do so. Among her fellow students she is very popular. "She is just as if she had never done anything," one of them said. "She is simple, modest, and unaffected, and makes many friends. Even without knowing who she was you could not fail to be impressed the first time you saw her." Among other items of interest that the Parisians have discovered about her is that she has brought to France her old negro "mammy," who continues to watch over her with the care she would give to a child.

It is now stated that Emma Abbott is the richest member of the profession, her possessions being estimated at \$3,000,000. It was directly due to her own energy and the shrewd investments of her late husband, Eugene Wetherill, that almost everything they touched turned to gold, whether the money was cast in the wild whirl of Wall street or planted in real estate all the way along the line of cities from Portland and Seattle to Chicago. Emma Abbott has talked a great deal to reporters, but she has never told of her money making or investments, like so many other loquacious stars. A fortune of \$3,000,000 surpasses that of Lotta or Booth and probably that of Adelina Patti, who has probably made more money than any artist of this or any other day, but whose living expenses are enormous compared to those of

the shrewd and thrifty Emma Abbott. Charles Pratt, her manager, states that she personally earns \$30,000 every season, and that the management's profits are as much more.

The commission for the proposed statue of the late Samuel S. Cox has been awarded to Miss Louise Lawson, who is at work also upon the design for a large and elaborate ornamental fountain to be erected in Albany.

Mme. Rosa Bonheur lives in her chalet of By, at Thome y near Fontainebleau. In her park, much of which is wild forest, she keeps a number of lions' whelps, a buffalo, some deer, and several Italian cattle. She has made a fortune in her art, and now paints only when she is in the vein.

A FUNERAL DISCOURSE.

The following is an abstract of a discourse delivered by Miss Nickerson over the remains of Mrs. Howard, at St. Charles, Illinois:

We do not sorrow as those without hope. Our sister is not dead, neither does she sleep, but clothed in beauty and love, she has gone home to rest. Her whole life was ennobled by good deeds. Looking backward over the earth life of our sister, I find years of tenderness and love, the shining pathway strewn with flowers of sweetest thought, kindly acts and spiritual ministrations. We honor ourselves in doing honor to a noble life, and our sister's life was noble, charitable, and beneficent.

But even for this sweet life there was a change. All things are subject to change, old friends depart and new ones take their place, the past becomes the present, and soon the present impinges on the future. Our sister had done her work, she had fought the good fight and when the messenger came she was ready. He found her eager to do his bidding and willing to go home. Beyond, there was no darkness, for her eye penetrated the beautiful mystery of the unseen world and the revealing of the glory that awaited her.

It is indeed a happy privilege thus to stand beside the earthly remains of a sister medium, whose life of four score years was sanctified by deeds noble and sublime. Floral tributes surround this funeral couch to-day, almost hiding from our sight the dear form of our loved sister, and it is sweet to gaze upon the rare beauty of this her last earthly enfoldment.

Death is the close of each day's life, and comes to us like the golden sunset. Enveloped in shadows we await the dawn, and lo! the angel of the resurrection is with us. The spirit of the ascended sister stands in our midst, and while we grieve at her going from us, she rejoices in new life. Behold, an angel has arisen here! She needs not our tears, but makes glad our lives by her loving presence. May we all join hands with her in the good deeds she has done, and may we, like her, strive to brighten the pathway of pilgrims to their spirit home.

The human soul is the harp of the world, that vibrates with pain if touched by rude hand, but yielding exquisite strains of tenderness and tones of wondrous power when swept by the master hand of love.

VIEWS OF A CLOSE STUDENT.

A gentleman of profound learning in special lines, and of great wisdom, never identified with the Spiritualist movement, utters in a private letter some thoughts on the situation. We excerpt the following:

I am convinced that Spiritualism, as a separate and distinctive philosophy will become defunct unless an energetic and rapid system of complete organization is commenced at once in earnest. Personally I am heedless because I know that the truth will, as it ever has in the past, become victorious in the fight with sectarianism and agnosticism. But at the same time it is sad to feel that all the noble effort and all the self sacrifices that so many truly great and good souls have made on behalf of Spiritualism should be cast upon the beach of some other form of philosophy in which it only plays an unimportant part, under a foreign name.

Mesmerism has become hypnotism; and clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc., find themselves before good society under the delightfully intelligent name of hallucination. How proud we, us, you and I, and all other true Spiritualists, must feel to see sneering skepticism come and gradually absorb and transmute all our truths, and dissect all our facts, change their personal

appearance, and brand them with their own learned cognomens, so that the truth seeker can not recognize them as belonging to any section of that Spiritualism for which we have all been so long fighting. Will Spiritualism allow this to go on and not assert her own rights? Impossible, I sometimes think; and yet it still goes on, day after day and year after year. Don't you get real tired and heartsick at times when you reflect on the so many superhuman but, alas, fruitless attempts to organize Spiritualists in one common band of fraternal brotherhood? I confess I do, even though I am not an editor, and am quite free from the clamors of an heterogeneous circle of readers.

If Spiritualists, that is, a few of the wealthy and generous ones, would only combine, and institute a rival to the famous Chautauqua Circles, which should form circles for occult, psychical and spiritual instruction and reading, all over the country, Spiritualism would quickly command both the attention and admiration of the thinking world.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

A very familiar song is "A Light in the Window." A writer in the Louisville *Times* mentions the incident, in which, he says, if he is not mistaken, the story is founded, although it might have its counterpart on almost any seashore where a mother's heart beats with yearning love for her sailor son, and keeps its fond promise from night to night.

Among the simple fisher folk on the island of Sylt lived a woman and her son. He was her only child, the pride of her heart as well as the source of constant dread, for the boy loved the sea as his father before had loved it, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to watch the incoming tide tumble its curling waves over the sands. No sooner was he strong enough to wield an oar and steer a boat that he joined the men in their fishing expeditions.

The mother, with all her fears, and the fate of a long line of sailors in her mind, yet would not have had it otherwise, for it would have been deemed dishonor among the hardy coasters to have kept the boy at home or sent him safely at work for some farmer. Whatever the dangers, they must be faced for the sake of family pride. Had not the boy's grandfather been a captain when he went away the last time? Had not his father sailed his own ship when he went down in a great storm? The child was the last of his race, but he must not dishonor it by tame and cowardly safety on shore. So the boy grew up, tall of his age, straight as a mast, nimble as the fleetest and handiest boat, blue eyed, fair haired, true hearted, a real son of the sea. The fishermen taught him the tricks of his craft until he knew how to sail a boat, splice a rope, or do many little things which a sailor must know. Whenever a ship was in the offing, he was soon aboard, learning the rigging and how work was performed upon her. He was a great favorite among the longshore folk and with the sailors, and when at last his thirteenth year came around and he obtained the consent of his mother to go to sea, he easily found a good ship and captain. Then there was parting, and tears shed by the mother while he looked forward into the great wide world with all the joyous eagerness of a boy. But with her last blessing, the widowed mother promised that every night a light should burn in the seaward window of her cottage to light him homeward and to show him that she still lived, awaiting his return.

The ship sailed. Six months passed and sailors dropped into the village and told how she had been spoken and all was well, and the neighbors came to the cottage and told the pleasant news to the waiting mother, who nightly trimmed the candle, lit it and set in the window to make a bright path upon the sands. Again six months elapsed, and other sailors arrived from far-off lands, but they had no news to tell of the ship. A great storm had happened and she was overdue. She might yet make port, but—and the people shook their heads and carried no tales to the widow, whose candle burned brightly every night and cast long streamers of light out upon the sea. Another year passed, but the sailors going or coming brought no news of the ship, and the neighbors whispered apart and shook their heads whenever any spoke of the widow's son, but no one was cruel enough to cut the slender threads which held the anchor of her hope. And thus the light continued to glow out

toward the sea at every gloaming, and burned steadily through every night.

Years came and went. The children who had played with the sailor lad had grown to be men and women, her own head had been silvered with age, her form was bowed, yet no one dared to cut the cables of her hope. Tender words cheered her, and tender hands smoothed her way for her as she patiently waited for the home coming of her fair-haired boy, and every night the glow of her candle streamed out to seaward and told the story of the loving heart waiting at home.

How many years did she watch and wait? I do not know. But one day, at eventide, there was no gleaming patch of light across the sands. The window remained dark, and the accustomed beacon failed the fisher folk, and when they wondered and went to the cottage they found that the mother's soul had gone out to seek the son.



THE COILED SPRING PUZZLE ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of October 4, page 298, Mr. W. I. Gill takes up the coiled spring puzzle once more. He takes exception to my explanation of August 23, and says: "If nothing results from the action of one force or any number of forces, no matter how exercised relative to each other, it is but another suggestion of the problem with which we began." True. But I did not say that nothing resulted from those forces. I said that the result of each force counteracted and counterbalanced the result of the other force, so that the ultimate result is nil. In other words, no external result can be observed.

I believe it is now universally acknowledged that the particles, molecules and atoms, of which all bodies are composed are in constant motion. The velocity of this motion is regulated by the density of the substance and the external temperature. The denser the substance, the greater the friction between the particles at the same velocity; and since increased friction is equivalent to increased "heat," the external temperature, which equalizes the temperature and consequently the molecular friction of all bodies, would reduce the velocity of the particles of a denser body sufficiently so that their friction would be equal to that of the particles of surrounding bodies. Artificial pressure upon a body causes a momentary rise of temperature, until the pressure becomes constant, when the external temperature reduces the molecular velocity sufficiently to balance the increase of pressure. From this we are authorized to infer that if a body is subjected to artificial tension, the molecular friction is momentarily reduced until, when the tension becomes constant, the external temperature increases the molecular velocity sufficiently to counterbalance such decrease of friction. If a straight steel ribbon is bent into a coil, the molecules on the convex side are put into a state of tension, their friction is momentarily reduced until after the tension has become constant, the external temperature has increased their velocity sufficiently to counterbalance such loss of friction, while on the concave side of the ribbon exactly the reverse takes place. The molecules here are artificially compressed, which momentarily increases the molecular friction until it has been counterbalanced by a reduction of molecular velocity. Between these two extremes there is a median life of normal velocity which remains unchanged.

It is this permanent difference of molecular velocity between the convex and concave sides and intermediate layers which imparts to the steel its tendency to reassume the straight condition or to uncoil. Both the tension on the convex side and the compression on the concave side act in this joint direction. In bodies where the modified molecular velocities can be imparted to and equalized among the neighboring molecules, so that no permanent difference remains, no such tendency exists and such bodies are therefore non-elastic. Now let us immerse the coiled spring in an acid and dissolve it. Dissolution is the result of a greater affinity on the part of some of the particles of a substance for the solvent than for such substance. It may be between molecules as a whole or only between certain atoms of such molecules. In the former case there will be no evolu-

tion of heat during the process of dissolution, but rather an evolution of "cold," because the comparatively low molecular velocity of the denser solid will be imparted to the liquid solvent and a momentary reduction of temperature will result until the surrounding temperature has been enabled to equalize the same. In the latter case the result would be similar, if it was not for the fact that whenever one or more atoms are torn away from a molecule, the remaining atoms at once assume the gaseous state, which produces a tremendous increase of atomical velocity on the part of the escaping atoms. Because their affinity for each other having been entirely destroyed, their atomical friction (the friction of each atom against its neighbors) has also been destroyed, and each atom must therefore make up for such loss of friction by a corresponding increase of individual velocity. This individual atomical velocity again is at once imparted to a great extent to the surrounding molecules of the solvent on their passage through it, and hence results the evolution of heat in molecular decompositions.

Now in the case of the coiled spring, we have seen that the only difference between it and a straight steel ribbon is a difference of molecular velocity between the molecules of the two sides and their neighbors; therefore, on dissolving such a coiled spring we should expect no difference in the phenomenon of dissolution than in the case of a straight steel ribbon, except that the molecules of the convex side upon being liberated by the acid, their velocity having been previously increased, would reduce the molecular velocity of the acid less than the molecules of the median line, whose velocity had remained unaffected. But on the other hand, the molecules on the concave side, having been previously reduced in velocity by compression, upon being liberated would reduce the molecular velocity of the acid so much more; and hence we find that as the increased velocity of the convex side exactly counterbalances the decreased velocity on the concave side, the ultimate result is not affected by either of these disturbing elements, but the phenomenon of dissolution of a coiled spring should really not manifest any peculiarities different from the dissolution of a straight steel ribbon or of the same spring not coiled. At the same time the escaping hydrogen liberated from the molecules of the acid because of the combination of their fellow atoms with the molecules of the steel would raise the temperature of the acid to such an extent as to render the exact observation of the effect of the difference of velocities on the part of the steel molecules exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.

HERMANN FASCHER.

ST. GEORGE, UTAH.

IS THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

TO THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of October 18th, is an article by Warren Chase on "What and Where is the Spirit-world?" It is a question that occupies a prominent place in the mind of the student of occult philosophy. Although in direct communication twenty years with a denizen of the Spirit-world, a student of natural science and a man of blameless life, whom I knew intimately before his translation to the spirit realm, this question propounded by Mr. Chase remained a problem to which no solution was offered until within a few days past. This subject, the location of the Spirit-world, became the topic of conversation between myself and a friend on an evening of recent date. The following morning the communication below was received from the friend mentioned. I copy verbatim:

"The Spirit-world and this world are interdependent. The two worlds really are one, as the upper story is a part of the lower story of the dwelling. The Spirit-world enfolds this earth; it is the covering or wrap, as it were. It penetrates this world; it is the refined, spiritualized counterpart of the earth. We do not go away into space when the silver cord of life is loosed. As the dragon fly emerges from the dense water, no longer a crawling or swimming insect, but borne on wings a dweller in the upper air, the finer element which is invisible, imperceptible, so we emerge from the coarser element of clay, no longer hampered by dense matter wherein we existed in our primary life. And as the dragon fly has of itself no conception of the world of air before it is launched upon its bosom, no more can we perceive the ethereal world where spirit dwells before we are ushered into its realm. The stars and planets are visible through the atmosphere of the Spirit-world because they, too, are of dense matter like that of earth, therefore visible to our natural gaze."

He continues: "I hope I have made the matter clear to you. It is remarkable so little is known of this spirit existence by those who profess to clearly discern its nature. I do not think the simple explanation made you is a fact generally known even to advanced Spiritualists. All entertain the idea of space intervening, and that we ascend and descend to and from the earth through stellar space. 'Tis not so; we are one, the two worlds; we belong one to another. There exists no boundary line of demarcation."

This closed the communication relating to this subject, but it is in complete accord with a revelation made to a gifted friend not long since. I quote verbatim: "The forces of the spiritual world are in the natural world, and are its source and life, and growth; but these forces while they pertain to and are the life of the natural world, do not constitute the spiritual world. They are simply spiritual forces, modes of force native to matter. The Spirit-world is a world intact and complete in itself, although in growing correspondence with the natural world. The natural force presupposes the spiritual; it is the basis on which the spiritual rests and through which it acts. The natural is the extension or ultimate expression of the spiritual. It is the spiritual made manifest to the senses. . . . There is nothing isolated in nature. A higher order by imperceptible degrees ascends out of a lower—higher faculties and higher degrees of intelligence slowly develop from lower. The law of continuity can not be broken in any department of nature. The degrees between one form of life and another are immeasurable, yet they are all related and connected. And so in regard to the spiritual world in relation to this world, it does not stand orbited in space, a thing apart from this world. Its atmospheres rest upon and penetrate this earth. The two worlds are so related, so bound together that they may be considered as one, this earth being merely the outer and visible and natural manifestation of the spiritual world. Just as spiritual and natural gradations separate the animal kingdom from and yet connect it with humanity, holding and binding them together as links in the chain of development, so the two worlds, the spiritual and the natural, are separated, and yet connected by natural gradations. The laws relating the two worlds enable human beings no longer in the body to communicate under suitable conditions with those in the body."

These communications received from different sources and by persons at time unknown to each other and widely separated, give them additional weight. Doubtless there are others who could offer some testimony on this interesting theme.

A STUDENT.

UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: Some months ago a committee was chosen to call a mass meeting of Unitarians, not of authorized delegates, but of such as chose to attend. The conference, therefore, had no authority over existing associations, but met to discuss the situation and to stimulate and encourage church extension in unity of spirit and action with state conferences who chose to take part in such work. Some forty clergymen were present, and a goodly number of the laity. Unity church was well filled on Tuesday night, October 28, to hear the opening discussion by M. J. Savage of Boston, who gave the ideas of God and immortality, and the uplifting of noble Christian character on these lasting foundations, as the true aim of the liberal religious movement, saying that his psychic research and quiet thought had given him deeper assurance and richer views of the immortal life. Able papers were read by clergy and laity, earnest discussions followed their reading. Without dogmatism there was affirmation of vital truths, without controversy there was frank statement of different opinions—through all "the unity of spirit which is the bond of peace." Manifestly the Unitarians have a growing missionary zeal far unlike, and better than, the quiet indifference as to working for the spread of their views which I knew of in past years. The wish to organize with a will for persistent effort was plain. The complacency of old-time Unitarianism—the comfortable feeling that they had about the best that could be had—is fortunately on the wane, but not all gone yet. The terse statement that "there is no last word," that larger views and nobler new statements are ever coming, was heartily approved. The increase of a natural religion, not based on book or creed as authority, but on the soul of man, and its unity with the divine soul, was emphasized.

Universalism and kindred movements

were spoken of incidentally, but there was no mention of Spiritualism, no allusion to it save in the fit and brief word of Mr. Savage. These gifted and excellent persons earnestly wish to build up and spread abroad a spiritual faith, which shall supplant agnosticism and materialism, yet manifest a similar indifference toward a great movement, the higher aspects and divine philosophy of which are great helps to spiritual culture. But their prejudices are softening, the tardy recognition begins, and time will bring about the rest.

How to make the churches help to free and reverent thought and higher character was a leading thought. Occasional preaching by laity as well as clergy was commended. The feeling prevailed that good practical results would come from the discussions. It was a gathering of thoughtful and intelligent persons, and women spoke as freely as men, their aims high and noble like those of their brothers. This is a brief view of the conference, in which I sat as hearer and participant.

G. B. STEBBINS.

EVIDENCES OF SPIRIT RETURN.

TO THE EDITOR: Among the many evidences of spirit return are the following: My father had been in spirit life thirty years, when, one night after retiring, and while quietly thinking over the events of the day I heard a voice, loud and distinct as in ordinary conversation, say: "Do you want to see your father?"

Surprised, but not frightened, I looked in the direction of the voice and saw distinctly the face and upper portion of the body of a man. I did not recognize him as being my father, he having passed from earth when I was so young as not to retain any recollection as to his looks. His head was up nearly to the ceiling and did not move away nor vanish, but gradually became less distinct. There was not at that time nor has there been since, the least doubt in my own mind that I heard the voice and saw the apparition.

Eight years ago I bought through tickets from San Francisco to Boston. The route was from New York by Fall River Line, and we took passage at 5 p. m., on board the Steamboat "Providence." At 8 o'clock, evening, there came on a dense fog, and the boat lay to until morning, when the fog lifted and the boat again started. While steamboat riding on the Pacific I had always been seasick unless I went to my berth; so in the present case I did the same to avoid seasickness, and without any knowledge that the captain had changed his plans so as to land in Boston as nearly as possible on schedule time, I was lying dosing, on the lower berth of the stateroom, while my little daughter was occupying the upper. Suddenly we were both startled by three loud knocks at or near our heads—seemingly to her, below her, and to me, above my head or between us. My daughter inquired "Pa, pa, did you hear that?" I replied "yes, keep quiet," and immediately some one, or something, commenced pulling my bed clothes off at the foot of the berth.

I became terrified, thinking only of robbers, my money and my ticket. At first I did not realize the fact that no robber could be concealed at the foot of the berth. I held on stoutly to the bed clothes, looked at foot of berth, vainly, to discover a robber, but the clothing continued to move and I was about to call for assistance when I heard distinctly many people moving hurriedly about in the cabin. What could it all mean? And now the pulling at my feet was discontinued.

Hastily unfastening and opening my stateroom door I was surprised to find the passengers hurrying off the boat. What could it all mean? We could not have arrived at Fall River so soon. I said to my child, "hurry, the boat has landed, and we shall be left." It proved that to make up lost time the captain had landed us at Newport where we were to take the cars for Boston. It all became clear to me that nothing else than the interposition of spirit power prevented our being left in our stateroom until the cars should have left the landing.

C. C. D.
WINCHENDON, MASS.

HONEST WORK AND WORTH.

TO THE EDITOR: Let me say one word more through your interesting columns in praise of honest work and worth. Jennie B. Hagan has just closed a successful engagement here and leaves with blessings and regrets that she must go. The interest manifested is appreciated by those who have worked on almost alone. Miss Hagan's work has left a lasting imprint here and a field of labor is open whenever she can find time to return. Mrs. Adah Shee-

han of Cincinnati is the speaker for November except the first Sunday. We have also been blest with a ten days' visit from Miss Cora Denny of Dayton, Ohio—a medium of rare musical ability, full of promise for still greater development.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN, SECY., R. P. S.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR: Miss Emma J. Nickerson's Sunday afternoon service in Kimball Hall, November 2d, was attended by a crowded and attentive audience. A large number of persons came, who had never before been at a spiritual lecture, and these seemed struck with the tests and improvisations at the close of the discourse. Miss Nickerson dwelt on the need for a greater individual growth among mediums and for larger interest among Spiritualists for the support of mediums and lecturers. Several subscriptions were handed in to sustain these meetings during the winter. Miss Nickerson speaks in Kimball Hall next Sunday as usual. * * *

A friend writes from Wisconsin: Your article on the last page of THE JOURNAL, of the 10th inst., had a very special interest for me, as it no doubt did for many of your other readers. Those who are interested in a cause are, of necessity, interested in all the worthy efforts made by others in behalf of that cause. Like every manager of any important enterprise you are obliged to select your own course and to do so at your peril. Although a few may complain of your course for very opposite reasons, you have a large constituency of candid and well-balanced minds whose constant approval is a sufficient endorsement of your efforts. Besides this allow me to say that your last number was, as a whole, the most interesting to me of any one for a long time. "May you live long and prosper."

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson and daughter passed through Chicago last week bound direct for their beautiful "Sunny Brae," near Santa Clara, California. Arrangements had been perfected, through the courtesy of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, to have Mrs. Watson occupy the pulpit of his All Soul's (Unitarian) church of a Sunday evening, but her ill health forbade further delay. She only remained here one day, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bundy. It is hoped that after crossing the Rocky Mountains Mrs. Watson will be decidedly better. Thousands have been disappointed at not having an opportunity to hear this gifted woman, and they will eagerly hail her presence at any future time.

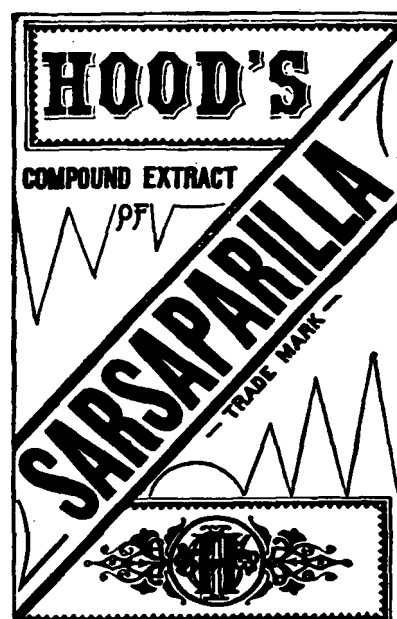
Rev. J. H. Crooker, minister of the Unitarian church in the beautiful city of Madison, Wisconsin, accompanied by his wife, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bundy last week. Mr. Crooker was one of the planners of the convention and did much to bring about what to an outsider seemed a profitable meeting, full of earnestness, candor and high resolve. That the participants in the convention do not yet clearly see how they are neglecting their golden opportunity is to be regretted; but that they glimpse it, even, is most encouraging. They will get down out of the clouds and mingle with common humanity in time, if the present trend persists.

Mr. J. S. and Mrs. Maud Lord Drake spent an evening with the editor's family last week, and gave an interesting account of experiences at Cassadaga and elsewhere during the past three months. Mr. and Mrs. Drake are on the way to their winter home at Los Angeles, California. Mr. Drake is building and equipping fifteen miles of electric railway to accommodate the street car travel of the thriving city of Aurora, Illinois. He believes that when completed, in January next, the Aurora system will be the most perfect in the country and a model to be followed by others.

The erratic George Chainey, who will be remembered as having found "the mother of his soul," at Cassadaga several years ago, and who made a brilliant success in disgracing every movement he attached himself to, is on his way to Jerusalem, where with other unbalanced adventurers he proposes to establish a "Spiritual College." From present indications Jerusalem will in a score of years be the headquarters for a host of impecunious cranks and broken down missionists. This will be good for America and England, but pretty tough on the Turks.

A. L. Brown, Helena, Montana: It becomes my duty to inform you of the departure to spirit life of Brother Hector S. Horton, of this city. He died very suddenly at his residence, in Dry Gulch, on October 6, 1890, at the age of 73 years. He was a very devoted Spiritualist, and had done a great deal for the cause, having been a Spiritualist for over thirty years.

J. L. Batchelor, Clarinda, Iowa: The new form of THE JOURNAL is a most decided improvement; and I rejoice to see it grasping for the deeper, and more decisive truths of man's life and destiny. Its mission is a high one. Its fairness, fearlessness and thoroughness in its reach for truth ought to ensure it success.



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Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Sphinx. (Gera-Reuss.) August, 1890. A monthly periodical in the German language, devoted to Spiritualism. The first article in the August number is mainly made up of extracts from the ten volumes of "The Magazine of Psychological Facts and Experiences," extending from 1783 to 1793, and contains much that will be found interesting to the lovers of the marvelous. The strange experiences and remarkable coincidences (?) here narrated are as nearly as can be exact counterparts of like experiences, as given in the Spiritualistic periodicals of to-day. The second article, on "American Spiritualism," is superficial. Observations on Palingenesia is a philosophical article, the keynote of which may be found in the following, from Lessing's "Education of the Human Race": "Why could not each individual man have been upon this earth more than once? Is not all eternity mine?" "The Occultism of Thomas Campanella," "Leo Tolstoi's Philosophy of Life," "The Spiritual Activity of the Artist," and other articles, with poems, etc., make up a varied and attractive table of contents. American agency, The International News Co., 29-31 Beekman St., New York.

Hermetic Philosophy. By an Acolyte of "the H. B. of L." Vol. I. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1890. pp. 184. Cloth, \$1.00. This little volume, designed for students of the Hermetic, Pythagorean and Platonic sciences and Western Occultism, contains lessons, general discourses and explications of "Fragments" from the schools of Egypt, Chaldea, Greece, Italy, Scandinavia, etc. It is designed to cover the initial degrees in the study of "occult science," and to lay before students of western occultism the system as it was taught by ancient sages. It is declared to be less complex and less obscure than "the average attempts at elucidation by modern, self-appointed teachers" would lead one to suppose. The first lesson begins with an explanation of the aphorisms of the first book of the "Divine Pymander." The second lesson is on the elements and nature of things. The dialectics of occultism are considered in the third chapter. In this and the other chapters which follow there is the usual amount of speculation found in works of this type, but it is presented in good style and doubtless contains much truth.

Liberal Living upon Narrow Means. By Christine Terhune Herrick. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890. pp. 275. As this writer says, works containing bills of fare and recipes for preparing the viands enumerated are generally written either for those who can afford to engage trained cooks, or else for those who have abundant leisure to get up elaborate dishes. To the ordinary housewife and to those who are forced to make the work of the culinary department but one of several pressing duties these *menus* are of but little worth. This author has tried to show that a wholesome variety may be obtained with but a small expenditure of money, that tempting and novel dishes may be made from simple or hackneyed materials. For those especially who, with small means, have to cater to a family the book, so far as the reviewer can judge from glancing through it, is one of great value.

On the Blockade. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 355. Price, \$1.50. A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wash. ave., Chicago. "On the Blockade" is the third of "The Blue and Gray Series." The writer reminds his readers that he has "not felt called upon to invest his story with the dignity of history, or in all cases to mingle fiction with actual historic occurrences. He believes that all the scenes of the story are not only possible, but probable, and that just such events as he has narrated really and frequently occurred in the days of the rebellion." The incidents of the story are dated back to war times and located in the midst of stirring scenes on the southern coast.

The Ancient Cibola, the Marvellous Country, or Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico. By Samuel Woodworth Cozzens. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890. pp. 538. This work contains a history of an interesting portion of our country, with a description of its great mineral wealth, its remarkable urban antiquities, its magnificent mountain scenery, together with a history of the Apache tribe of Indians, the whole

interspersed with incidents of travel and adventure. The work makes no pretensions to great literary merit, but the style is clear and strong, and several of the chapters are very interesting.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) Frank R. Stockton's serial, *The House of Martha* opens the Atlantic for November. It abounds in dry, whimsical humor which is so enjoyable. Edith Thomas contributes a description of the sea in a variety of moods. The Legend of William Tell is traced to its beginnings. Felicia has some interesting descriptions of life on the stage. The Fourth Canto of the Inferno, and Relief of Suitors in Federal Courts furnish solid reading. Percival Lowell contributes a brilliant paper entitled "The Fate of a Japanese Reformer."

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) Herbert Spencer in his essay on the Origin of Music discusses the opposing views of Darwin and others. The address of Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, as President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, appears in this number. Prof. J. Norman Lockyer in the History of a Star tells the most recent evidence of the formation of nebulae, stars and planets. Alfred Russell Wallace contributes an article on Human Selection, and Miss Elaine Goodale sets forth some of the virtues of the Indians.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Brighter Spheres. Spiritus. John Lovell & Son, Montreal; The Auroraphone. A Romance. Cyrus Cole. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; Boston Unitarianism, 1820-1850. A Study of the Life and Work of Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham. By O. B. Frothingham. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London; On the Blockade. Blue and Gray Series. Oliver Optic. Lee & Shepard, Boston; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.50; Hermetic Philosophy. By an Acolyte of the "H. B. of L." J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.00.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, the following: The Kelp-Gatherers. J. T. Trowbridge. Price, \$1.00; The Marvellous Country, or, Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico. Samuel Woodworth Cozzens. Price, \$2.00. From United States Book Co., New York, the following: The Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen. Vol. II; Ruffino, and other Stories. Ouida; Between Life and Death. Frank Barrett; The Sloane Square Scandal, and other Stories. Annie Thomas; The House of Halliwell. Mrs. Henry Wood; Dramas of Life. George R. Sims. Price, 50 cents each; A Black Business. Hawley Smart. Price, 25 cents.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER RECEIVED.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Penn.) The required reading of this issue is devoted to England. The general reading is good, and the Woman's Council Table introduces a variety of subjects.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The Life Story of Dr. Samuel Howe, the great champion of the blind, is well told by his daughter. An Episode of the Civil War; a Southern Dialect Story, and a Western Story show the wide range of subjects.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) This popular magazine for boys and girls opens its eighteenth year with the November number. The first chapters of the Serial Stories, by J. T. Trowbridge and Noah Brooks, are enough to satisfy any and all readers.

Current Literature. (New York.) The collection of first-class matter in current and recent literature, culled out and classified, must be valued by all who want the best thing in the right place, and this is the aim of the publishers of this monthly.

The Trial of Santa Claus, a Christmas Cantata, is a bright and new Cantata by T. E. Towne. It is a trial of St. Nicholas before Judge Commonsense, with the children as friends of St. Nicholas. Price, in pamphlet form, 30 cents. S. W. Straub & Co., Chicago, publishers.

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Sold Coin Nickel Watch, open face half basin, finished to a dazzling brightness, dust and damp proof, warranted to wear a life time. World-famed as being brighter, harder, smoother and more lasting than gold coin silver. Fitted with a high grade adjusted stem-wind movement, finely jeweled polished pignon, oil tempered main spring, which does not break and all the latest improvements; thoroughly inspected and timed before leaving the factory. Cut this ad. out, send to us and we will send the watch to you by express C. O. D., you can examine the watch at the express office and if not perfectly satisfactory, don't pay a cent, otherwise pay the agent our special price of \$2.50 or 3 for \$3.00 and express charges and take the watch. A guarantee is sent with each watch, warranting the movement to keep accurate and perfect time for two years.

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By the late Cardinal Newman, in book form, 16 pages, charmingly illustrated by Alice and F. Corbin. Price. Mailed to any address on receipt of 20 cents.
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A SUBURB OF PORTLAND, OREGON
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A. L. MAXWELL, Agent, the Portland, Portland, Oregon.

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The Religio-Philosophical Journal

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OR THE EVOLUTION OF

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TO EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WHO LOVES OUR FLAG AS THE EMBLEM OF GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE; WHO HAILS THE STARS AND STRIPES AS THE HOPE OF ALL WHO SUFFER AND THE DREAD OF ALL WHO WRONG; WHO REVERES THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE AS THE SYMBOL OF ASPIRATION, INTELLIGENCE AND INDUSTRY WHICH WILL IN DUE TIME ESTABLISH AND MAINTAIN THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN THIS LITTLE BOOK IS BY THE AUTHOR FRATERNALLY DEDICATED.

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GUIDE-POSTS

ON

IMMORTAL ROADS.

BY MRS. AMARALA MARTIN.

The author says "As a firefly among the stars, as a ripple on the ocean, I send out this small beacon of hope through the valley of despair."

Price 25 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

THAT BOY JIM.

He was the "devil," that boy Jim,
 Couldn't do nuthin' at all with him;
 Ragged an' dirty—a guttersnipe—
 Pyin' the cases, distributin' type;
 Peltin' the neighbors on their heads,
 With bran' new quoins an' slugs an' leads,
 From early mornin' to evenin' dim—
 He was the "devil," that boy Jim!

Editor cussed him—"I want no good;
 Head as hard as a piece o' wood;
 Jest bust out in a loud hooray,
 An' kept right on in his hard-head way.
 But once when the train was passin' by
 An' the editor's child on the track—O, my!
 Jim he rushed with his same don't care
 Right in front o' the engine there!

Child was saved!.... But where was Jim?
 With flamin' lanterns they looked for him,
 While the people trembled an' held their
 breath!—

"Under the engine, crushed to death!"
 There in the dust an' grime he lay—
 Jim! he had given his life away!
 'Twasn't no use to weep for him:
 He was a' angel—that boy Jim!

—F. L. STANTON.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Oh I quite abhor the zephyr
 That pervades the April weather
 Although its wooings call to life the lily and the rose.

I appreciate the flowers
 And the blossom scented bowers
 But I sadly hate the freckles that it scatters o'er
 my nose.

We girls with freckled noses
 Would forego the time of roses
 Rather than to have the breezes all our blemishes
 expose;
 I can bear with winter's freezing
 Better than I can the teasing
 Of those who love to tell me there are freckles on
 my nose.

BOYS WANTED.

"Wanted—a boy." How often we
 These very common words may see.
 Wanted—a boy to errands run,
 Wanted for every thing under the sun.
 All that the men to-day can do
 To-morrow the boys will be doing too.
 For the time is ever coming when
 The boys must stand in place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
 And she offers them all she has for pay.
 Honor, wealth, position, fame,
 A useful life and a deathless name.
 Boys to shape the paths for men,
 Boys to guide the plow and pen,
 Boys to forward the tasks begun,
 For the world's great work is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
 Not just one, but every boy
 Whose heart and brain will e'er be true
 To work his hands shall find to do.
 Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
 To good awake, to evil blind;
 Heart of gold without alloy.
 Wanted: The world wants such a boy.

—Chicago Post.

Boston Gazette: Men who have horse sense know
 when to say neigh.

The Jester: She—What's a poacher, Jack? He—A
 fellow who steals the game. She—Why, you told me
 that was an umpire.

Life: Miss De Muir—Papa always gives me a book
 as a birthday gift. Miss De Meanor—What a fine
 library you must have!

Harper's Bazar: Humorist—My output of jokes is
 now a hundred a week. Friend—And what of the
 returns? Humorist—About ninety. Friend—Dol-
 lars? Humorist—No: jokes.

Mamma: "I hope my little boy while dining with
 friends remembered what I told him about not tak-
 ing cake the second time?" Little Boy: "Yes Mam-
 ma, I remembered, and took two pieces the first
 time."—Chicago Post.

"You are as bad as a playful kitten in jumping at
 conclusions," remarked Keedick to his wife.
 "Do kittens jump at conclusions?" asked Mrs. Kee-
 dick.
 "Certainly; have you never seen kittens chase
 their tails?"

Racing With Wolves.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by travelers of
 a race with wolves across the frozen steppes of Rus-
 sia. Sometimes only the picked bones of the hapless
 traveler are found to tell the tale. In our own country
 thousands are engaged in a life-and-death race
 against the wolf Consumption. The best weapons
 with which to fight the foe, is Dr. Pierce's Golden
 Medical Discovery. This renowned remedy has
 cured myriads of cases when all other medicines and
 doctors had failed. It is the greatest blood-purifier
 and restorer of strength known to the world. For all
 forms of scrofulous affections (and consumption is
 one of them), it is unequalled as a remedy.

A Question That Covers the Grounds.

A certain West-side boy will be a great success if
 he will adopt the profession of journalism when he
 grows up. There have been published a great many
 definitions of what constitutes "news" by able news-
 paper men. for the guidance of the reporter who
 must know what facts to use and what to throw
 away.

This boy alluded seems to have caught the correct
 idea by inspiration. Not long since he heard his
 mother refer to something having been done by
 some one. The particulars escaped the youngster,
 and in order to learn them he asked his mother:

"Who did what and where and what did he do it
 for?"

If that question does not pretty thoroughly cover
 the ground it is difficult to frame one at once more
 comprehensive and terse.

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

Nearly Always Right in her Judgment in
 Regard to Common Things.

An old gentleman over seventy, came into the city
 from his farm, without his overcoat. The day turned
 chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the
 fair.

To a friend who remonstrated with him for going
 away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I
 thought it was going to be warm; my wife told me to
 take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have
 more sense than men anyway."

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition;
 may it not be that they are more close observers of
 little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to
 strike the nail on the head, in all the ordinary prob-
 lems of life, more frequently than the lords of crea-
 tion.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently
 read a paper on Bright's disease before the Penn-
 sylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to
 bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawl-
 ing sensations, like the flowing of water in the head,
 who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained
 attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected
 of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's
 disease."

The veteran newspaper correspondent, Joe How-
 ard, of the New York Press, in noting this statement
 suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct in her diagnosis,
 but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I
 know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for ten
 years. Night before last he took two doses of calo-
 mel and yesterday he wished he hadn't."

A proper answer is found in the following letter of
 Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Basili, O.,
 June 21st, 1890:

"I do not hesitate to say, that I owe my life to
 Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant hemorrhage
 from my kidneys for more than five months. The
 physicians could do nothing for me. My husband
 spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I
 was under the care of the most eminent medical men
 in the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had
 taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and
 do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers
 of kidney troubles."

Stop that
CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become con-
 sumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula,
 General Debility and Wasting Diseases,
 there is nothing like

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 A wonderful flesh producer.

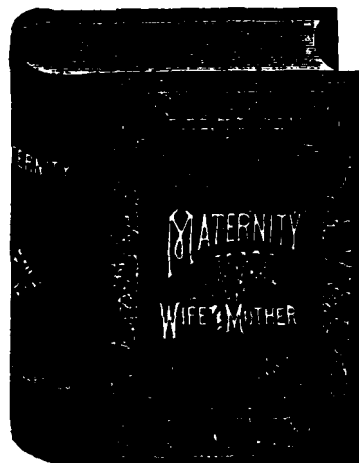
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 than the one which now links their names, lives and
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 the Detroit of the Pacific coast has great advantage
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Are already tributary to Detroit, W.
 still there are 25,000 square miles of
 country back of it—a veritable empire in itself. De-
 troit has three different ways of reaching the ocean
 with the largest vessels afloat—by way of Hood's
 canal, the main Sound, forty-eight miles of railway
 connects it with Gray's harbor. The eastern country
 will be reached by the Southern Pacific railroad,
 which is now located and whose

Trains will be running into Detroit in less
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 elevation of sixty feet above Detroit, is only two miles
 and a half distant, and will be in its corporate limits
 within five years. The proposed navy yard is only
 nine miles from Detroit and will be connected with it
 by rail—four miles and a half of it already construct-
 ed. Detroit is certain to be a city of considerable size.

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PRETTY DIPLOMAT.

er by her Empire gown,
inked gloves, her stylish jacket;
n features like my own,
ays perhaps as diplomatic;

in she enters at the door
my correspondence pressing,
e some leisured man of yore,
te myself to shrewly guessing.

ties me, this maiden fair:
steals her velvet arm around me:
lls me I had died of care
ess she happily had found me.

isses me—but tho' I know
e price of such adroit caresses,
't refuse her well, and so
out the cash for hats and dresses.

says I am a saint. Ah, well!
truth she hints—a truth she misses,
who could such a girl repel,
ith all her smiles and hugs and kisses.

I somehow, tho' it robs my purse,
nd I must turn and scrip and manage,
o not think I'm much the worse,
Or that my soul will suffer damage.

d do the same if she again
Flew at me with that face ecstatic,
nd work till midnight to maintain
My daughter fair and diplomatic.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

Non v' accorgete voi che noi siamo vermi
vati a formar l' angelica famiglia.—DANTE.

not you perceive that we are worms
n to form the angelic butterfly?—Translation.

here is no death, people repeat,
Who shake their thirst with spirit-lore";
ay ye, "though knowing all hearts that beat
Must soon be stilled for evermore."

here is no death," our friends respond,
"ho have outstripped us in the race,
weak now from the far beyond,
the starry Throne of Grace.

w birth on the plane
weep our minds command,
series wax plain
of Summerland.

"that to Him
niverse,
e a sterile whim,
upon the hearse?

'Sight, touch and smell, with tasting, hearing,
Are senses of your earthly frame;
But Hope spreads out as sense adhering
To what the soul alone can claim.

"It speaks but to your inner self
And tells of wonders yet in store:
A larva here the mortal elf,
From which the angel-moth shall soar.

"Illusion! dare ye call it so?
Can ye thus vilely God deery?
This glimpse, a balm to human woe,
Could God have meant to prove a lie?

"Though well ye know all hearts that beat
Shall soon be stilled for evermore,
A larva is man in this retreat,
From which the angel-moth shall soar!"

—SEBASTIANO FENZI. In Medium and Daybreak.

Life is Misery

To thousands of people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial. Be sure to get Hood's.

A Specific for Throat Diseases.—Brown's BRONCHIAL THROAT has been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat troubles. "They are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World*, London, England.

Both air and water abound in microbes, or germs of disease, ready to infect the debilitated system. To impart that strength and vigor necessary to resist the effect of these pernicious atoms, no tonic blood-purifier equals Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

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BY DANIEL LOTT

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That Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures Rheumatism and kindred complaints is abundant. This medicine eradicates from the blood all trace of the disease, and so invigorates the system that a perfect restoration to health is inevitable.

"In Oakland, La., 22 years ago, I had been sick a year and a half with sciatic rheumatism. The extreme pains that I suffered wasted my flesh to the bone, and my strength and vitality were well nigh exhausted. My skin was yellow and rough, showing a bad state of the blood, and it is more than likely that blood poison existed, as I have taken large quantities of mercury. After the sciatica was in a measure under control, I was put under treatment to cleanse the blood and give me strength. This was continued several weeks, but to no purpose. My physician then suggested the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it is to this medicine I owe my restoration to health. From actual experience in the use of various blood-purifiers, I am confident that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal."—J. W. Pickle, Farmerville, La.

"I have known Mr. J. W. Pickle for many years, and consider him a truthful man."—R. B. Dawkins, Mayor of Farmerville, La.
"Be sure, in making your purchase, that the druggist gives you

"During the past year my joints, which had become stiff and sore, caused me great pain, especially at the close of a day's work. At times my fingers were so lame I was unable to hold a needle, while the pain at night prevented my sleeping. I suffered also from nervous chills and a want of appetite. I tried outward applications and took remedies prescribed by my doctor; but all to no purpose. A short time ago my son-in-law, Wm. Woods, of Hollis, N. H., was cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla of an inflammatory disease of the eyes, and seeing him so much benefited, I thought I would try this medicine for my own trouble. The result is a complete cure of the pain, stiffness, and swelling from which I suffered so much. The Sarsaparilla has had a good effect on my appetite and nerves, so that I have better strength and no more chills."—Eliza Halvorsen, Nashua, N. H.

"After being many years afflicted with rheumatism, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great success."—J. B. Bridge, Boston, Mass.

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The humble receive advantage. the self sufficient suffer loss". = If you will

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Try a cake in your next house-cleaning

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I guarantee a profit of at least 8 per cent. per annum. I shall be pleased to correspond with parties thinking of making investments.

CHAS. L. HYDE, Pierre, S. Dak.

REFERENCES—Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Blackburn, Pres., Presby. College, Pierre; Rev. Dr. Jas. C. Jackson, Danville, N. Y.; R. F. Pettigrew, U. S. Senator from S. Dak.

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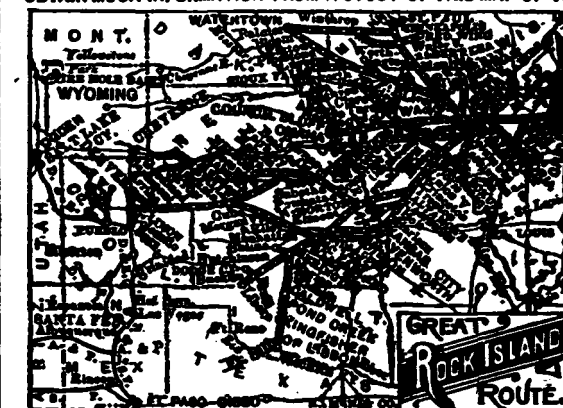
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"SHORT AND SWEET."

Some friends write me that they turn to this column first. Now I am quite sure they do this, not for any special merit herein exhibited, but because the informal talk seems to bring us nearer together and, in a way, takes the place of a personal interview. In another column I ask contributors to condense their articles; and this week I shall set the example in this talk. From numerous sources come encomiums of THE JOURNAL; and to tell you my honest convictions I believe it is more worthy of approbation than ever before. Now do you have an adequate idea of the labor, care and money that it takes to make such a paper? No, I don't think you do; I don't think you can have in the nature of things a full comprehension of it. I tell you frankly I need more persistent effort on your part to aid in the increase of circulation and in all ways calculated to strengthen my hands. Shall I have it? Will each of you devote one hour the coming week to the interest of THE JOURNAL? Remember that if each of you were to send me in but a single new yearly subscriber during the next ten days, the aggregate would double my list and not only increase my courage and

zeal in your behalf, but improve the paper and inure to your own profit.

One subscriber writes that the paper obliges him to think too closely. This is a strange criticism for a progressive and intelligent man. He should get his mind off business long enough to do some hard thinking about matters of eternal and vital interest. Another writes—a lady too—that since THE JOURNAL has ceased to report exposures of fraudulent exhibitions, or nearly so, that her interest in the paper has slackened. This is a most astonishing position for a confirmed Spiritualist to take. I should think she would be glad that the public, the intelligent public, had at last become sufficiently educated so that THE JOURNAL's space can be devoted more largely to strictly constructive and affirmative work.

I ask you one and all to aid me in making THE JOURNAL a purely constructive and building accessory of Spiritualism; of Spiritualism as the philosophy of life, all-embracing, and all-sufficient for man here and hereafter.

This is all I shall say to you this week; it is short, and if not sweet, I will guarantee that if you follow, the suggestions made you will find the path leading you into a state of sweetness and satisfaction; the satisfaction of having done what you could for a cause to which you owe so much.

Our staunch friend, Dr. John Mahew, passed to spirit life from his home in Washington, D. C., on October 18th, in his eighty-second year. Dr. M. had been a continuous reader of THE JOURNAL for twenty-five years, and we were often strengthened by his word of cheer. We are sure he received a joyous welcome to the spirit home which was ready and awaiting his coming. One by one the pioneers are disappearing from mortal view. Who will be the next to obey the summons? May he be as willing and well equipped for the change as was our venerable friend.

Miss A. A. Chevallier, metaphysician, of the New York Unity Publishing Co., writes: I want to say how very much I enjoy THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Its absolute sincerity, integrity, fair mindedness and devotion to truth whether popular or unpopular, must win it many friends among the earnest thinkers—men and women—who are rapidly increasing in numbers, breaking the bondage of ignorance, superstition and fear, and rising to the glorious freedom of the children of God.

That veteran worker, that gentle and cultured, yet unflinching soul Giles B. Stebbins, was the guest of THE JOURNAL last week; being in attendance upon the Unitarian mass convention, to scatter spiritual seed in his quiet but effective way. Many present knew him of old and he met with cordial reception. Ministers and laymen expressed interest in and bought his new book, "Upward Steps of Seventy Years." He left on Saturday to fill a pulpit at Battle Creek the following day.

The annual meeting of the Vermont State Association of Spiritualists will be held at Hyde Park, in the north part of the state, November 14th and 15th. Dr. E. A. Smith, president of Queen City Park Camp is chairman. An interesting and profitable program will be offered for the entertainment of those attending. THE JOURNAL knows of no meetings more healthy and helpful than those managed and participated in by Vermont Spiritualists.

Among the numerous visitors to THE JOURNAL office within the past few days, none were more welcome than Geo. H. Ellis, the genial Boston publisher, and Minot J. Savage, who needs no introduction in these columns.

J. Clegg Wright speaks in St. Louis during this month. His future dates are, December, Indianapolis; January, East Saginaw; February, Grand Rapids; March and April, New York City; June, Cincinnati. He informs us that his health is now better than it has been for many years.

J. N. Gridley writes: I receive regularly 12 papers and magazines; of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I read all except the poetry and advertisements, which is more than I can say for any of the others.

Just as THE JOURNAL goes to press we learn of the transition of Mrs. Leah Underhill, the elder of the Fox sisters, who passed to spirit life last Saturday after a brief illness.

Dr. J. K. Bailey writes that he spoke at Almond, West Salamanca, and Steamburg, N. Y., October 5th, 9th and 10th; Columbus, O., October 19th; Richmond, Ind., the 20th, and Little Rock, Ark., 26th and 29th.

Mr. John K. Hallowell of Chicago, who treats the sick with animal magnetism, has changed his residence to 966 Sawyer ave.

"OUR FLAG" PREMIUM.

I have been some time looking for a meritorious new book to offer as an inducement to new and old subscribers. I was seeking one that should be of universal interest and permanent value. After rejecting a hundred or more I selected "Our Flag." See advertisement elsewhere. Every patriotic American needs to be familiar with the information given in this book, and every parent should see to it that the children of the household master its contents.

BACK NUMBERS OF LUCIFER.

We have numbers of this English Magazine for November, 1888, for sale at 25 cents. Readers will find articles of much interest in this issue. We also have numbers for July, November and December, 1889—and January, April and May, 1890 at 30 cents. Now is the time to order.

The people's preference—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.—Why? Because it never disappoints.

For nervous affections, such as neuralgia, sciatica, etc., Salvation Oil is without a peer.

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Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

E. FRANK, Pastor.
St. Severin, Keylerton P. O., Pa.

A Can. Minister's Experience.

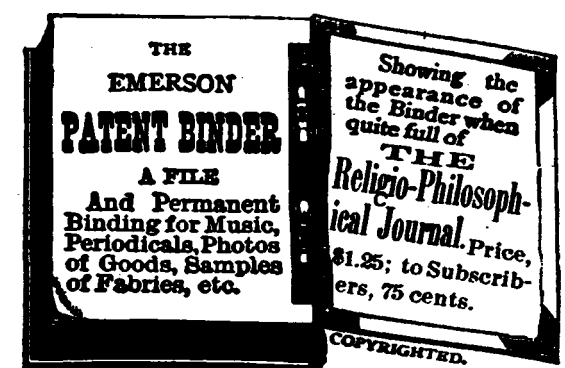
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I am happy to give this testimonial as to the excellency of "Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic." Suffering for a long period of nervous debility due to dyspepsia, I ascertained that since I made use of this remedy a radical change was operated on me; not only on the nerves, but even dyspepsia disappears promptly. Similar experiences have been made by many of my conferees with this remedy. I consider it entirely efficacious and proper to cure all nervous diseases and other cases depending from the same.
J. E. LAFLECHE, Pastor.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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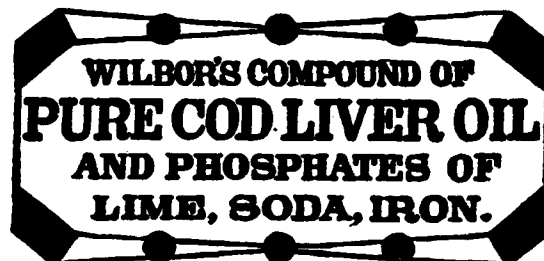
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NERVE. BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil: It has many imitations, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure as you value your health, to get the genuine. Manufactured only by Dr. ALEX. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

MISS EMMA J. NICKERSON

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MIND, THOUGHT AND CEREBRATION.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

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RELIGIOUS THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, NOV. 15, 1890.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 25.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The *Independent Pulpit*, Waco, Texas, says: The Campbellites of this city have purchased an organ and the Methodists are praising God to the tune of a fiddle.

The seven leading iron manufacturing concerns in the Mahoning valley have been sold to an English syndicate for \$4,000,000.

Dr. Howard Crosby says that a former police commissioner told him that "to his certain knowledge one of the captains had made \$70,000 in one year by blackmailing." The name of this police captain should be made known and he should be exposed and prosecuted or the commissioner should be tried for libel.

Says *La Verite* of September 27th in regard to the duty of Roman Catholics in the United States: Of course they ought to obey the pope rather than the government, for the very simple reason that we must obey God rather than men.

The army is growing, remarks the *Loyal American*, that proposes to take out of our politics the policy represented by the Roman corporation, presided over by a pope, which they call religion. Americans are learning that any policy that will please the occupant of the vatican, will not be useful or healthy for the United States.

The Irish envoys in this country to raise money for the Irish cause, in order to retain the respect of the American people and of the decent part of the Irish population, must avoid associating and coquetting with the agents and abettors of the gang of swindlers and murderers who obtained money from a confiding public for Ireland, appropriated it to their own personal use, and then to avoid exposure, brought about the assassination of an honest, fearless and patriotic Irishman.

The man who will not accept the facts of Spiritualism on the testimony of such scientists as Hare, Flammarion, Wallace, Crookes, Weber, Ulrici, Fechner or Zoellner, because these facts did not come to him personally, says the *Better Way*, "believes himself when he says he believes in the truths of astronomy, or geology or chemistry without having personally investigated these sciences. Others' testimony of one science is as good as of another; and the man who rejects one and not all is either an ignorant bigot, or is prejudiced, and neither exhibits consistency nor progress. Such men's opinion is of no consequence in the world's affairs. It does not count with men and women of intelligence.

Germany's socialist law of 1878 expired by limitation on the last day of September, and Emperor William some time ago decided not to renew it. The law was an educative object lesson in socialism. The state suppressed socialist writing and printing, and even musical, dramatic and athletic clubs of which socialists were members. The result was that, from having nine members of the Reichstag when the law was passed, they had thirty-five when it expired.

The present warfare on our schools is the work of priests, says a Chicago daily. It is not believed that the Lutheran denomination, except as misled by the priests, are against the public schools. In fact they try to conceal the issue now under the guise of a struggle for the German language and the right of parents, but looked into more fully and the movement against the compulsory education law is a movement against the public school system. Americans are jealous of the rights of parents but they can not afford to give encouragement to any effort directed against the public schools. They are more vital to the continuance of our free institutions than are our universities and colleges. If this is to remain a nation of independent freedmen the "little school house on the hill" must be held sacred.

The Boston *Watchman* is alarmed over Dr. Cyrus Hamlin's charges of heterodoxy against the chief Congregational theological schools. "Now look at this," it exclaims. "Three great seminaries, founded for the teaching of scripture and the gospel and for the training of men to be preachers and missionaries, and the influence of these seminaries actually thrown against the faithful men who are trying to stem the tide of false doctrine. All the grand prestige of these schools of the prophets used against the truth in this controversy, and not for it. This is a fearful indictment, and, what is worse, it seems to be true. We have had great rejoicing among the Baptists over some millions of money given to establish colleges and theological schools. Have we considered that all this money may become worse than nothing; that it may become a curse? What kind of teachers is this money to support? Many of the theological teachers of our day are building with one hand what they pull down with the other. What number of Baptists have stirred up themselves to take hold on God that we may be saved from such teachers? The most tremendous perils confront us if we exalt men to teach our young ministry who themselves do not tremble at the word of Jehovah."

If there were no tiger claw of monopoly, no strong instinct of selfishness behind the plea advanced, says the *American Spectator*, we would regard the general outcry at the present time of the medical societies and conventions of Europe and America for a law giving to regular physicians the sole right to exercise the mesmeric or hypnotic power as immensely funny. For it was less than a century ago that the medical societies and scientific associations declared mesmerism to be a colossal fraud and all who claimed the reality of such a phenomenon as is now known as hypnotism to be frauds, charlatans, and quacks. Now these same societies are petitioning the government of the Old World to give them a monopoly in the practice of hypnotism. At one time these men denied the fact of the phenomena, and if possible would have strangled the infant science. Now they exaggerate the dangers of its abuse and insist on having a legal monopoly of the science. The men who sought to strangle the infant in its cradle are not immaculate. The child forced its way into public recognition in spite of its enemies, and now the state has no right to make its old-time foes its special guardians. Physicians are not invulnerable. They are as weak as other men.

They are as liable to abuse their power as others. The state can not afford to protect or give them a monopoly. Let any one who abuses the power be severely dealt with, but give no privilege to a class. The people want no more class legislation.

Says the *Catholic Press*: The Dudleain Lectures at Harvard College were founded and endowed by Paul Dudley, a bitter hater of Catholicity nearly two hundred years ago, and one of the topics for the lectures to be delivered annually was: "The Abominations of the Church of Rome." It certainly never entered into his mind that a Catholic, much less a Catholic priest, even less a Catholic bishop, should ever appear as a Dudleain lecturer. Yet the world moves on. New England is emerging from the mist of superstition and error. The time has come, October 23, 1890, when Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, rose in the appointed place to treat of "The Evidences of Christianity" as a Dudleain lecturer. It is a strange event, but it is perhaps as strange that few of the audience believed in Christianity as Paul Dudley believed, and that on essential points Paul Dudley would agree rather with Bishop Keane than with the faculty of Harvard College to which he left the endowment. We suppose that in fifty years more the lecturer on "The Abominations of the Church of Rome" will be a Catholic and treat it as meaning the errors and sins which the Church of Rome abominates.

The subject of taxation is at the present time one of unusual interest. The New York *Independent* last week published papers from experts on the subject who take the ground that the tax should be on land chiefly, and on those other forms of property that can not escape observation, the buildings on lands, corporate franchises, railroad and other similar monopolies. The *Independent* says editorially: It does not make so much difference what is taxed or what escapes taxation as it does whether taxation shall be equally imposed. All values can adjust themselves to any system of taxation. If real estate only were taxed, then all other forms of value would pay tribute to real estate. Real estate would charge its taxes to every form of value which uses real estate, and there is no form which does not use real estate. The same is true of monopolies or corporations. There is no essential injustice, therefore, in taxing real estate and not taxing a student's library or a farmer's mowing machine. The one thing to be secured is equality of valuation of what is taxed. It will not do to pretend to tax all property, and then let the millionaire be taxed on only fifty thousand dollars' worth and the mechanic or farmer on his entire five thousand dollars' worth. If the taxation of personal property were entirely dropped, then the chief source of unequal taxation would cease; and we would have left only the much simpler problem of avoiding unequal taxation of real estate and such other monopolies as might be made the subjects of taxation. To some such system as this it is evident that we are coming. The people who have given the death blow to the corruption of the ballot by enacting a secret ballot law, can with no greater difficulty bring to an end the injustice which can not be avoided under the present imperfect system of taxation.

THE ERA OF REASON AND TRUTH.

In the past religions have been nurseries of despotism in rulers and of slavishness in the masses, and the foes of manliness and liberty, and of an erect attitude, so to speak, of both mind and body. In the presence of the mystery which surrounds and overshadows him, man, in his vividly conscious inability to cope with it and to solve it, naturally enough feels a sentiment of awe; but in the intelligent, free modern man, this awe expresses itself not in superstitious rites and the abject prostration of himself before the mystery of the universe, but in a rational endeavor to investigate his own nature and destiny and the entire world to the extent of his ability. The contemplation of the universe, in the modern man, leads to rational knowledge, to science; in the case of the primitive man it produced pompous ritualisms and abject forms of worship to propitiate an imaginary, omnipotent despot. Superstition is founded on fear and servility; science on reason and an aspiration for enlargement, for "more light" to borrow Goethe's final words. Up to within a century theology has had the past almost exclusively to itself, and except among the most advanced intellectually it still reigns as of old, although in a modified form.

In theological countries men are exhorted to do right, not in accordance with their own higher nature, but because of some revelation or miraculously given decree of which some old prophet was the medium, who had alleged direct communication with the source of knowledge. As long as men continued to be grossly ignorant of their own nature and of the phenomenal world which they found given in their consciousness they of course continued in the theological mood. They were governed not by reason, but by fear, as the majority of the race are still governed. But the era of reason and truth has dawned, and the old, abject, degrading theological mood is sooner or later to be succeeded by a nobler, more unselfish and higher mood. We have a Sinai within ourselves—for man is a spirit and not merely a collection of material atoms—and we need not go to any hoary traditions or mouldy parchments to ascertain what our duty is to ourselves or to others. Then again, *natura rerum*, the investigation of which theology denounced, is infinite in extent and duration, a boundless realm for the development and discipline of conscious spirit, and no dead, inert materialism, but an everlasting play of eternal forces.

The era of rational knowledge and of spirituality means spontaneity and popular liberty, and the truly, broadly scientific stage of human development will be an immense advance on that theological stage which began in the shades of prehistoric years and has lasted so long. But it will be asked in the absence of dogmatic theology and its soothing syrups for bereavements and bodily decay, what provision will the higher reason make for sorrow and death? It is certain that mere "cosmic emotion" or the sentimental of the natural sublime affords no direct consolation for bereavement and the pangs of death-stricken love. The intellectually full-statured man of the future will not be appeasable, so far as the laceration of the heart by death is concerned, by the stock assurances and celestial condiments of primitive mythology:

"Valhalla's halls,

And skulls o'erbrimmed with mead; Elysian plains,
Eden, where life was toilless and gave man
All things to live with, nothing to live for."

All these mythologic views of bliss are now understood to be but the mirage of the imaginative faculty and that ideal hunger for ideal felicity which dominates human nature and is a guarantee of its grandeur and final triumph. If the bereaved man were immortal here on this bank and shoal of time and did not quickly follow his loved and lost into the shadow and eclipse of death, he might be inconsolable; but a common fate quickly overwhelms us who have survived friends and kindred almost dearer than life.

We can not speak decisively of these consolatory dreams of bliss and reunion beyond the portals of the grave, wherewith the much-enduring and sorrow-stricken generation of men have in all ages and climes endeavored to lighten the load of mortal existence.

Such dreams and idealisms are inadequate adumbrations of unspeakable realities not describable in terms of this present life. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and peers confidently through the cloud of dust and ashes into which our organs are finally dissolved for gleams of a better life, the assurance of which Spiritualism brings.

LOWELL'S ESSAYS.*

A real contribution to standard literature is the Riverside edition of the prose works of James Russell Lowell. There are few poets, of the high grade to which Lowell belongs, whose prose writings show the learning, polish and virility which his critical essays exhibit. Some of them were written thirty years ago, but they are as charming reading as anything that appears in our best magazine literature to-day. There is always a pervading fire in Lowell's writings no matter what his subject; sometimes it glows with gentle, genial warmth, sometimes with smothered, repressed heat; it flares up into beauteous brilliancy or shows itself in the white heat of passionate expression. In the descriptive essays Mr. Lowell shows much of that fine and kindly humor which characterized his *Bigelow Papers*, while his keen critical faculty is best displayed in the biographical and literary reviews of great thinkers, authors and poets. From these rich pages we can not refrain from culling a few extracts which will be of interest to readers of THE JOURNAL.

Of Emerson he says: "We are not without experience of natures so purely intellectual that their bodies had no more concern in their mental doings or sufferings than a house has with the good or ill fortune of its occupant," and again, "In that closely filed speech of his at the Burns Centenary dinner, every word seemed to have just dropped down to him from the clouds. He looked far away over the heads of his hearers with a vague kind of expectation as unto some private heaven of invention, and the winged period came at last obedient to his spell. 'My dainty Ariel!' he seemed murmuring to himself as he cast down his eyes as if in deprecation of the frenzy of approval, and caught another sentence from the Sybilline leaves that lay before him—ambushed behind a dish of fruit and seen only by nearest neighbors."

Of Dante: "The whole nature of Dante was one of intense belief. There is proof upon proof that he believed himself invested with a divine mission. Like the Hebrew prophets with whose writings his whole soul was imbued, it was back to the old worship and the God of the fathers that he called his people.... Dante was a mystic with a very practical turn of mind." Lowell intimates that Dante had personal knowledge of spirit life and quotes what the poet said soon after writing a beautiful sonnet on Beatrice and before composing his famous spiritual poem. "Soon after there appeared to me a marvelous vision wherein I saw things which made me propose not to say more of that blessed one until I could treat of her more worthily." In a foot note to this Lowell says: "By *visione* Dante means something seen waking by the inner eye. He believed also that dreams were sometimes divinely inspired, and argues from such the immortality of the soul." He further declares that "Dante is the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form."

We give a bit of rather severe criticism of Milton's personal characteristics: "Milton's haughty conception of himself enters into all he says and does. Always the necessity of this one man became that of the whole human race for the moment. There are no walls so sacred but must go to the ground when he wanted elbow room; and he wanted a great deal. Did Mary Powell, the cavalier's daughter, find the abode of a roundhead schoolmaster incompatible and leave it, forthwith the cry of the universe was for an easier dissolution of the marriage covenant. If he is blind it is with excess of light, it is a divine partiality, an overshadowing with angels wings."

This on Carlyle is, somewhat in the same vein: "The natural impatience of an imaginative temperament which conceives so vividly the beauty and desirableness of a nobler manhood and a diviner political order, makes him fret at the slow moral processes by

which the All-Wise brings about his ends and turns the very foolishness of men to his power and glory. Mr. Carlyle is for calling down fire from heaven whenever he can not readily lay his hand upon the match box."

In view of what has been hinted of late years of Mr. Lowell's adoption of English views and manners his essay written in 1869, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," republished in the third volume of this series, will be read with considerable interest.

*Lowell's Prose Works: Literary Essays. Vols. I., II., III., IV. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50 per volume.

A ROSEATE VIEW OF UNITARIANISM.

Among the leading representatives of Unitarianism present at the late convention in Chicago was the Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Madison, Wisconsin. Believing the views of so able and earnest a man upon a theme on which he is well prepared to speak, and which in one way or another has interest for all, would be candidly considered by THE JOURNAL's readers, we give the result of an interview:

It is commonly reported, Mr. Crooker, that the Unitarian church is dying out in America. What are the facts?

"The facts point in just the opposite direction. Though Unitarianism is over a hundred years old in America, it was not until about 1870 that we began to try to establish new churches with anything like general denominational interest and aggressive methods. Before that the energies of our people were very largely devoted to literature, education, reform, and philanthropy. Such representative Unitarians as Channing and Parker, Horace Mann and Charles Sumner, Longfellow and Thomas Starr King, Dr. Howe and Dorothea Dix did monumental work for the American nation, and being so fully engaged in these works, they could do little for church extension. But during the last twenty years, we have made a gain of fifty per cent. in our number of churches. Or to state the same fact in another way, twice as many Unitarian churches were established from 1870 to 1890 as from 1820 to 1860. That is, our churches multiplied four times as fast in the last two decades as in the first half of this century. This growth has been even faster in more recent years than during the whole period from 1870 to 1890. In the last five years we have made a gain of twenty per cent. or twice as large a rate of increase as from 1870 to 1875. This does not look like the process of death. We are still a small body, but when it is remembered that we have only just set about the work of church extension, these facts prove a vigorous condition of growth at the present time. Another line of facts point in the same direction. We distribute ten times as much religious literature as fifteen years ago; our churches have recently enlarged their organic agencies in the line of clubs and guilds in a surprising manner; while to-day probably a hundred fold more men and women in our parishes are associated together to extend our gospel and enrich our church life than a generation ago. In the two states, Minnesota and Wisconsin, with which I am best acquainted, during the past six years, our movement, whether we look at the number of our churches, our financial resources, or our general missionary activities, has increased from four to seven fold. And even in Massachusetts, our stronghold, many new churches have been organized in the last decade. Our people are now giving three times more money for missionary purposes than a few years ago."

But with so good a start near the beginning of the century, why is it that your church is comparatively so small? Is it due, as often asserted, to the fact that Unitarianism is unsuited to the masses, a faith for the cultured few?

"This misapprehension that the Unitarian gospel is only for collegebred people has always astonished me. In a large proportion of our churches, it is the plain country folk who make our congregations. It is my experience that unlettered artisans hear our words gladly and find in them the inspiration to better living. And why should it not be so? Our gospel is plainer than any creed in Christendom, being the simple message of Jesus that the common people heard so gladly. In reference to the other part of your question, much could be said, but to go into it fully would tax your patience. Suffice it to say that our fathers in the faith were held back from denominational activity, first, by fear of becoming a mere sect, and so losing the love of truth and the beauty of holiness; and second, by the fact that they were putting all their mighty energies into those great causes which have made the glory of America. They elected to do a national rather than a denominational work. It may be said with-

out boasting, that no other church, in proportion to its size, has added so many names to our beauro of fame."

There is an impression that you Unitarians are very much divided—discordant in spirit and inharmonious in action.

"All I can say in reply to that is that it looks just the other way to one on the inside. Never before in our history was there so much general good feeling. Never were so large a proportion of our people pulling together with enthusiasm toward a common end. There is not a single church engaged in any strife with any other church. There has been a great coming together of radicals and conservatives in the last twenty years, not because those on one side have gone over to the other, but because both have gone forward to a higher level. Never before was there such a desire to work together and do something worthy our name and opportunity; never before such a consensus of opinion respecting vital topics, and never before such a deep and general enthusiasm for a vital piety, at once rational, natural and humane. We have outgrown our differences, united our forces, and gone to work to bring in the kingdom of God."

But has it not been reported very widely that Western Unitarians have abandoned Christianity and renounced theism?

"Possibly such a notion has got abroad, for we have many unsympathetic critics. But it is simply preposterous to suppose that there can be a Unitarian church without belief in God. It is because we believe so much in God that we separated from the churches of tradition. Our quarrel with the old creed is that it denies the immanent God and disallows belief in the divine sonship of man. A church means worship; and I know of no Unitarian church destitute of worship. Many of our most radical clergymen are our most prayerful saints. If any one imagines that Unitarians have ceased to be theists let him read the hymns that we sing. And it is strange that any one should suppose that we have abandoned Christianity. Any one might as well think of abandoning the law of gravity. Besides, the taproot of our religious movement is to purify Christianity, to bring the reign of dogma to an end and foster and crown what is Christlike in man. We despise the use of the term "Christian," as a piece of cant; but it is our ambition to make the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount real in human life. Agnostics in our church? Of course there are; and where else would you have them? We want all that we can get, that we may make them feel the spiritual realities of life and lead them to worship the infinite God."

You seem to think then, Mr. Crooker, that the Unitarian church is on the threshold of a new era of growth.

"I do, most certainly. Who else is so well prepared for an aggressive work in behalf of holiness and helpfulness? We have no vexatious problem of creed revision, such as is wasting so much of the energies of our sister churches. We say to the scientist: Give us all the facts about nature: they are residences of God, and our faith can assimilate them all. We lose no time in torturing truth to make it support our pet dogma. We demand: Tell us all you know about the universe; and we will fit our religion to the facts. We say to the historian: Open up all the buried cities; lay bare every human process; bring out all the Bibles and set them in the best light; retell the story of Christianity; borrow all you may of it from Egypt or India; give all the facts of human history to us; we will gladly shed our errors and put our preaching in harmony with the latest discovery, for we fear most of all a religious faith that is weak because false. We say to the biblical scholar: Tell us all you can about the growth of the Pentateuch; bring the psalms down as late as you may; shed all the light you can on the origin of the gospels; we are glad to outgrow error; we want a faith based on reality; keep nothing back, for our religious life will grow stronger as it becomes more rational. Now, sir, what other church has taken this attitude? And is not this the only rational attitude? Religion's only way to victory? Is it not infinite advantage to be able to utilize every truth soon as it is discovered? The church that prospers in the twentieth century must work for man as man, by the light of all the facts, commissioned by infinite faith in spiritual realities; armed by the scientific spirit, and inspired by the humanitarian sentiment."

What in brief do you consider substantial indications that the Unitarian church can ever achieve such prosperity?

"These can be felt better than described. But some of them I can briefly and very imperfectly define. (1) The fact that a more urgent and earnest religious conviction is coming to expression in our pulpits. The habit of mere negation, so far as ever ours, has ended; the gladder and richer tones of affirmation are heard everywhere, the consciousness that we can and must do something great

in the line of religious emancipation is upon us. (2) The fact that superior young men are beginning to turn more and more toward our pulpits, for the church that can secure the services of the best young men will command the future. And already we are preparing to start two theological schools, one on the Pacific coast and one in the North Mississippi valley. (3) The fact that it is easier to start a Unitarian church to-day than ever before. The ultra radicals begin to yearn for a rational religious home and the bonds of tradition hold church people less firmly than a few years ago. We find an anxiety to hear our word and a willingness to do something for it, which shows that our dayspring is here."

You really seem, Mr. Crooker, to have a decided faith in the future of the Unitarian church.

"Indeed I do. For I believe that there is a great future for that church which shall rediscover and reaffirm the Gospel of Jesus, that shall include in its messages all truth and in its mission all men; that shall go forth to preach repentance and righteousness with deep conviction and mighty eloquence; that shall associate all seekers for the light, that they may bring in the kingdom of God by helpfulness. And just this church we are trying to be—a church of the living God, at work to create a more spiritual manhood!"

What do you consider the general outcome of your recent mass meeting in Chicago; what did it indicate and what did it accomplish?

"Our missionary mass meeting accomplished what its friends had in mind. It made a deep impression in the direction of church extension. All the addresses maintained a high intellectual standard, and at no other meeting of Unitarians in this country have I seen so deep a religious earnestness, so much positive affirmation of spiritual truths, or so much enthusiasm for missionary work. There was no apologetic talk, no denunciation of orthodoxy, no petty faultfinding, but every word was a plea that we preach a more searching gospel and build up a more practical and progressive form of piety. Steps were taken which will soon give greater unity and effectiveness to our general work in the West."

Why do not Unitarian ministers take more interest in Spiritualism?

"This is a question upon which I have no special fitness for speaking. My impression is that the amount of deception mixed up with what has been called spirit phenomena, and lack of interest in religion as a corporate life among Spiritualists—their unwillingness to organize to bring in the kingdom of God—are the main reasons why Unitarians have been somewhat unsympathetic, unnecessarily unsympathetic, toward the spiritualistic movement. If all Spiritualists had taken the position of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in the matter we would all be nearer together to-day. And I think that you have done much to commend Spiritualism to all rational people, and your course has opened the way for a closer and larger cooperation among those who believe in a spiritual interpretation of the universe. I think many of our Unitarian ministers are beginning to take a very deep interest in Psychical Science, which I think is a promising sign of the times; and if Spiritualists will generally show more zeal in cooperation for human helpfulness, I believe we shall come closer together, with great benefits to both sides. Our philosophy of life is practically the same, and we ought to be associated in a common movement."

THE OBJECTIONABLE PREAMBLE.

A friend requests a statement of the reasons which some years ago led to the secession of a number of its members from the American Unitarian Association. The association voted a clause into the preamble of its constitution defining its membership as disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ and believers in his special sonship to God. This led to the withdrawal of such as did not feel that they could remain members and be true to their convictions. Some years later, in order to bring back the seceders, a new article was added to the constitution whereby it was declared that, though the preamble and constitution represented the opinion of the majority of the Unitarian churches, yet they were not intended to exclude from fellowship any one in sympathy with the general purposes and practical aims of the Conference. This partially satisfied some but not all who had discontinued their membership. Mr. W. J. Potter in the following words stated the attitude and feelings of himself and probably of the others who declined to reënter the association:

We did not reënter because we considered the amend-

ment only a compromise, which was unjust to the convictions of both sides, and which, so far from hastening the decision of the main question, would tend rather to postpone that question and blind people's minds to the issue involved in it. With us the main question has always concerned the retention of the theological phrases in the preamble to the constitution of the conference. And whatever may be added to or taken from the constitution, we can not become a member of the conference so long as these creed phrases which affirm the special authority of Christianity are retained.

It [the amendment] divides the conference in respect to theological opinions into two portions. First are those that have their theological belief expressed in the constitution of the conference. These are they who reaffirm their allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and then from that platform speak of inviting others to our fellowship. These are the "we" of the conference who speak of "our belief" and of those "differing from us in belief." And second are those who though differing from the first and larger section in belief, are yet invited to join them, if they like their purposes and practical aims, but who can only enter the membership of the conference under protest against the doctrine of the bond of organization which constitutes the conference. These two sections therefore do not enter the conference on equal terms. It is as if one section had its theological creed emblazoned on the flag of the conference, under which all are rallied, while to the other section this privilege is denied. Equal rights of membership would require that the creed of all members should be placed in the constitution or of none.

A writer in the *New England Magazine* discusses the advisability of repeopling the deserted farms of New England with the descendants of their former owners. The idea, certainly a poetical one, will appeal to not a few of the sons of the Puritans who have grown wealthy because they or their fathers were wise enough to leave the homes of their fathers. The writer says: "Seek out the homesteads of your grandfathers, where they were men of influence, and buy them. Transfer your homes to these old estates. Keep your city house if you will and can, as you need keep your seaside cottages, for passing use through a few months of the year; but plant yourself upon the soil. Send your sons and your daughters to college, give them the best that travel and observation can afford them; but let it be with the thought that they are to come back and live in a modest way on their ancestral estates. All their books and works of art can find place in these country homes. Everything that is passing in the world of thought will be heard by those country firesides as quickly as in city homes, and will be appreciated far better than amidst a feverish urban life. Then take of your wealth and put it back generously upon that soil from which your ancestors drew so much and such quality of life. Let the old fields rejoice under your hands and the hands of your sons, who shall bring from the schools the resources of science with which to make them fruitful." About all the wealthy men of New York and Boston care for the country is to have a place at which to spend a few weeks during the summer. This can hardly help to make fruitful the waste places of New England. It will only extend the sphere of capital to monopolize the country for its own pleasure.

The government of Sierra Leone in sending through the British minister to the United States government a pitiful story of fever's ravages among a band of American missionaries who refused the aid of medical science and relied upon faith, makes this naive suggestion: "This climate is not suited to those who trust alone to faith healing and ignore the means placed by Providence at their disposal for the relief of suffering humanity." It is suggested that a faith cure map of the pagan world be prepared without delay. A New York paper suggests that such a map should be arranged according to the known prevalence of deadly diseases in particular regions. White and black could be employed to designate, the one, localities where the salubrity of the climate is so great that no curative agency but faith is needed; and the other, places where Europeans and Americans are certain to die like flies under a frost, unless powerful medical remedies are applied.



SCIENCE AND SPIRITUAL INVESTIGATION.

BY J. SIMMONS.

In THE JOURNAL of October 18th, under the heading, "Can Spiritualism be Scientifically Studied?" Mr. J. Clegg Wright asks this question: "What is scientific study?" His answer is a correct perception of the relation of facts. Further on he affirms that modern Spiritualism can be studied rationally, and also that Spiritualism is a science in the sense in which chemistry, geology or any other science is one, for all the sciences employ hypotheses.

Fully endorsing the above, I hold that inasmuch as science and truth have always been found to harmonize, that earnest Spiritualists unhesitatingly demand and insist that investigations of their claims be conducted in accordance with scientific principles. In doing so they do not concede their inability to judge in cases where they have had repeated favorable opportunities for personally examining various phases of its phenomena. The word science when used without special reference may be understood to be a method by which facts underlying a proposition can be demonstrated so as to be clearly comprehended by the human mind.

Physical science is divided into many departments, the enumeration of which at this time is uncalled for. A life devoted to studying the science of astronomy would not entitle the student to special merit in other directions. Nor would a knowledge of chemistry be of the slightest avail in determining the locality of a ship in mid ocean. These examples are sufficient to illustrate that each department requires a special science adapted to its nature and principles to be elucidated. Right here this question seems pertinent: Which of the known physical sciences can be made available in investigating the claims of modern Spiritualism?

Doubtless some of THE JOURNAL's readers have seen ponderable bodies moved without the application of physical force. If so, does any one imagine a person possessing well merited scientific attainments would, on that account, be better qualified to judge of the fact of the object being moved as claimed than the man or woman of average intelligence belonging to the ordinary walks of life. If it be true that what are known as spiritual phenomena are produced by persons who have passed from this stage of existence into the next condition of life, it clearly follows that we have nothing to do with physical elements or properties, being confronted by intelligent personalities.

This brings to mind a thought that seems to have been generally overlooked or ignored. That is, that the claims of modern Spiritualism have been scientifically demonstrated to be true in thousands of instances, and in all parts of the civilized world during the years that have passed since public attention was first attracted to the subject over forty years ago. Whenever a truth has been made clear, so as to be fully comprehended by individual minds, it has been scientifically demonstrated, though we may know nothing of the methods employed, or the laws by which they are governed. It is not uncommon in cases where spiritual phenomena have occurred, whether mental or physical, for the intelligence moving and directing the forces, to claim friendly or kindred relationship, and to furnish unmistakable proof of identity. In doing so was there any departure from scientific principles? Viewed from this standpoint, it is safe to say that every genuine spiritual manifestation that has ever occurred, must from necessity have been produced in accordance with what to us are unknown principles in nature's operations though none the less scientific. In such cases the demonstrators are the unseen intelligences, who have repeatedly informed us that favorable conditions are indispensable to enable them to succeed. When it is sought to demonstrate a principle in physical science, it is univer-

sally conceded that all requisite conditions should be complied with.

An extensive experience warrants me in saying that only in exceptional cases are scientists willing to make these concessions, while pretending to investigate spiritual phenomena. It is a common occurrence for those whose knowledge of the subject is confined to their prejudices, to devise if possible some new method or line of procedure, giving the medium to understand that he, or she, is in the presence of critical observers, whose familiarity with retorts, crucibles, microscopes, etc., entitled them to assume control of the order of exercises, being fully persuaded in their own minds that the fate of the movement depended upon their verdict. Can anything more unscientific be imagined? This does not apply to professors Hare, Crooks, Wallace, Varley, Zollner, Wagner, Bantleroff, Flammarion and many others who have accepted the same class of evidence that has appealed to every intelligent Spiritualist as proof positive in support of what is claimed. Was their knowledge of physical science of the slightest value to them in forming conclusions? They simply complied with conditions recognized as belonging to spiritual science, accepting truths that were made clear to their minds. In doing so were they unscientific? If they were not, the great body of Spiritualists were not, therefore let them insist that the investigations of their claims be always conducted on scientific principles; remembering that in this special science we are dealing with mind instead of matter, not only mind but personal individualities who are able to demonstrate their claims in the presence of sensitive human organisms under favorable conditions.

The literature of Spiritualism abounds in well authenticated reports of spiritual phenomena witnessed by eminent scientists from time to time whose united testimony in favor of the facts claimed can not be gainsayed or overthrown. While Dr. Slade was in London fourteen years ago, the editor of the London *Spiritualist*, a weekly newspaper, thought it would be well to have a scientific report of phenomena occurring in Slade's presence prepared for publication. Accordingly Dr. Charles Carter Blake, whose abilities were unquestioned, was delegated to have a sitting with Slade and report the result; which was in substance as follows: After saying it was in full daylight, the dimensions of the room were given, mentioning the number of doors and windows, also the different articles of furniture, concluding with a minute description of the table at which he and Slade were seated. Slade was at the end of the table, with Blake at the side on Slade's right. To guard as far as possible against deception, Dr. Blake took off his shoes, which he deposited on the carpet at his right. Then by facing each other Dr. Blake could and did place his feet on Slade's, trusting his eyes to watch Slade's hands. While thus seated one of Dr. Blake's shoes was seen rising until it neared the ceiling, when it proceeded horizontally to the other side of the room where it came down to the floor.

To report this scientifically a diagram of the room was necessary in which each article of furniture mentioned was represented by a letter, these were connected by lines surmounted by figures showing their relation to and distance from each other. Another line indicated the course taken by the shoe in its flight, the distance from the point of starting to where it came down was also given. It must be conceded that Dr. Blake's knowledge of physical science enabled him to embellish his report with a diagram whereby the reader obtained a comprehensive view of the situation, though being unable to see the shoe winging its way, had only Mr. Blake's word in support of the statement. At the same time Dr. Blake did all there was for him to do. His duties were to observe and report what occurred. In doing so he complied with conditions required by the unseen demonstrators whose knowledge of spiritual science enabled them to produce the manifestation. Can it be shown that physical science has at any time accomplished more toward solving the mysteries surrounding this interesting problem than was accomplished by Dr. Blake in his report? At the same time I am in favor of having correct or scientific reports, though I fail to discover any part for

physical science to act in investigating spiritual phenomena until after the manifestation has occurred.

Taking a retrospective view one sees in the ranks of Spiritualism almost every shade of intelligence represented, all having accepted its truths on evidence that appealed to their individual conscience, which often seems to have been wisely arranged and presented according to the needs and capacity of the recipient.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SPIRITISM VS. MODERN DUALISM.

BY WM. I. GILL.

Professor Huxley closes his history of the advance of science in the last half century with these words: "That a particular molecular motion does give rise to a state of consciousness is experimentally certain; but the how and why of the process are just as inexplicable as in the case of the communication of kinetic energy by impact." The gulf between motion and consciousness here mentioned is spoken of in similar but stronger terms by Tyndall and by Spencer, and left as inexplicable. Spencer as a psychologist gives repeated and emphatic utterance to this supposed ultimate and insoluble psychological problem. There is no known principle or law, they think, which can reduce to scientific unity these two classes of phenomena, the outer world and consciousness. This is confessed by them all without stint. Now this is to confess that in the borderland of the two worlds even within their own experience, they greatly need light and they are often very frank in confessing the limitations of their knowledge.

Here I accuse them of a great inconsistency in regard to another borderland between two worlds, where they assume to know even the negative of other men's experience as positively affirmed and well corroborated. One would think that having such clear evidence of their own ignorance in their own field, they would be glad of any positive testimony from good witnesses in fields which are beyond their own sphere of speculation. Seeing that philosophy is so incomplete, even where they have given it so much attention, they ought to be very sensible of how much yet remains to be done, and to be desirous and expectant of progress, and far from dogmatic as to the form and quarter in which it appears. There is evidently a demand for larger breadth of spirit and effort in the scientific world. Who shall say, but that our future work and discovery shall be largely in the realm of spirit and its relation to matter? It has been chiefly in the realm of matter and the mutual relations of its several parts and forms. We can not always spend our highest powers in this lower field. Of course, the higher will be the more difficult, but it deserves the greater effort. We may rest assured that the universe is a unity in and out, visible and invisible, else it were not a universe; and that if there are other orders of existence they have certain relations of importance and interest to us and we to them; and that with the progress of science and philosophy we may reasonably hope to unfold these relations and act on them in some degree. Hence psychical power should be cultivated and all psychical phenomena investigated without blinding prejudice. It is evident that we are as yet only in the vestibule of truth's great temple; and he who will make no effort to advance or sneers at any suggested clue for further movements in any direction is by no means a model scientist or philosopher. Philosophy calls for larger mindedness in her avowed devotees. The field is large and promises a far nobler harvest than most of them are looking for.

It is a curious but obvious fact that science blinds as well as enlightens. It teaches method and gives certain results which are taken as types of all results and methods. Hence the indisposition to enlargement so often seen in men of science, and even a positive aversion to look beyond the pole of their wonted field of toil. Hence their prevalent treatment of those psychical phenomena which have an index finger directed toward the borders of another world unless it be wholly like Mars or the moon.

In the same way devotees of the cosmetic and agnostic philosophy are naturally incapacitated for clearly seeing and steadily looking at phenomena and expositions thereof which imply a wider and loftier range of philosophical thought. I think the time can not be far away when it will be generally seen that only scientific blinders have kept men from seeing the scientific vinculum between material and conscious phenomena.

The data for this is given and often repeated in their own philosophy—in the familiar statement, that all phenomena are subjective states, or states of consciousness. How then can they be so blindly inconsistent as to speak of an impassable gulf between consciousness and sensible phenomena, when sensible phenomena are themselves declared to be states of consciousness? States of consciousness are of two classes—sensible and supersensible, and they observe a law of connection; and science asks no more. We thus see that all the known is the action and product of that mighty unseen which we call spirit. With this exposition how natural a lofty spiritualism becomes.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE THE COMMON POSSESSION OF THE AGES.

Pray permit me to say a few words in THE JOURNAL regarding so-called "Christian Science." I have recently read in your paper one or more articles on that interesting subject, and desire to add a few notes in correction of certain misapprehensions and elucidation of a few cardinal facts. Christian Science is a sounding phrase. To me, however, it signifies nothing new, nothing developed or discovered by Christianity, nothing which that religion has a right to claim as its own, or to which it may rightfully attach its name. It is in reality a faith cure, healing of disease by the "laying on of hands," or by mental impression, however its devotees may ignore or disguise its true method or intent. They pretend to extract the germs of disease by means of persistent effort, and find faith the most efficient agent in the curative process. Recall the old saying, "There is nothing new under the sun."

Fifty years ago there lived a man whom many persons now living will well remember. He was widely known in his day; but alas! fame is not always of lasting stability. At that time, Dr. J. B. Dods, the physician of whom I speak, was explaining by letters and startling experiments all and more than is now promulgated as Christian Science. In 1843 he lectured by invitation before the legislature of Massachusetts, and in 1850 by the invitation of Webster, Hale, Clay, Houston and other senators, he delivered his course of lectures in the hall of the House of Representatives in the United States capitol at Washington. He defined his system as "Electrical Psychology," and explained it by the laws governing magnetism and electricity. For its application he gave the most explicit directions, and showed not only its vast remedial and curative properties, but also its efficacy as a preventive agent. It embraced all that is included in mesmerism, hypnotism, animal magnetism, telepathy, etc., etc.; and he further taught that the circulation of the blood took place through electrical forces, in opposition to Harvey's theory of hydraulic pressure.

In Auburn, Saratoga, and divers places he performed what have, under other circumstances, been termed miraculous cures. He made the deaf hear, the blind see, the lame walk, by almost instantaneous impression; and the cures were not only effective, but permanent. The learned doctors condemned him as a charlatan and a quack. The devout church people shunned him as an emissary of the devil. Both of these classes now, as far as they know them, adopt his principles and publish them as manifestations of Christian wisdom and power.

The charge of plagiarism or literary theft may be avoided by claiming for Christ the first knowledge and application of this science. Of this I fail to find a solitary reliable proof, a shred of evidence which is trustworthy. If Jesus performed the acts of healing with which he has been credited, he exhibited no

powers, and exemplified no science that was not, thousands of years before his birth, understood and practiced by the magian priests in the Egyptian temples. All the wisdom or power claimed for Christian Science is far older than Christianity; and Christian scientists in their manifold claims but arrogate to themselves a knowledge which has been the common possession of the ages.

GEORGIA LOUISE LEONARD.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2, 1890.

FREE LAND AND THE RULE OF CONTRARIES.

BY M. E. LAZARUS, M. D.

THE JOURNAL, No. 21, which printed my first paper thus headed, had editorial paragraphs of liberal tone towards the heavy laden class of working farm proprietors, fewer and fewer of whom, year by year, are more than nominal proprietors under the pressure of usurious debts, liens and mortgages, to which single taxers are anxious to add that of a tax upon fertility equivalent to actual rentals.

In no country, otherwise than by conquest, has the natural freedom of land to the access of productive labor, been more rapidly extinguished under governmental usurpations, leagued with speculative land-lordry, than in the United States. This more especially within the last thirty years has been rushed along under the pretext of internal improvements; which being confined to favored corporations, have equally enlisted the Democratic and Republican party votes in legislating. How this policy has worked on the grand scale, is evident from the general outcry against the extortionate profits of railroads; but the proposed remedy, government purchase and management, is worse than the disease; since the notorious incompetence of government to economic business affords a presumption that the only result would be increased taxation for the purchase, without any guarantee of better terms for transport, by the government officials in charge, than by the actual management of companies.

Besides the extortions of those which have fulfilled their contracts and are actually rendering public services there is a large class of frauds to which I now call attention, and of which I have an object lesson right before my eyes in Marshall county, Alabama.

Within sight from my west window, are the deserted log cabins from which a poor old widow with her family of grandchildren was evicted at nightfall in a March storm, and without regard to even her legal rights of alimony—from this home built and cleared by her husband and children in the wilderness, her crops having been previously seized. This is one case among many, consequent upon a land grant made conditional by Congress in 1855, on completion of a railroad within ten years. Through the medium of the state the Tampa & Coosa company obtained the charter, with a loan from its treasury of \$250,000. A clause, usual I think, in land grants, permitted the company to sell 120 sections of land on either side the track, before doing any work. The company neither built a road, nor sold the land; but twenty years after the expiration of the charter by non-fulfillment of its conditions, its contractor, a Scotchman who had married into the family of an influential judge, brought his influence with that of speculative stockholders in Gunter'sville—the county seat—to bear on the state supreme court, and obtained from it a decision that the land grant of '55 held good! The fact that no sales had been made, was held by legal authorities as invalidating the main condition of completion within ten years. Another fraud was the employment by the company of a government land agent who had made ignorant applicants for entry believe that the company's title held good and that it would eventually be able to make theirs so. Meanwhile, they paid the agent each a dollar, with their notes to the company recognizing its property in the land.

Such recognition makes a contract binding, irrespective of the legality of the title of the party recognized as proprietor. Such, I am told by counsellor W. P. Black of Chicago, is the rule of law there, as well as here; so I suppose it to be general. The state supreme court then, in sanctioning the company's

claim to the grant and thus formally resuscitating it, only followed the lead of the swindled settlers, who agreed to pay the company about thirteen times the entry cost of lands in the neighborhood, in view of promised local advantages, and of not being obliged to pay cash down. I learn that the supreme court of New Jersey had acted in the same manner, giving a precedent.

After the supreme court decision the Tampa & Coosa Company, or rather Carlisle, who by buying up its stock while depreciated to a mere nominal value, had become sole controller, began to sell land, to collect rents, or make evictions, which woke up the settlers. No road appeared to reconcile them, even under the prevalent superstition that alternate sections for six miles on either side a railroad belong to it. They then petitioned Congress to restore the land to entry; as the land office should have done ever since June 5, 1866, when the term of the grant had expired.

A defaulting postmaster, in great need of bondsmen, who had pretended to espouse the settler's cause, took charge of their petition to present it. A year or two later, Representative Forney informed them that it had never been received, but instead of it, one from Carlisle and the Tampa & Coosa company, signed by some 1,500 strangers to the affair, to continue the grant of '55. The ex-postmaster, and lawyers whom the settlers had employed to draw up petitions, have all been since openly in Carlisle's employ.

Finally the settlers paid a Washington city lawyer to get their case stated before Congress, and three days before the close of this last session, both houses passed a bill of forfeiture by a two-thirds vote. Has the President signed the bill, or pocketed it? I do not know, but Carlisle bets \$1,000 that the grant will never be restored to entry. He has notices posted all around, threatening ten dollars fine for every tree cut on his own domain, 23,000 acres of this grant, which he claims by a private deed from the Tampa & Coosa company previous to the formal forfeiture.

Contrast this case with that of a settler who has made preliminary payments on his entry and fulfilled all conditions of residence and improvements, during more than four years. If during the fifth he is unable to complete the conditions of entry, he loses his money and his labor and is forthwith evicted without waiting for an act of forfeiture by Congress. Such is the difference in the attitude of government towards speculation and towards labor.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

BY J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

IV.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

A Mrs. D. being dangerously ill, had been visited almost daily by her friend Mrs. L. residing in the neighborhood. This lady's illness had taken such an alarming turn, and so absorbed our attention that we hardly noticed her friend Mrs. L. had not sent a message or called for some days. Being obliged to go away for a few hours, I went to the sick lady's room to inquire after her, when she asked me to call upon her friend, as a very vivid dream about her had left an unpleasant impression behind. She dreamed that her friend Mrs. L. came to see her and said that she had been very ill; that this was the first time of being out; that a cancer was forming in her left breast, and that she had not long to live. She then appeared to uncover her breast, and on it there seemed to be what the dreamer thought was a simple abscess, which on being pressed discharged colored matter. They then talked each other into a flood of tears, when I seemed to open the door, and Mrs. L. rushed out of the room, with her handkerchief to her face. With a laugh and a jest I promised to call and inquire after the cancer, and took my leave. As Mrs. L. was not at home, I returned earlier than I expected, and on opening the door of the sick room, Mrs. L. herself brushed past me, her dress somewhat disarranged, and her face buried in her handkerchief, leaving her sick friend overcome with agitation and in tears.

This is the substance of what actually occurred during the visit. Mrs. L. had been ill and her first visit

on her recovery was to her friend. She expressed her fears of a cancer and uncovering her left side, there was an abscess, from which on being pressed, colored matter exuded. They both began to cry, and on hearing my step, Mrs. L. hastily adjusted her dress, and left the room in the manner described in the dream, and as I beheld.

To suppose that Mrs. L. had previously resolved to pay the visit and impart her fears to her friend, and that the dreamer perceived this intention in her mind, is the only solution by which we can escape a presensory faculty. But yet the difficulty arises respecting my motions. I was bound by the dream to enter the room, after the tale was told and see the ladies crying, all of which I did. I was to see Mrs. L. leaving the room as I opened the door, with her handkerchief to her face, which I did. It was clearly not in Mrs. D.'s capacity to perceive my acts through my intentions, for they were contingent upon circumstances, and not upon any previous determination, and furthermore Mrs. L.'s fixed idea of cancer was by the dream to be abscess, which it proved to be. This undoubtedly was a clairvoyant dream of what had not yet taken place.

Whatever doubt the two former relations may leave us in, the following one seems to establish a prophetic character. An English lady, the wife of an officer in the Austrian army, while conversing with a clairvoyant, whom she met for the first time at my house, was informed that in two weeks she would receive a letter from her husband, then abroad, containing good news. As she seemed unduly elated, I warned her of the very little faith that should be put in statements of this prophetic character; observing that the conditions necessary to a true revelation were so obscure and so little known, that we could never be sure they were present, until demonstrated to be so by a successful result.

However, the fourteenth day arrives and brings the predicted letter from the officer spoken of by the clairvoyant, received subsequently to the prediction. Preserving a strict silence with respect to this letter and its contents, the lady again visits my house at the usual hour of mesmerizing, and before a single word is spoken, the clairvoyant at once refers to her former statement. "Ah, you have got that letter I told you about, from Count R—with the good news of his promotion and increase of pay." The letter was from Count R—, written in French, and such were its contents, as I myself read. The clairvoyant knew nothing of Count R—, his occupation, position or country.

In a dark room a gentleman put in my hands three letters, taken at haphazard, also in the dark, from old files in his library. He himself made no suggestion, and took no part in the inquiry, but designedly left the questioning to me, as I had no knowledge of the letters and only gathered what they were by the sense of touch. A vivid description was given of a man in years, regally dressed, sitting in the presence of three ladies standing up, and with whom he was conversing, not in English. She stated that he had been kept in confinement on account of insanity. So well were dress, manners and conversation described that we could not fail to recognize George the third and Queen Charlotte. On opening and reading the letter, it proved to be from that monarch.

The next letter gave us a warrior, with a personal description so exact that we both recognized the Duke of Wellington. The letter was from him.

The third letter appeared to occasion great disquietude and horror. Some moments passed before the sensitive was able to proceed, but when her tranquillity was somewhat regained, she drew a terrible picture of a mortal struggle, the fall of one of the combatants, the fractured skull and scattered brains, with the final dismemberment and burning of the victim. The letter had been written many years before, by an individual who was executed for the murder. The details related, accorded for the most part with the evidence at the trial, but many particulars were stated of the fatal interview between the victim and his murderer which were not testified to in court. At no time did the gentleman know which letter was

under examination, or indeed who they were from,* and I was ignorant of all three.

Some time afterwards I received a letter relating to this experiment from which I quote:

Nothing can exceed the contempt in which the rhapsodies of O—and men of his calibre are judged in England. These crazy enthusiasts have buried the rational part of the subject beneath the load of their audacious stuff. Some of the phenomena I have witnessed have made an impression upon my judgment nothing but death can efface, but it is a subject I never discuss with any one.

Take for instance the case of the letter of King George the third, placed under E.'s foot in the dark, giving occasion to her describing his person, his family, his court, their dress, and inspiring the irresistible inference that the king was speaking to them of the event the letter treated of, viz.: the death of the Princess Amelia, his aunt, in 1775, yet in 1852, 76 years afterwards, when all these persons were dead, E., who knew nothing about any of them, or about the letter, gave a most wonderful picture of the scene. Who can explain this?...

An appointment which I had made, although a failure from the neglect of my correspondent, brought the proof of a well known phase of clairvoyance. It illustrates also the danger of forcing our thoughts and wishes on the sensitive, at the risk of obscuring her lucidity, and vitiating our experiments. An appointment then had been made between an officer of the British army and myself, that at a given hour he should do some unusual act. On the morning of the day, in driving some distance I had assured myself by fancying what my friend, whose habits and feelings I knew intimately, would probably do. It occurred to me that he would put on his wife's bonnet, and the idea became fixed in my mind by a quiet laugh at the oddity of a general in such a guise. I returned in time for the experiment and at the hour agreed upon, questioned the clairvoyant.

Sleep was soon induced, but the somnambule was evidently distressed by what appeared to be a want of lucidity. She hesitated unusually much, stating that she saw him, but that he was only walking about in a large room, chatting and laughing with several gentlemen, and sometimes writing. It was in vain to urge her, as she seemed unable to fix upon any prominent act; but at length her countenance lighted up, and she exclaimed, "Why, he is putting his wife's bonnet on!" I was obliged to be satisfied with this, until I received a letter from my friend, apologizing for forgetting the appointment altogether. He had gone up to town that day, and had spent some hours at the United Service club, talking and writing. By too much questioning and by her desire to succeed, she had mistaken my morning's thought for the reality.

*He thought that he probably had brought down the letter from George III., but was not sure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TONGUES OF FIRE.

BY JULIA SADDLER HOLMES.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire.—Acts ii., 2.

When thou shalt see, says Plethon, the divine fire, which can not be represented under any form, give thanks, and listen to the voice of the fire, which shall give to thee a very true and certain prenotation.

Seeking "a very true and certain notion" of a miraculous fact, we must separate it from the ism, or ology with which it is connected, ascertain its relation to other facts of a similar nature, prove its universality, and then seek its controlling or governing law. To understand, to wisely interpret this unknown tongue of the spirit, we must not only kneel with the apostles in wondering awe under the Pentecostal outpouring, we must stand with Cotton Mather before the rude scaffold at Salem, and ask the martyred witches "why they are sometimes clothed with fire or light upon them, in blasphemous imitation of certain things recorded about our Saviour and the Saints in the Kingdom of God." We must consult the Oracle at Delphi, where the prophetess utters her inspired predictions, giving herself to the divine influence, and "becoming effulgent with rays of light." We must take a peep into the "Mysteries" of Iamblichus, and inquire with the mystic of the fourth century, "If the presence of the fire of the gods, and a certain ineffable species of light externally accede to him who is possessed, what projection of intellect can there be in him who receives a divine fire." We must observe that "In all

initiations and mysteries, the gods exhibit many forms of themselves and appear in a variety of shapes; and sometimes indeed an unfigured light of themselves is hurled forth to the view; sometimes the light is figured according to a human form, and sometimes it proceeds into a different shape."—Proclus in "Plat. Republic." We must ask Proclus how this "unfigured light" differs from the light of Plethon, "which can not be represented under any form." What relation has it to the Elmes fire of the ancient Germans, to the Hermes fire, the Egyptian Phtha or Ra, and Grecian Zeus cataibates, the Zoroastrian sacred fire, the Sidereal light of the Rosicrucians or the Akasa of the Hindoo adept; what relation was this unfigured light of the magician to the astral light of Eliphas Levi, the never aura of the magnetist, the fluid of Mesmer the od force of Von Riechenbach, the Biogen of Elliott Coues, the force of Sergeant Cox, the radiant matter of Prof. Crookes, the atmospheric magnetism of some naturalists and the cosmic ether of modern science. Speaking from the standpoint of a scientist Prof. Coues replies "all these names face in one and the same direction and probably indicate one and the same thing under various aspects and from different points of view." But before we are prepared to consider this light from the scientific standpoint we must examine the different "shapes" which it "proceeds" into.

In the early dawn of history we see these airy shapes flying about in a sort of will-o'-the-wisp dance from one myth to another, until they finally take on a figured form in the twilight of the spiritual circle. We follow them from the Gorgon head and the hats of the Dioscuri to the stars on the helm of Pallas, and the staff of Mercury, from the lightning of Cybele to the burning torch of Apollo, and the fire flame of Pluto; from the burning bush of Moses to the pentecostal tongues of the apostles; from the "fire of the gods" to the varied pyrotechnics of the spiritual science. We must stop here awhile and carefully examine the curious crown presented in "Incidents of My Life," by D. D. Home, the famous modern medium.

During a séance at the house of Mr. S. C. Hall, in London, we find "Mr. Home had now passed into a trance state, and around his head appeared a luminous halo; after short pause, a fiery coronet of starlike points settled upon the head of Mr. Hall. Mr. Home then rose from his chair, complaining of a pressure on his temples; then a fiery crown shaped like a Greek patera, the base fitting on like a scull cap, flashed about his head. Tendrils and outlines of leaves were plainly visible, the leaves being vineshaped, appearing to hang from the edge of the broad patera, while sweet-toned notes were distinctly heard proceeding from it." "The brilliancy of its starlike form had so deeply impressed all present, that they continued to gaze at the place where the beautiful luminous crown had once stood, unable to realize its disappearance." Leaving our English friends to wonder at this lovely mystery, we follow our luminous miracle to the laboratory of the scientist, and ask if there be any known law which will account for its sudden appearance or explain its shape, sound and motion; what similarity or relation has it to the magnetic or electric light; what are the essential facts connected with each class of phenomena? We ask him to let us put them side by side, that by a backward guess from fact to principle, we may arrive at a conjecture or deviation regarding something which lies behind the facts, and from which they flow in necessary sequence. Has the electrician an "unfigured light" which may "proceed" into tongues and stars and flowers? Does the electric or magnetic light ever assume the form of a leaf? Mr. Wilson, in his well known "Essay," assures us that it does. He says "upon rarefying the air within a glass vessel about five hundred times, while at the same time it was rubbed with the hand, a lambent light, variegated with all the colors of the rainbow appeared within the glass under the hand. When more air was let in, the flashing was continual, and streams of bluish light seemed to issue from under the hand, within the glass, in a thousand forms, sometimes it seemed to shoot out into the forms of trees, moss, etc.

Prof. Tyndall, in subjecting the vapors of volatile liquids to the action of concentrated sunlight, or the beam of the electric light, found the vapors forming clouds of gorgeous tints, and assuming shapes of tulips, roses, sunflowers, leaves, etc.

Dr. Priestly placed lighted camphor in a metallic cup and when the cup communicated with the electrified conductor, the camphor threw off numerous ramifications, shooting forth its branches like a vegetable in growth. Supposing our medium's body in the condition of a permanent magnet, or that he is magnetized by induction from the persons about him, would not a flame of this nature possibly appear?

Von Riechenbach asserts that flames issue from all magnets and crystals. "Mlle. Stuman, one of his sensitives, instantly discovered a crystal by its light and described it as somewhat of the form of a tulip; at another time when a hollow spherical electric magnet was used, she compared the whole flame to a loosely bound sheaf of corn, the ears and stems of

which hang over on all sides." Here we discover our underlying truth shooting athwart these tassels of mystery, and find every new branching or subdivision of the subject has only supplied new proofs of the accuracy of our theory, and new guarantees for the unity or consistency of the facts, confirming our first "backward guess" that the medium exhibits effects in common with the earth of which he is made; effects produced by terrestrial magnetism in a soft bar of iron or appearing upon the surface of many electrified substances. Our electrician tells us when electricity is accumulated upon the surface of a body, it tends to escape with a certain force called tension. This electricity is held by the resistance of the surrounding air, but if the tension passes this limit, the electricity escapes with a crackling noise and a brilliant spark. The appearances of this spark depend upon the nature of the surface from whence it issues and toward which it is directed. When it escapes from a pointed body the luminous appearance is that of diverging streams, but when it goes to a point, the light concentrates and assumes the appearance of a star. Dr. Priestly observed a rapid but intermittent succession of sparks attended by a subdued, roaring noise. Here again we catch an echo of that "voice of the fire" we heard "in the beginning" and we wonder if the "subdued roaring noise" ever "proceeds" into "sweet toned notes." In the grand onward march from matter to spirit, we step from the crackling spark of the laboratory to the starry crown of Mr. Hall, and the singing helmet of the medium; from the Spirit which Iamblichus saw "emitting a light accompanied with intelligible harmony" to the "rushing sound" of the Pentacostal tongues. Taking our unknown tongue and this "intelligible harmony" to Dr. Priestly, we find him trying to ascertain the tone of some electric explosions; we observe that every discharge makes several strings to vibrate, but one note is always prominent and sounds after the rest. A jar half a foot square sounds F sharp; one of three feet sounds C below F sharp, while a current of electricity passing through the ear gives rise to bubbling, ringing sounds, and sometimes to distinctly musical tones. We also find that during the sudden magnetization of a bar of iron by means of a current of electricity a sound is emitted, and if the bar be rapidly magnetized and demagnetized by the interruption of the current, a musical sound will be produced. Listening to all these diverse and discordant notes, we seem to trace a single *motif* running through them, rhythmic harmony intelligible to the least attentive ear, an exquisite rainbow of luminous sounds stretching from the tiny crackle of the electric spark through the singing star of the magnetist and the thunder of the Sinai cloud to the farther firmament of a boundless universe, where all the stars sing together in the grand music of the spheres.

Science now assumes that everything in nature has its appropriate sound, color and number in a grand chromatic scale; that one force rules creation, keeping in harmony the systems upon systems of worlds throughout space, the one "unfigured fire" out of which "proceed" sound and color, heat and light, the crystallization of minerals and the marvels of magnetism. She offers us the key-note to a wonderful symphony in her theory of atomic vibration. Experiments in chemistry tend to prove that all so-called simple elements are only various rates of vibration of one principle element. The undulatory theory of light assumes "the space between the celestial bodies is occupied by a kind of imponderable matter, called the ether, and the luminosity of a body is due to a rapid vibratory motion of its molecules, which is propagated in the ether in the form of waves. These waves proceed in all directions from every luminous point, resembling in that respect the waves of sound; the luminous point like that of the origin of sound being the center of the sphere."

From luminous point to luminous point, we come to consider the latest dictum of science that "A beam of light produces sound." A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism so as to produce the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to pass through a glass vessel containing red worsted, green silk, or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum. If the vessel contain red worsted, and the green light flash upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sounds at all. With this simple prism in our hand, in this moment of silence, this interlude of singing crown and resonant rainbow, we step to look at our subject from a new standpoint, a literal point of view. For Mrs. Watts Hughes, a niece of Darwin, in her "Evolution of Tones and Colors" has demonstrated that certain sweet-toned flowers can be seen. That sound waves acting upon a sensitive plate would cause grains of sand to group themselves after certain geometrical figures, varying with the nature of the sound, had been observed, but Mrs. Hughes has carried the idea much further, and de-

clares that by the use of certain notes and combinations of notes she can change the formation of these figures into accurate reproductions of the forms of palms, flowers, and other natural objects. She also asserts she can even trace the poles in sound, the same positive and negative poles Faraday discovered in every atom of light, tending to prove the "backward guess" of our latter day scientists that light, sound, electricity, magnetism and cosmic ether are one or modifications of one force. Science seems to be leading us back in the name of cosmic ether to the Akasa of the ancient wisdom, the underlying "unfigured fire," the basis of harmony and melody throughout nature, whose property is sound, in more modern phraseology, whose characteristics are vibration and rhythm. O voice of the fire, tongue of the Spirit, what can you tell us of the eternal center of life and light, the first great cause out of which we all proceed to put on this frail mortality? What can you tell us of the relation of Spirit to matter? What singing rainbow spans the two worlds? What tongue known or unknown can explain how a thought flashes from mind to mind through the "unfigured fire" of the spiritual spheres? We stand on a bridge of mist, connecting the two worlds, a rainbow of promise, waiting for the coming of that new day, when we shall know as we are known. What pillar of fire will lead us through the borderland of psychological speculation, through od flames and odylic clouds, through vapors which the poet would call the dream of the shadow of smoke to, the new dawn rising upon the world of science. Now we only know that objects which assume the appearance of palpable facts to-day may vanish as meteors to-morrow, while the effort to crystallize into a creed our faith in these mental phantasmagoria is like carving a cathedral from sunset clouds or marshalling an army of fire in the northern lights. Though willing dupes to the pretty fancy, we know that before the light of science the architrave is resolved into mist and the battalions into a stream of electricity.

EMBRYOLOGY.

The following is a report of a very instructive address delivered before the biology section of the British Association at Leeds, England, by Professor A. Milnes Marshall, M. D., F. R. S.

He said that he had selected the development of animals from no desire to extol one particular branch of biological study at the expense of others. His choice was determined by the necessity to keep within reasonable limits the direction and scope of his remarks; and in selecting as the subject matter of his discourse some branch with which his own studies and inclinations had brought him into close relation. Embryology, referred to by the greatest of naturalists as "one of the most important subjects in the whole round of natural history," was still in its youth, but had of late years thriven so mightily that fear had been expressed lest it should absorb unduly the attention of zoologists, or even check the progress of science by diverting interest from other and equally important branches. Nor was the reason of that phenomenal success hard to find. The actual study of the processes of development: the gradual building up of the embryo, and then of the young animal, within the egg; the fashioning of its various parts and organs; the devices for supplying it with food, and for insuring that the respiratory and other interchanges were duly performed at all stages—all these were matters of absorbing interest. Add to these the extraordinary changes which might take place after leaving the egg: the conversion, for instance, of the aquatic gill-breathing tadpole—a true fish as regarded all essential points of its anatomy—into a four-legged frog, devoid of tail, and breathing by lungs; or the history of the metamorphosis by which the sea urchin was gradually built up within the body of its pelagic larva, or the butterfly derived from its grub. Add to these again the far wider interest aroused by comparing the life histories of allied animals, or by tracing the mode of development of a complicated organ—e. g., the eye or the brain—in the various animal groups, from its simplest commencement, through gradually increasing grades of efficiency, up to its most perfect form as seen in the highest animals, and it became easy to understand the fascination which embryology exercised over those who studied it. But all this was of trifling moment compared with the great generalization which told us that the development of animals had a far higher meaning; that the several embryological stages and the order of their occurrence were no mere accidents, but were forced on an animal in accordance with a law, the determination of which ranked as one of the greatest achievements of biological science. The doctrine of descent, or of evolution, taught us that as individuals arose, not spontaneously, but by direct descent from preëxisting animals, so also was it with species, with families, and with larger groups of animals, and so also had it been for all time; that as the animals of succeeding generations were related together, so also were those of successive geologic periods; that all animals, living, or that had lived, were united together

by blood relationship of varying nearness or remoteness; and that every animal now in existence had a pedigree stretching back, not merely for ten or a hundred generations, but through all geologic time since the dawn of life on this globe. The study of development, in its turn had revealed to us that each animal bore the mark of its ancestry, and was compelled to discover its parentage in its own development; that the phases through which an animal passed in its progress from the egg to the adult were no accidental freaks, no mere matters of developmental convenience, but represented more or less closely, in more or less modified manner, the successive ancestral stages through which the present condition had been acquired. Evolution told us that each animal had had a pedigree in the past. Embryology revealed to us this ancestry, because every animal in its own development repeated this history, climbed up its own genealogical tree. Such was the recapitulation theory, hinted at by Agassiz, and suggested more directly in the writings of Von Baer, but first clearly enunciated by Fritz Muller, and since elaborated by many, notably by Balfour and by Ernst Haeckel. It was concerning that theory, which formed the basis of the science of embryology, and which alone justified the extraordinary attention that science had received, that he ventured to address them that morning. Natural selection explained the preservation of useful variations, but would not account for the formation and perpetuation of useless organs; but recapitulation solved the problem at once, showing that those organs, though now useless, must have been of functional value to the ancestors of their present possessors, and that their appearance in the ontogeny of existing forms was due to repetition of ancestral characters. Such rudimentary organs were, as Darwin pointed out, of larger relative or even absolute size in the embryo than in the adult, because the embryo represented the stage in the pedigree in which they were functionally active. Rudimentary organs were extremely common, especially among the higher groups of animals, and their presence and significance were now well understood. Man himself afforded numerous and excellent examples, not merely in his bodily structure, but by his speech, dress, and customs. For the silent letter b in the word doubt, or the w of answer, or the buttons on his elastic side boots were as true examples of rudiments, unintelligible but for their past history, as were the ear muscles he possessed but could not use, or the gill clefts which were functional in fishes and tadpoles, and were present, though useless, in the embryos of all higher vertebrates, which in their early stages the hare and the tortoise alike possessed, and which were shared with them by cats and by kings. Another consideration of the greatest importance arose from the study of the fossil remains of the animals that formerly inhabited the earth. It was the elder Agassiz who first directed attention to the remarkable agreement between the embryonic growth of animals and their palaeontological history. He pointed out the resemblance between certain stages in the growth of young fish and their fossil representatives, and attempted to establish, with regard to fish, a correspondence between their palaeontological sequence and the successive stages of embryonic development. He then extended his observations to other groups, and stated his conclusions in these words: "It may therefore be considered as a general fact, very likely to be more fully illustrated as investigations cover a wider ground, that the phases of development of all living animals correspond to the order of succession of their extinct representatives in past geological times."

This point of view was of the utmost importance. If the development of an animal was really a repetition of its ancestral history, then it was clear that the agreement or parallelism which Agassiz insisted on between the embryological and palaeontological records must hold good. Owing to the attitude which Agassiz subsequently adopted with regard to the theory of natural selection, there was some fear of his services in that respect failing to receive full recognition, and it must not be forgotten that the sentence he had quoted was written prior to the clear enunciation of the recapitulation theory by Fritz Muller. The imperfection of the geological record had been often referred to and lamented. It was very true that our museums afforded us but fragmentary pictures of life in past ages; that the earliest volumes of the history were lost, and that of others but a few torn pages remained to us; but the latter records were in far more satisfactory condition. Although it was undoubtedly true that development was to be regarded as a recapitulation of ancestral phases and that the embryonic history of an animal presented a record of the race history, yet it was also an undoubted fact, recognized by all writers on embryology, that the record so obtained was neither a complete nor a straightforward one. It was indeed a history, but a history of which entire chapters were lost, while in those that remain many pages were misplaced, and others were so blurred as to be illegible; words, sentences, or entire paragraphs were omitted, and, worse still, alterations or

spurious additions had been freely introduced by later hands, and at times so cunningly as to defy detection. A matter which at present was attracting much attention was the question of degeneration. Natural selection, though consistent with and capable of leading to steady upward progress and improvement, by no means involved such progress as a necessary consequence. All it said was that those animals would, in each generation, have the best chance of survival which were most in harmony with their environment, and such animals would not necessarily be those which were ideally the best or most perfect. The survival of a form that was ideally inferior was very possible. To animals living in profound darkness the possession of eyes was of no advantage, and forms devoid of eyes would not merely lose nothing thereby, but would actually gain, inasmuch as they would escape the dangers that might arise from injury to a delicate and complicated organ. In extreme cases, as in animals leading a parasitic existence, the conditions of life might be such as to render locomotor, digestive, sensory, and other organs entirely useless; and in such cases those forms would be best in harmony with their surroundings which avoided the waste of energy resulting from the formation and maintenance of those organs. Animals which had in that way fallen from the high estates of their forefathers, which had lost organs or systems which their progenitors possessed, were commonly called degenerate. The principle of degeneration, recognized by Darwin as a possible and, under certain conditions, a necessary consequence of his theory of natural selection, had been since advocated strongly by Dohrn, and later by Lankester in an evening discourse delivered before the association at the Sheffield meeting in 1879. Both Dohrn and Lankester suggested that degeneration occurred much more widely than was generally recognized. That recapitulation does actually occur, that the several stages in the development of an animal are inseparably linked with and determined by its ancestral history, must be accepted. "To take any other view was to admit that the structure of animals and the history of their development formed a mere snare to entrap our judgment." Embryology, however, was not to be regarded as a master key that was to open the gates of knowledge and remove all obstacles from our path without further trouble on our part; it was rather to be viewed and treated as a delicate and complicated instrument, the proper handling of which required the utmost nicety of balance and adjustment, and which unless employed with the greatest skill and judgment might yield false instead of true results. Embryology was indeed a most powerful and efficient aid, but it would not, and could not, provide us with an immediate and complete answer to the great riddle of life. Complications, distortions, innumerable and bewildering, confronted us at every step, and the progress of knowledge had so far served rather to increase the number and magnitude of these pitfalls rather than to teach us how to avoid them. Still there was no cause for despair—far from it; if our difficulties were increasing, so also were our means of grappling with them; if the goal appeared harder to reach than we thought, on the other hand its position was far better defined, and the means of approach, the lines of attack were more clearly recognized. One thing above all was apparent, that embryologists must not work singlehanded, and must not be satisfied with an acquaintance however exact, with animals from the side of development only; for embryos had this in common with maps, that too close and too exclusive a study of them was apt to disturb a man's reasoning power. Embryology was a means, not an end. Their ambition was to explain in what manner and by what stages the present structure of animals had been attained. Towards this embryology afforded most potent aid; but the eloquent protest of the great anatomist of Heidelberg must be laid to heart, and it must not be forgotten that it was through comparative anatomy that its power to help was derived. What would it profit us, as Gegenbaur justly asked, to know that the higher vertebrates when embryos have slits in their throats, unless through comparative anatomy we were acquainted with forms now existing in which these slits are structures essential to existence? Anatomy defined the goal, told us of the things that had to be explained; embryology offered a means, otherwise denied to us, of attaining it. Comparative anatomy and palaeontology must be studied most earnestly by those who would turn the lessons of embryology to best account, and it must never be forgotten that it was to men like Johannes Müller, Stannius, Cuvier, and John Hunter, the men to whom our exact knowledge of comparative anatomy was due, that we owed also the possibility of a science of embryology.

THE THRILL ALONG THE WIRE.

Below is given a letter from Mr. W. B. Seabrook, copied from the *New York Sun* of October 13th. In a letter to the editor of THE JOURNAL, in response to an inquiry, Mr. Seabrook under date of October 30th,

writes: I assure you that my article in the *New York Sun*, headed "The Thrill Along the Wire," relates nothing but absolute facts. Very strange it all seems, I know, and especially to people who are neither electricians nor practical telegraphers; and yet I would wager my life that in a reasonable time I could furnish a thousand letters from practical telegraphers indorsing every word in the article in question. In fact I have already received a number of unsolicited indorsements from telegraphers all over the country, and some of these have been forwarded to the *Sun* at the request of the editors, who may decide to publish them. The article has attracted widespread attention and has kept me busy since its appearance.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *SUN*.—Sir: I am not a scientific man. I have never studied physiology. I know little of the theoretical science of electricity. Notwithstanding the last confession I am a telegraph operator, and have been one for the last eighteen years.

What I have undertaken to do is simply to make a plain, unvarnished statement of certain facts growing out of my knowledge of practical telegraphy which appear to me remarkable—almost incredible—and to ask an explanation of them.

Early in my experience as a telegrapher I came to notice that, at certain periods, a peculiar and unaccountable delight accompanied the performance of my work; while, generally speaking, it was irksome enough to me, a young operator. So frequently and so suddenly did these remarkable transitions from labor to delight take place that I began to ask myself for an explanation of the mystery. The most plausible theory appeared to be either that I was feeling particularly well when I found my work a source of so much pleasure, and the contrary when it became irksome; or that all depended upon the efficiency or deficiency of the operator at the other end of the wire. But soon the first hypothesis was proven to be false, and not long afterward the falsity of the second was also established.

One day I lay on a cot in my office, ill with country fever. Hearing the office call, I staggered to the instrument and answered. The effort almost caused me to faint. My pulse bounded, and my head throbbed with acute pain. But, to my utter astonishment, I felt wonderfully better the instant I began receiving the message. I was even tempted, after taking the train order, to send off half a dozen messages, accumulated since morning, and which had not been transmitted because of my illness; but again, to my amazement, I had no sooner touched the key than I became utterly incapacitated. My head throbbed worse than ever, and again I felt myself about to faint. Thus vanished my first theory.

Not long after the incident just related, I discovered these facts: First, it invariably filled me with delight to receive from that particular operator whose "Morse" had temporarily cured me of the fever; but to send to him or to any other operator, was to experience only a uniform amount of labor, diminished or increased by ordinary circumstances.

Secondly, the operator in question was by no means a good one. In fact he was quite new to the business, and was what is known as a "plug." As compared with older and better telegraphers on the same circuit, his writing was abominable. He sent viciously fast, did no spacing, formed his letters badly, and lacked that firmness and steadiness of stroke so essential in careful and intelligent work. Thus I, in common with all who worked with him, was obliged to guess at much that he sent, while it never failed to put me to my trumps to keep up with his lightning speed.

And yet, there invariably came over me that sense of dreamy pleasure so delightful, so strange, so opposed to every attendant condition or circumstance, whenever it became my fortune to receive him. And so vanished my second theory.

One day I said to him, over the wire, "It always makes me glad to take you."

"Do you mean it?" said he.

I answered affirmatively.

"The more am I pleased," he replied, "since all the others curse me. And do you know," he continued, "that I find a peculiar and unaccountable pleasure in taking from you? I have been on the point of telling you so more than once."

That night I wrote to him, describing my feelings when receiving from him, and asking an exchange of confidence. In his reply, which was promptly received, he said: "When you are sending I tingle all over. It is as if I were electrified."

Some fifteen years have passed since then, and I have during that time worked in many offices and with hundreds of operators. I have learned that my early friend, "the plug," is not the only man, by many, whom it has "made me glad to take." Whenever I experience that subtle sensation of pleasure and stimulus it is while receiving, never while sending, and from

an operator who invariably feels a corresponding sensation while receiving from me.

I began by confessing that I had no theory or theories to offer in explanation of the facts stated above, but I may be permitted to ask of better informed physiologists and psychologists two questions: Is that affinity which attracts people to each other and instantaneously makes friends of them, causing them to thrill with pleasure whenever their hands clasp and they look each other in the eye, due in any degree to the presence of an abnormal quantity of electricity in their respective bodies? Is it possible under these circumstances for one individual to communicate to another all of those influences which his presence and contact with him would inspire, over a telegraph wire any distance in length, by means of a key whose handle or knob is insulated, and while the person absorbing those mysterious influences is removed from contact with the wire transmitting them?

It is evident to those who have thus far followed me that I, at least, would answer the latter interrogatory in the affirmative. To do otherwise would be to doubt the evidence of my own senses.

If the editor of *The Sun* should desire it, I will, without loss of time, furnish him with any reasonable number of affidavits tending to prove the absolute truthfulness of every statement above made, and these affidavits shall be collected from old, experienced, trustworthy, and well known telegraph operators.—*New York Sun*, Oct. 13, 1890.

THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—molding, governing and emancipating them? Taking things as they seem, nobody knows that death stays—nor why it should stay—the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it in another; but so does distance, absence, or even sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we can not here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized society and a governed, multifarious state. Where does nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty-odd elements? Are we free to spread over the face of this little earth, and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it? Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them, as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life, and not the space? What does nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here, than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover, and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be utterly lost by a quinsy, or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them groundwork and stuff for splendid farther living, by process of death; which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom, it may well be, the new born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrations awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guiding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad lids to "a light that never was on sea or land"; and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery.—*Edwin Arnold*.

In an article on the "Origin of Music," in the November *Popular Science Monthly*, Herbert Spencer says: The hypothesis that music had its origin in the amatory sounds made by the male to charm the female, has the support of the popular idea that the singing of birds constitutes a kind of courtship—an idea adopted by Mr. Darwin when he says that "the male pours forth his full volume of song in rivalry with other males, for the sake of captivating the female." Usually Mr. Darwin does not accept without criticism and verification the beliefs he finds current; but in this case he seems to have done so. Even cursory observation suffices to dissipate this belief, initiated, I suppose, by poets. . . . What then is the true interpretation? Simply that like the whistling and humming of tunes by boys and men, the singing of birds results from overflow of energy—an overflow which in both cases ceases under depressing conditions. The relation between courtship and singing, so far as it can be shown to hold, is not a relation of cause and effect, but a relation of concomitance; the two are simultaneous results of the same cause.



MY BOY STILL.

Do you think I've forgotten the day
I carried him at my breast?
Many fair children I've loved since then,
But I think that I loved him best.
For he was our first-born child, John,
And I have not the heart, or will,
To love him less; whatever may come
He's my boy still!

I remember when he was a little lad,
How he used to climb on my knee;
How proud we were of his beauty,
Of his wit and his mimicry.
And I know quite well he's a man now,
With a wild and a stubborn will;
But whatever he is to you, John,
He's my boy still!

He was just like sunshine about the house,
In the days of his happy youth;
You know we said that with all his faults
He had courage and love and truth.
And though he has wandered far away,
I'd rather you say no ill;
He is sure to come back to his mother;
He's my boy still.

I know there was never a kinder heart,
And I can remember to-day
How often he went with me apart
And knelt at my knee to pray.
And the man will do as the boy did,
Sooner or later he will;
The Bible is warrant for that; so
He's my boy still.

A mother can feel where she can't see,
She is wiser than any sage;
My boy was trained in the good old way,
I shall certainly get my wage.
And though he has wandered far away,
And followed his wayward will,
I know whatever, wherever he is,
He's my boy still!

—Indianapolis News.

Saturday, November 1st, was a red letter day for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago. The corner stone of the Woman's Temple was laid in the presence of an immense crowd of people. It was the largest ever laid in Chicago. It is seven feet square, three feet thick, and weighs ten tons. It stands on the corner of Monroe and LaSalle streets. Part of the LaSalle street face has been polished and in the surface this will be chiseled:

"FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND, 1890."

The Temple is to be thirteen stories high and will cost over one million of dollars. To the energy and determination of Mrs. Matilda B. Carse more than any other one woman is the success of the work due. Mrs. Carse has had efficient co-workers, but from some from whom she had a right to expect cooperation she has met bitter opposition. An elaborate programme was carried out. Over two thousand children sung "Rise, Temple, Rise!"

Upward thro' the sunny air,
Rise, Temple, rise!
Brick, and stone, and timber fair,
Rise, Temple, rise!
Walls so grand and doors so wide,
Rise, Temple, rise!
We are coming side by side,
Rise, Temple, rise!
Little eyes will watch you grow,
Rise, Temple, rise!
You'll be built for us, you know,
Rise, Temple, rise!
You will grow for temperance, too,
Rise, Temple, rise!
Grow for all things pure and true,
Rise, Temple, rise!

Miss Frances Willard made a long speech, which we should be glad to reproduce here if space permitted. She paid a gentle tribute to Mrs. Carse. It was the sorrow in a woman's home and her heart-broken appeal that nerved the arm of prohibition's greatest champion. Sixteen years ago she was living quietly among us, the wealthy widow of a leading railroad official, who died in Paris in 1870, whither he had gone with her, seeking to restore his wasting health. She had three sons then, of whom the youngest, little Tommy, was lame, and went about on crutches. He was a beautiful child, of great intelligence, and the pride of his mother's heart. One afternoon while she was absent visiting his father's grave at Rosehill Cemetery, this little one ventured beyond the sidewalk in

his play; a huge brewery wagon, heavily loaded, and whose driver was stupid with beer, ran over the helpless little fellow, and when his mother came home she found him dead. Then and there, not out of personal animosity (for she never knew who crushed the life out of her happy boy), but because of the mother-love of that great, grieved heart, she took a solemn vow to dedicate her life to the cause of temperance, to the safety of our streets and homes; so the work of these sixteen years has been made solemnly significant by her pathetic motherliness of mood and purpose, even as the perfume of the sandal tree comes forth most sweet when the ax has laid it low.

Mrs. Carse gave a brief history of the work. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized in Chicago in 1874. Soon thereafter it commenced holding a daily 3 o'clock prayer meeting in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, then known as Lower Farwell Hall. For almost nine years these meetings were kept up by the W. C. T. U., and through their influence thousands of intemperate men were saved and started in the Christian life.

The room was finally denied them, and then, said Mrs. Carse, I went to our national president, Miss Frances E. Willard, and told her of the pattern the Lord had given me of a new Temple for the twentieth century. That I had heard his voice saying to the temperance women of the nation, "The set time has come, arise and build." She entered heartily into the plan, and the first article on the Temple ever written for publication was written by her in the *Union Signal* of July 22, 1887, and about ten days after the Woman's Temperance Building Association had become incorporated, the purpose being the erection of a national building for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

At the national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held at Nashville, Tenn., November, 1887, the plan was presented to that body for its acceptance. It caused great enthusiasm and was heartily indorsed.

The financial plan of the building is as follows: The Temple will cost \$1,100,000. Of this amount \$600,000 has been raised in stock. It is to be bonded for \$600,000 more, allowing a surplus of \$100,000 for necessary expenses which will accrue before rentals are due. The stock has been subscribed by those favorable to the cause of temperance who are willing to accept five per cent. for the use of their money, allowing the W. C. T. U. the privilege of buying back the stock at par in five years, or within twelve years.

The lot on which the Temple is built has a frontage of 190 feet on LaSalle street by 96 feet on Monroe. It is owned by Marshall Field, and is worth at a low estimate \$1,000,000. They have leased it from him for 200 years, without revaluation, at a rental of \$40,000 a year. Mr. Field charges no rent for the first year and a half from the time their option on the lot commenced.

It is to be thirteen stories high, and will be used as an office building, with the exception of the rooms set apart as headquarters of the national, state and city organizations, and a hall on the first floor to be called "Willard Hall" in honor of the beloved leader and president, Miss Willard.

It is to be hoped that in five years the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will come into full possession of their temple. They have already given and pledged in gifts to the building fund about \$200,000, and money and pledges are coming in daily with increased rapidity. The National W. C. T. U. already owns a large block of the stock, with a membership of 200,000 among women and 200,000 children in its Loyal Temperance Legions. The entire amount which the building costs might soon be raised.

The Boston woman reporter is apt to be a peculiar study. When she is sent to report a lecture she enters the hall and walks up to the reporters' tables with a quiet and modest grace. From the depths of a reticule she brings forth a quantity of nice white paper, at least half a dozen pencils pointed at both ends, and lastly a bag of candy. This is her equipment for the fray: Her confrere of the other sex probably sits opposite her writing with a stubby pencil upon the back of an old envelope, and trying to look miserable at the bag of candy. When the speaker comes forward she joins the audience in giving him a rousing reception, clapping as vigorously as any one. She smiles or laughs at his jokes, looks pathetic when the speaker's words demand it, and nods approvingly when a point is well taken. She writes busily all the time,

too. When the address is finished she gives her share of the applause and then quietly stows away her implements of war and departs.—*Boston Record*.

The *Critic's* ballot for the "twenty immortelles" of American literature has been closed and the following ladies have been named for immortality, the respective number of votes received by each being indicated by the position of her name: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Cradock), Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Mapes Dodge, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Edith M. Thomas, Margaret Deland, Adeline D. T. Whitney, Celia Thaxter, Amelia E. Barr, Lucy Larcom, Rose Terry Cooke, Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), Harriet Prescott Spofford, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mary E. Wilkins, Blanche Willis Howard Teufel, Frances E. Willard was one of the next twenty, with fifty-six votes, midway between Marion Harland and Harriet W. Preston.

THE DAGG MYSTERY.

TO THE EDITOR: Presuming that there are those of your readers who were sufficiently interested in the spirit manifestations in the home of Mr. George Dagg, sometime ago, to be curious enough to know whether or not the mystery had been ever cleared up, and why the manifestations came to such an abrupt ending, I send the following report by Mr. Grant, Principal of the Brockville Public School, which shows plainly that although a year has passed, the mystery is as much a mystery to those who witnessed the phenomena as ever.

That there has been no repetition of the manifestations is accounted for by the fact that Dina McLean, the little Scotch orphan girl, who was supposed to be the medium, was taken away immediately after by the manager of the Orphan's Home of Brockville, Mr. Burgess, and for some reasons best known to that gentleman has been kept in absolute seclusion, not even allowing the physician of the Home, Dr. Jackson, to see her, although he made repeated efforts to do so.

Mr. Hodgson, of the Psychical Research Society, wrote several times begging in the interest of science to be allowed to experiment with the child, but without avail.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Burgess, instead of being interested in having the marvel explained, came out publicly and declared point blank, that there was not any truth to my report. Afterwards while in conversation with two gentlemen of this town, he confessed that he believed it to be the work of spirits, but that the devil was at the bottom of it, giving as an excuse for denying it, that the Home being dependent on charitable contributions would suffer if it became known that he believed in it. This may be tact on his part, but I would prefer to give it another name.

I may say for the benefit of the skeptical, that Mr. Grant is a thoroughly practical man, and a strict Presbyterian, and consequently cannot be accused of being a Spiritualist.

PERCY WOODCOCK.

BROCKVILLE, Oct. 20th, 1890.

PERCY WOODCOCK, Esq.,—Dear Sir: In compliance with your request I herewith send you enclosed an account of my recent visit to the scene of the now celebrated Dagg Mystery. I went fully determined to find out, as far as possible, how the neighbors, who had ample opportunity to witness the manifestations, now look on the whole matter since the excitement has had time to die out. I was particularly interested in it, as I had a few years ago lived among those people, and knew them intimately and knew to whom I could apply to get a fair and unbiased statement of the whole case. I began my inquiries at about ten miles distant from the scene, and there found all disposed to look on it as a cunning fraud got up for the purpose of attracting attention, and country popularity. On being questioned as to their grounds for so believing, the invariable answer was "Dinah was a ventriloquist, and Mrs. Dagg her cunning accomplice." On being farther asked, did you visit the place during the time these things were going on? the answer was always, "No, but some one told me so, and I believe it." This was of course not at all satisfactory to me, though it seemed to satisfy them well enough. I felt like saying to myself, —It may be all perfectly true for aught they know.

When I had come within a few miles of the place, I made careful inquiry as to the reputation of the Dagg family for veracity,

and found that, without a single exception, their character was above suspicion, and what surprised me not a little was that no one there felt at all disposed to blame either Dinah or Mrs. Dagg for any share in the strange doings about their house. All who had taken pains to investigate for themselves, and refused to receive anything on the testimony of another, were fully satisfied that all the strange doings were due to some invisible agency. What that agency was they did not, of course, presume to conjecture. Coming then to the immediate neighborhood, I called on Mr. Alex. Smart, a man of no doubted veracity, who during the last year represented the township in the county council, and found him, as one might expect, deeply interested in the matter. He had spent several evenings there; had conversed with the invisible, and searched the building, but failed to find any cause to believe there was a fraud being practiced, and came away utterly at a loss to explain how it was all done. He was not very well satisfied with some of the answers given by the invisible, as he had hoped that he could get answers to anything he might ask. In this however, he was disappointed, as the knowledge of the invisible seemed limited. I next called on Mr. Wm. Stark, an old man than whom none stands higher in the whole country as a thoroughly reliable man, and found that he had decided that the invisible was a messenger of Satan, who had been permitted to tempt the Dagg family just as Satan himself had been allowed to tempt Job long ago. I then called on Mr. Arthur Smart, who figures so prominently in your own narrative, and found that he was willing fully to corroborate all that you have written, and, if necessary, to attest to its truthfulness on oath. He said, he was a very unwilling witness, and had spent many days and nights trying to unravel the mystery, and was still as much at a loss as ever to account for the many strange things he had heard and seen. I can assure you I attach considerable importance to his testimony, for I have known him for many years, and never heard him even accused of either falsehood or superstition, but on the contrary, his name was a synonym for all that is upright, honorable and reliable. On being asked to state what he had seen, or heard for himself, he said he had not seen anything actually moving from place to place, but had abundant proof to satisfy him that things were done in his presence which could only be accounted for on the supposition, that an unseen agent was at work. He sat in front of a little cupboard, at a distance of not more than four or five feet. He sat directly facing it, and saw Mrs. Dagg put in two pans full of bread which she had just taken from the oven. After so doing she took a pail and went out to milk, while he continued to sit facing the cupboard. In about ten minutes Mrs. Dagg in coming in with her milk found one of the pans full of bread out in the back kitchen, and on expressing her surprise he opened the cupboard, and found only one there. This, he said, was the first thing that fairly staggered his unbelief of the presence of the invisible. As Mr. Dagg was often away from home following his thrashing machine, Mr. Smart was frequently called in to stay with the family at night, as they were afraid to stay alone. On one of these occasions, while they were sitting around the stove in the evening, a match was heard falling on the floor, which was uncarpeted, then another and another, and this continued till the floor of the room was pretty well covered. Mr. Smart watched with all the care possible to see if he could see the matches leaving the safe, which hung against the wall, but failed to see them, nor could he see them till within a few inches of the floor. After the shower was over he examined the safe, and found it empty. He then proceeded to gather up the matches, and got enough to fill the safe. These, and many similar things he told me with all the fervor and earnestness of one stating a solemn fact.

Having completed my inquiries at Mr. Smart's, he volunteered to accompany me to the residence of Mr. Dagg. On arriving at the celebrated spot, we found Mrs. Dagg sitting by the stove nursing her child. I at once entered into conversation with her on various topics, and found her a woman well informed on current events. I would rank her in point of intelligence rather above the average of those in her station. On coming to the purpose of our visit, I found her willing to talk, but not at all anxious. When I put the question that had frequently been put, i. e., "Did you ever see anything actually moving from place to place?" the answer was pronounced, given, "Yes, often, quite often." I then said,

"tell me some of the most remarkable." She said, one day after dinner "I and Dinah were standing at the window on the side of the room opposite to where the dining table stands, when we saw it slowly turning over towards her till it fell on its side. It then made a second turn and lay with its legs pointing to the ceiling." This occurred at about one o'clock p. m. on a clear, sunny day, when no one was near except herself and family. I examined the table carefully. It was about eight feet long and three and one half feet wide, and a very heavy, strongly built table. She told me many other things which were equally surprising, and inexplicable; and told them in such a way as to satisfy me that if a deception had been practiced she had no share in it. I remarked in a jesting way that these things had advertised the family so well that they would be known wherever they went. She answered with tears in her eyes that she knew that, and that was all she was sorry about. She said she was sorry to find people so much disposed to warp the facts, and to blame her. If they would only tell the truth she would not care.

I went, like many others, hoping to find a clue to unravel the mystery, but came away more at sea than ever, and fully satisfied that unless the Spiritualists can explain it no others can.

Yours Sincerely,

ROBT. GRANT, Teacher.

WHO ARE CHRISTIANS?

I have often been asked as to whether I called myself a Christian. And I have frequently replied, "Find me six clear-thinking men who will agree on a definition of Christianity, and I will tell you whether I am what they call a Christian or not." The diversity of opinion as to what is fundamental and essential in Christianity was well illustrated in the *Christian Register* symposium on the subject two or three years ago. The answers ranged over an area as wide as that which is commonly covered by the word "religion" itself.

In order, then, to find out where we really are, we need to go back a little, and trace Christianity through some of its principal phases, until we reach our present point of view.

It will be well for us always to remember that the thing existed before the name, and so without the name. And it ought to be superfluous to add that it is more important than the name. "The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch," and this was some years after the death of Jesus.

And what, now, was the difference between a Christian and a Jew at that particular time? It involved no question of the fall of man, or of the trinity, or of the virgin birth of Jesus, or of total depravity, or of the validity of sacraments, or of the authority of either book or church. The Jew was looking for a coming Messiah; the Christian believed he had come, and that Jesus was he. That was all. That made a Jew a Christian. The converted Saul of Tarsus makes the burden of his preaching to the Jews, still unconvinced, the assertion that "this is the very Christ;" or, in other words, this Jesus is really the Messiah.

When the church of Rome gained its great ascendancy, and had compelled the well-nigh general acceptance of its claim to be "the church," to be a Christian meant to be an obedient member of its communion.

From the time of Constantine on to the present day, in the speech of any of the great pagan nations, a Christian is any inhabitant of Christendom, and that without any regard to belief or conduct.

When the great protestant revolution had been achieved, to one who accepted its principles a Christian was one who held the Bible to be the one authority in religion. Rome, the one fountain of light and life up to that time, was now become anti-christ.

During this period there were men like Socinus and Servetus—men that the modern world delights to honor—who were anathematized by both Romanist and protestant. And yet they would have been hailed as fellow-Christians and fellow-workers by Paul and the early fathers.

Another use of the word "Christian" is as applied to certain virtues, as "Christian charity." Many virtues so named did not originate with Christianity, and are not peculiar to it. And yet it is true that Christianity has so emphasized certain qualities as to make it appropriate for them to wear her label. Just as a certain type of patient endurance is rightly enough named "Stoical," though it may be found where the Stoic system was never heard of.

When I was a boy, and in the village where I lived, the word "Christian" was

almost exclusively applied to church members. If one became "converted" and joined the church, he was spoken of as having "become a Christian."

But I noticed, even then, a curious inconsistency. My mother was devoutly "orthodox." But one of her intimate and life-long friends was a lady who was a Universalist. She was never converted; she never became a church member. And yet more than once I have heard my mother say, "Mrs. W. is a Christian, if there ever was one." What she meant was that she was a thoroughly good woman.

If I remember correctly, in the *Christian Register* symposium, to which I have already referred, Dr. Bartol said that Christianity was essentially "love to God and man." But love to God and man is older than Christianity. And, in view of definitions like this, well might Nathan the wise say, "What makes of me a Christian in your eyes makes you to me a Jew."

Another says, A Christian is a follower of Jesus. But how? It is to be feared that this, too, is a definition that does not define.

If we are to stick to words, then a Christian is one who believes that Jesus was the Christ or the Messiah. But in what sense? The Jewish or some one of a dozen others?

Without stopping to choose among all these varieties of thought, I hasten to say that there is one sense in which we all are Christians, without having chosen it or being able to help ourselves. We are all on that great historic stream of life, thought, sentiment, tendency, that is called Christendom. It has colored both our feeling and our thinking, and given us our point of view. We may not be able to analyze it, and tell how much came from Greece, how much from Rome, how much from Palestine, how much from the conquered and absorbed races, how much from science, and what we vaguely call civilization. But, in some true and real sense, it is all Christendom; and it is far different from what it would have been had Jesus not lived and had his ideal not so dominated the last nineteen centuries.

One thing, then, is clear,—is it not?—and that is that the word "Christian" is not precise and definite enough in its meaning to give the inquirer any assurance as to the point of view, outlook, or purposes of him who may pass under that name. Directly opposite, squarely contradictory views as to the nature of God, the origin and nature of man, the origin and purpose of the universe, the nature and office of Jesus, the final outcome of things,—all these equally label themselves "Christian."

—From an address by M. J. Savage.

A DREAM LEADS TO FINDING A BODY.

The following is taken from the *Springfield Republican*:

WEST WARREN, Wednesday evening, Oct. 22.—The body of little Delia Quintal has at last been found, and the terrible agony of 48 hours' duration has ended. It was thought yesterday that if the body was in the river it could not be recovered until the water had been drawn down, but this forenoon about 9 o'clock a Frenchman named Felix Mosseau went to Mr. Quintal and said that he had dreamed during the night where the body lay, and that he would find it before noon. Taking a barrel he knocked out both heads, and getting into a boat was rowed to the spot where he thought he had seen the child, then putting the barrel down into the water at the end of the boat, he leaned over it, and covering his head with a sheet, was rowed around for about half an hour, when he discovered the body, with the chin resting on a stone, in the still water of a large bend made by the river as it runs by the end of No. 4 mill. This proves conclusively that Delia must have slipped from the plank in attempting to cross the brook and was swept down into the river by the current.

This place had been dragged with grappling hooks Monday and Tuesday, and there are marks on the underclothing showing where the grappling hooks had caught hold, but had torn out without raising the body; there are also scratches on the legs evidently caused by the hooks. On the top of the head, a little to one side, is a large bruise, which was probably made when she fell into the brook. The body was at first placed on the bank when it was taken out of the water, to await the arrival of Coroner Hodgkins of East Brookfield, but it was afterward carried to the parents' home where the inquest was held and a verdict of accidental drowning was rendered. There is no indication of fright

in the expression of the face or anything to show that for a moment little Delia realized her fate, and at first glance one would think the child asleep. When the body was taken to the house, and Mrs. Quintal realized that the terrible suspense as to the fate of her daughter was over, her self-control gave way, and it was necessary to call a physician to quiet her, but after a little rest she will come out all right. The funeral services will be held at the house to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

J. B. B., of Holyoke, Mass., who sent to THE JOURNAL the clipping copied above, accompanied it with these remarks: The spirit of Mosseau saw the place. Neither the child nor any spirit out of the body told him. He was rowed to the spot where he thought he saw the child. You know that I feel sure I can travel through sleep, in which I see things that my normal self can not see.



MRS. A. LEAH UNDERHILL.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

Born in western New York, about sixty-five years ago, the oldest daughter of excellent parents, (John and Margaret Fox,) the year 1848, the advent of modern Spiritualism, at the home of the Fox family in Hydesville, found Leah in Rochester busily occupied as a music teacher. Going home to visit, and to learn of the strange things occurring there, she soon found that she shared the strange power of mediumship with others in the household, signs and wonders of spirit presence coming to and through her in most remarkable ways.

Then followed years of travel, of persecution and abuse, of success and enjoyment also. The task of mediumship, taken up unwillingly, went on far over the land, and great interest was awakened, many excellent and eminent persons becoming her friends, and their friendship being life long.

Then came, over thirty-five years ago, her marriage to Mr. Underhill, a man of large heart, and well known honor and integrity in his business life, for whom her widely feeling is well expressed in her dedication of her book: "The Missing Link" in 1885: "To my husband, Daniel Underhill, who, before I had other claims than those of truth and right, nobly sustained me when other friends wavered, this narrative is dedicated, not less gratefully than lovingly."

After this marriage she ceased to be a public medium, needing rest, and seeking quiet, but has readily given sittings, in private, to her friends, and to their friends when fully introduced, with proofs of the presence of their spirit friends varied and satisfactory, her integrity unquestioned, her extraordinary gifts a source of joy and comfort to many. Hundreds of these sittings have been given freely in that home, the really best, and often the most distinguished persons being present. Hours never to be forgotten are those in which uplifting spirit messages have come there to my wife and myself, unexpected and spontaneous, often at the breakfast table, and always full of interest.

For more than forty years I have known Mrs. Underhill, our friendship always pleasant and growing deeper with the passing seasons. She was earnest, warm-hearted, and impulsive, in the depths of her spirit tender and true, large-souled and strong and generous.

Her kind hospitality has been shared by many; her home was a refuge for the unfortunate and the weary, its air full of cheer and help. She never swerved from her frank fidelity to Spiritualism and always had a pitying contempt for all sham and shallowness touching this matter—very great and sacred to her. One of the remarkable and excellent and widely known women of our age has closed a useful life on earth.

Her husband, infirm in health, and a dutiful and pure-souled daughter, are left in the home, around which the spirit of the departed will linger with affectionate tenderness.

DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 4th, 1890.

TO THE EDITOR: The obsequies of Mrs. A. Leah Underhill, (the eldest of the Fox sisters) took place last evening, 4th inst., at her late residence, 232 West 37th street, N. Y., where she had made her home for more than thirty years.

Mrs. Helen T. Brigham's touching invocation, and heartfelt discourse, was listened to by an assemblage of relatives and friends which entirely filled the spacious parlors and adjoining rooms. Emblematic of her life, at the head of the casket which contained her earthly remains, was a large and beautiful cross and crown of flowers, from her husband.

Mrs. Underhill's long pilgrimage through life has been continually marked by the most generous and kindly acts toward the weary and friendless. To make others happy seemed to be her greatest aim. The poor and needy were never turned from her hospitable door empty handed, and her great sympathetic heart constantly went out toward the down-trodden children of earth. As a Spiritualist she remained steadfast and firm in her faith to the end. Her mottoes were "Live up to your highest life," "Listen to the small voice within," "Worship where your conscience (not pride) leads you, and you need not fear to meet your God." Mrs. Underhill, in her many labors of love, was heartily seconded by her noble and generous husband. She was laid to rest on Wednesday the 5th inst. in Greenwood Cemetery, by the side of her sainted mother whom she loved so well. Many relatives and friends of the family accompanied the remains to Greenwood. She will be greatly missed in her home, and by a large circle of devoted friends.

J. JAY WATSON.

255 West 43d St. N. Y., Nov. 5th, 1890.

MR. GILL CRITICIZED.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of Oct. 11, page 309, I find an article from Mr. Gill on the "Limitations of the Law of Conservation of Energy." Can there be anything more superficial than Mr. Gill's proposed experiment of putting a fine gold watch in one crucible and some crude metals of the same kind in another over a fire and watch the result. Behold, the fire "does not recognize any difference between them," and "all the special energy expended on the watch is absolutely annihilated. What a conclusion! Mr. Gill himself says, perhaps inadvertently, that the energy on the watch was already expended." What then did he expect the fire to find there different from what it would find in so much old brass and gold? Suppose it took a hundred horse-power engine and one hundred men five minutes to make that watch. Does he expect that watch to deliver one hundred-horse-power for 5 minutes after it is done? He also finds it inconsistent with the law of conservation of energy that "the noblest pictures ever painted will burn as readily as any old greasy rag." If it took a man three years to paint a picture, does he—Mr. Gill—expect that picture to give forth one man power for three years after it is done? Mr. Gill evidently does not understand the law of conservation of energy, or else he would not expect "expended" energy to do work or to manifest itself in any manner whatever. In another place Mr. Gill says that "Gravity is therefore the absolute creator, apparently, of all the imponderable forces." In other words gravity creates heat, light, and electricity from and out of nothing. If this is so, why employ steam engines to run our dynamos? Why not let gravity do so, or let it create electricity some other way? This would certainly be a great boon to humanity. But will Mr. Gill please point out what part gravity plays in the production of the electric arc, either by battery or dynamo? Does not the chemical action of the battery as well as the fire which generates the steam which drives the engine which runs the dynamo act in direct opposition to gravity? Mr. Gill evidently is not aware of the fact that all the imponderable forces which we call into action artificially are drawn from the general storehouse of nature, the constant quantity of energy of which never either increases or diminishes, at least not by anything we may do. If we want electricity we draw it from the metals of the battery or from the coal of the fire. In both cases we obtain it from the earth. The electric machine also takes its electricity from the earth by means of friction. We simply convert our energy which we obtained from the earth through the vegetable and animal kingdoms into friction or heat, it in turn is converted into electricity by proper appliances, and this in turn is converted back into heat, either by sparks, or lights or friction—mechanical work—and this heat again passes back to the earth from whence it came. Neither man, God, or gravity can create any force or energy. It can only be concentrated. And it can only be made to do work by being allowed to escape by a rather circuitous route back to the common storehouse

from whence it came. If it escapes by a natural channel, then it is wasted, but not annihilated. For it passes back to the earth from whence it was taken. In the case of the painting the energy obtained by the painter from the earth, by means of food, was expended in mixing the paints, handling the brushes and carrying the paint to the canvas, all of which was done in opposition to gravity. Gravity had nothing to do with it. It was expended in heat or friction. And after having thus expended it passed back to the common storehouse, the earth. So with the watch. The coal which drove the machinery which made the watch was taken from the earth. The energy stored up within it was extracted and concentrated in the steam boiler, whence it was allowed to escape through the engine after having done its work, and what energy remained in the exhaust steam was wasted indeed, but it was imparted to the surrounding atmosphere which is part of the earth, by increasing the velocity of its atoms and hence was expended in heat. And the machinery which made the watch expended the energy imparted to it by turning, drilling etc., where it was needed, and hence was turned into friction or heat, which passed back to the earth from whence it came. And hence comes it, that the fire did not find any more energy stored up in the watch than in so much old brass and steel. So with the "unused cabbage, fruit and grain." The energy which they contain was taken from the earth and the sun. If they are used as food, a portion of that energy passes over into the animal body which assimilates them, the rest return to the earth. If they are not so used, then their energy returns to the earth when they rot and disintegrate, and the spiritual germs return to the spirit world from whence they came. There is no such thing as pure creation, nor any such thing as annihilation, all is simply a change, mere concentration and dispersion. There is a certain amount of energy in space. This energy manifests itself by means of motion. And gravity, which Mr. Gill assumes to be the cause of all motion, is in fact the result of atomical motion, as I can prove to a mathematical demonstration. And heat, light, electricity and magnetism or attraction are all the necessary accompaniment of atomical motion. Each atom possesses its *quota* of each. An increase of velocity increases its heat, light and electricity at the expense of its attraction. As the attraction increases, the other energies diminish. Or rather, as imponderable energies are diminished by dissipation or radiation, attraction increases, and thus a proper equilibrium is maintained between all the force. Nothing is created, nothing annihilated. I have the most unbounded faith in the impartiality and uniformity of the execution of nature's laws and principles; and I defy any one to point out and thoroughly prove one single exception to any of them. All apparent exceptions are such because of our ignorance.

HERMANN FASCHER.
ST. GEORGE, UTAH.

Of Samuel Saylor, of Newton, Kansas, who passed to spirit-life very recently, the *Newton Republican* says: "Probably there was not a man in Newton who had more friends or whose death would cause more general mourning. As an old soldier and a prominent member of Masonic orders his absence from their gatherings will be sadly noted. In his family he was ever a kind husband and indulgent, tender father. Of decided principles and a sanguine temperament, he was honest and upright, self-sacrificing, given to laudation rather than faultfinding, and sincerely devoted to his friends. He was partial to poetry, scientific and historical literature, and was always called on in the lodge room when a good speech was needed. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism. Sympathy is of little avail in softening the grief caused by death, but such comfort as it can give is vouchsafed to the widow and orphans." Mrs. A. M. Munger writes: He took a prominent part in all our spiritual gatherings and we shall miss—every one here will miss him.

A Michigan subscriber writes: "Charles H. Barnes claims that Col. Bundy of Chicago has tested his mediumship publicly and in private and found him genuine," and desires to know whether Barnes tells

the truth. There is not the shadow of truth in Barnes's statement. The young man is one of a class of lazy and characterless individuals who find it vastly easier and more agreeable to bunglingly juggle for the delight of the confiding and incompetent than to earn an honest living. Somebody will likely read this who thinks Barnes has proved his mediumship in his particular case, and will henceforth denounce THE JOURNAL, but that will not deter us from telling the truth, any more than have similar cases in the past.

THE JOURNAL regrets to learn through a private letter from Mrs. Emma Harding Britten of the serious illness of her husband. Dr. Britten is now recovering, and it is to be hoped complete restoration may soon relieve Mrs. Britten of anxiety and the extra duties devolving upon an already too busy worker. Inquiries frequently come to THE JOURNAL as to the probability of another visit to America by Mrs. Britten; and if she will kindly make answer, either through her own paper, *The Two Worlds*, or otherwise, we shall be glad to chronicle the reply.

We call attention to the clear cut and most pertinent article in this issue from the pen of Rev. Wm. I. Gill. What objections to it have the famous philosophers and scientists who read THE JOURNAL.

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Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Tacitus: the Annals. Books I.-VI. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Indexes. By William Francis Allen, Professor of History in the University of Wisconsin. Boston and London: Ginn & Co., 1890; pp. 444. The introduction to this volume, one of a college series of Latin authors, the Latin text and the commentary were ready for publication when Professor Allen died at his home in Madison last winter. The author's experience as a college teacher, his thorough knowledge of Roman history, and his great attainment in a number of fields of research and the fascination which the study of Tacitus and of the character of Tiberius had for him, preeminently qualified him for the work of editing the Annals. The text of this volume is based upon that of Halm's fourth edition of Tacitus (Leipzig, 1882), the most important deviations from which are discussed in the appendix. The orthography of Halm's edition is that of the Medicean manuscript. Prominence is given in the commentary to the idiosyncrasies of Tacitus' Latin and to the changes which the language had undergone from the time of Cicero, about a hundred and fifty years, a longer distance of time than separates us from Burke, Johnson and Gibbon.

The Annals—about a third of which, the central portion is lost—is generally regarded as Tacitus' masterpiece. He was a writer of remarkable peculiarities of style which at first perplex the student who passes abruptly to them from those of the classical age. A larger part of these peculiarities are his own and not those of his age. In the Annals they are pushed to an extreme. As Professor Allen says, "It is this work that all his harshness and oddness of style are found in their fullest development. Some sentences seem mere strings of disconnected words the union of which to one another can only be discovered by assiduous study and analysis." In his commentary Professor Allen draws from a rich store of illustrative material, now the common property of all, in preparing this edition of the Annals, and a large number and variety of illustrations, historical, constitutional, antiquarian, and personal, are discussed in a manner worthy of the subject. The work is one that all Latin scholars and students will desire to possess.

The Genesis of Nature. Considered in the Light of Mr. Spencer's Philosophy, as Based upon the Persistence of Energy. By Thomas H. Musick. New York: John B. Alden. 1890. pp. 377. Mr. Musick believes with Galileo that "In questions of science the authority of a thousand is not worth the humble reasoning of a single individual," and in this belief he does not hesitate to subject to vigorous controversial criticism the doctrine, universally accepted among men of science, of the conservation of energy. He has given the subject a large amount of attention, quotes fairly from the authors whose views he combats, and generally states his objections clearly and concisely. That the implications of their teachings are what he thinks probably none of them would admit. Mr. Musick says: "I understand Mr. Spencer to dissent from this proposition that nature's forces are helped out in any way or to any degree from the unknowable." This is a very inadequate understanding (?) of Spencer's position, which is that all phenomena are but manifestations of "an infinite and eternal Energy," that the "laws of nature" are the modes in which the "Unknowable" acts, that that which appears objectively as matter and force is a manifestation of the same ultimate Reality which wells up in consciousness—the clear implication of which is that the ultimate reality is somehow psychical in its nature. "Everywhere" says Mr. Spencer "I have spoken of the unknowable as the ultimate reality, the sole existence: all things present to consciousness being but shows of it."

The first chapter of the work opens thus: "There are and can be, on a last analysis, but two theories of the genesis of nature, the one, that of its creation and government by a personal deity, the other, that of its self development, by the self exercise of impersonal, inherent, internal and eternal principles, acting under impersonal, self-contained and eternal laws." Space will not permit an examination of the author's reasonings in this notice. In the concluding paragraph he says that "life in the sense of an organizer, controller and adjuster of physical forces, can by no possibility be traced to any known physical antecedent nor to any known correlated subsequent. Neither in essence nor

quantitative correlation can it be found heretofore nor will it be found hereafter. Physical science knows its now but not its hereafter. Conservation can not be affirmed of it. Science must here give place to speculation on the one hand or to faith on the other."

MAGAZINES.

The November number of the *Arena* is one of great merit. The opening paper is "The Future American Drama," by Dion Boucicault, a brilliant contribution, revised and largely re-written a few days before his death. Dr. Cyrus Bartol writes on "Sex in Mind." Venerable in years, Dr. Bartol has all the mental vitality of a man in his prime. Prof. N. S. Shaler takes up the race problem, and treats it in a masterly manner. Mr. M. J. Savage gives "A Glance at the Good Old Times," in which he sees much to excite his humor. Nathaniel Haskell Dole writes on "Turgenev as a Poet." Other articles are, "A New Basis of Church Life," by Wilbur Larremore, and "Fiddling his Way to Fame," by Will Allen Dromgoole. "Sunset on the Mississippi" is the title of a poem by Virginia Frazer Boyle. "Destitution in Boston" is the subject of an instructive discussion by half a dozen writers, among whom are Edward Everett Hale, Rabbi Schindler and Rev. W. D. P. Bliss. Rev. Forest A. Marsh writes sensibly on woman suffrage. The editorials, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" "Bureaus of Justice," and "The Drama of the Future," all admirable articles, complete the contents of this substantial and brilliant number. The policy of the *Arena* is liberal, its spirit is courageous, independent and fair, and its articles for the most part are extremely thought-inspiring. The editor, Mr. B. O. Flowers, has shown rare ability and judgment in conducting this magazine.

The Ethical Record is replaced by *The International Journal*. The editorial committee are Felix Adler, Ph. D., New York; Stanton Coit, Ph. D., London; Prof. G. von Gizycki, Berlin; Prof. Fr. Jodl, Prague; J. S. Mackenzie, M. A., Manchester; J. H. Muirhead, M. A., London; Prof. Josiah Royce, Harvard University. The *Journal* will be published quarterly in Philadelphia and London. The subscription price is \$2 a year, single numbers 50 cents; editorial and business communications to be addressed to S. Burns Weston, 1602 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. The opening paper of the first number is by Prof. Henry Sedgwick on "Morality of Strife." Prof. Adler in an article on "The Freedom of Ethical Fellowship" explains the attitude of the Ethical Society, which he says is "friendly to genuine religion anywhere and everywhere, because it vitalizes religious doctrines by pouring into them the content of spiritual meaning." Other contributors are Prof. Hoffding, of Copenhagen University; Prof. J. B. Clark, of Smith College, and Bernard Bosanquet. Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard, although a theist, criticizes sharply Mr. Abbot's "Way out of Agnosticism," and Mr. W. M. Salter in an earnest and thoughtful article indicates the limits of what is termed "Scientific Philosophy." This first number of the *International Journal of Ethics* is marked by ability, learning, solidity and earnestness of purpose.

The Monist is a quarterly magazine published by the Open Court Publishing Company, to take the place mainly of the paper called *The Open Court*, which has been reduced in size. *The Monist* has good articles, among which are "Physiological Selection," by George Romaines; "The Immortality of Infusoria," by A. Binet, and "The Relation of Sex in Human Society," by E. D. Cope. Sandwiched between excellent papers from men who have earned their reputation by meritorious work is an article on the "Origin of Mind," by the editor, which does not even attempt to show the origin of mind, and which on its merits could not secure a place in any intellectually respectable publication. This is the method adopted to invest with importance what no thinker will waste time reading beyond the first few paragraphs.

The Eclectic. (New York.) In the November *Eclectic* J. Stephen Jeans, discusses the relations of American Railways and British Farmers, which will come home to all Americans. Mr. W. R. Lawson gives an exposition of the late imbroglio in the Argentine Republic. Mr. Goldwin Smith attacks the new tariff from the Free Trade side. Possibilities of Naval Warfare, by H. Arthur Kennedy, and Hypnotism in Relation to Crime and the Medical Faculty, are papers which all thinking persons will find it desirable to read.

The Forum. (New York.) Mr. C. Wood Davis, the Kansan student of our agricultural development, under the title of *The Probabilities of Agriculture*, shows by a review of the crops of the world that approximately the limit of production has been reached. In another article Mr. Daniel R. Goodloe, of Washington, presents the startling statistics of the farm mortgages in all the most important western States, and the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden reviews the organizations of farmers. The Progress of the Negro, and French Canadians and the Dominion, two race questions, are ably discussed.

The *New Ideal* for November contains among other articles, contributions from William J. Potter on "Liberty, but Religion Too;" by Horace L. Traubel on Samuel Johnson's Monograph on Theodore Parker, and by William Lloyd Garrison on "The Single Tax." It is a very good number.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membranes, and may affect the head, throat, stomach, bowels or bladder. But catarrh of the head is the most common, often coming on so gradually that it has a firm hold before the nature of the trouble is suspected. Catarrh is caused by a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Its local symptoms are a sense of fullness and heat in the forehead, dryness in the nose and back part of the throat, and a disagreeable discharge from the nose. When the disease gains a firm hold on the system, it becomes chronic, and is then exceedingly dangerous and treacherous, liable to develop into consumption.

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TO EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WHO LOVES OUR FLAG AS THE EMBLEM OF GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE; WHO HAILS THE STARS AND STRIPES AS THE HOPE OF ALL WHO SUFFER AND THE DREAD OF ALL WHO WRONG; WHO REVERES THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE AS THE SYMBOL OF ASPIRATION, INTELLIGENCE AND INDUSTRY WHICH WILL IN DUE TIME ESTABLISH AND MAINTAIN THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN THIS LITTLE BOOK IS BY THE AUTHOR FRATEERNALLY DEDICATED.

This work as a history of the "Stars and Stripes," gives the facts that are recorded in official documents, the Histories of the Country and the Cyclopedias so succinctly and interestingly arranged that the whole story is told in a moderate volume.

The symbolic meanings of the colors and the designs of the "Star Spangled Banner" are beautifully brought out; and in this new departure every one will be much interested; and most readers will be instructed.

The selections of patriotic, eloquent and poetical sayings concerning the flag are numerous and beautiful.

The work is embellished with 29 illustrations—three of them in colors showing Foreign, Colonial and United States ensigns.

The book is compiled by Robert Allen Campbell, compiler of the first Atlas of Indiana, author of *The Rebellion Record*, *Four Gospels in One*, etc., etc.

Press Comments.

One of the best books of the year.—*Inter-Ocean*.

A very handy and excellent compilation.—*Chicago Herald*.

An interesting souvenir volume.—*Boston Globe*.

A handsome and useful volume dealing intelligently with matters of which Americans should be better informed than they are.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

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THE SOUL.

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BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12-17-9 and will be found interesting. Price, 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

CONSOLATION IN SORROW.

BY EMMA S. WHITNEY.

Kind spirits guide my footsteps
In the paths that I should tread,
Show me where to lay my burdens,
O'er my life a glory shed.

All the way my feet have stumbled,
Slow has been the upward tread,
And oft'times I've been so weary
That I scarce could see ahead.

But when shadows seemed the thickest,
And the earth with gloom o'erspread,
I would hear the angel voices
As they floated round my head.

As I listened! coming nearer,
They would sweetly say to me,
"Child of earth, be not discouraged,
Throw your burdens all on me."

Is it dreams, or do I hear them
When I am sad and all alone?
Is it true that I shall see them,
When at last they call me home?

I scarce can wait the summons,
When I feel their presence near,
Of the friends who in this earth life
Were to me so fond and dear.

But I'll take once more the burdens
Of this life while I am here,
For I know when I have finished
I shall see it all so clear;

Know why I have been so troubled,
Filled with all these foolish fears,
And shall see they were to try me
And to make my pathway clear.

NOVEMBER.

Now the cold wind rattles
In the icy sedge,
And the sparrows ruffle
In the leafless hedge.

Past the wood and meadow,
On the frozen pool
All the boys go skating,
When they come from school.

The river too was frozen;
I saw it far away,
And wished that I could trace it,
Skating night and day.

Up to where the icebergs,
On the ular sea,
Float, like glittering castles,
Waiting there for me.

—Katharine Pyle, in November St. Nicholas.

The tramp sat on a hard, cold stone
Beside the dusty road;
His lips were parted in a groan;
His features hunger showed.
His visage was in grime submerged,
His raiment hung in rags;
He looked as though he'd just emerged
From out the worst of jags.
His famished gaze now sought the sky,
And now the earth below;
A tear stood in his dim old eye,
His tones were hoarse and slow:
"My sight grows faint, my vitals burn,"
Said he. "I have no home—
What matters it which way I turn,
Since all roads lead to roam!"

Two Points of View.

Stranger—If a man falls down an open coal hole,
can he sue the owner of the premises for damages?
Lawyer—Certainly, sir, certainly; big damages, and
get them, too. Give me the particulars.

"Well, as my brother was passing your house this
morning he fell through a coal hole and broke his
leg."

"H'm! Did he use ordinary vigilance to prevent
such an accident? Did he look at his feet as he
walked? Did he stop and examine the condition of
the pavement before entering upon it? Answer me
that, sir."

"Stop? Why, no—"

"Ah, ha! I thought so. Guilty of criminal negli-
gence. He might have fallen on one of my own
family under that coal hole—might have killed us
all, sir. As it is I shall sue him for damages for
mussing up my coal bin."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

"Come, George, you must go to bed now."

"Oh, mamma, let me stay up till 9 o'clock."

"Why do you want to stay up until 9? You know
you'll be sleepy and tired."

"I know it; but I'll want to go to bed then, and
I don't now."

Charley had seen grasshoppers in plenty, but a
toad was new to him. The other night he saw one
in the path by his home for the first time.

"Oh, mamma," he cried; "come and see the path
hopper."

Johnny—I don't want to go in bathing now, papa.

Papa—Why not?

Johnny (pointing to the surf)—Somebody else has
been in and hasn't emptied their soapuds out yet.

First Little Boy—"My pa's a Free Will Baptist;
what's yours?" Second Little Boy—"Mine says he's
a Free Thinker, but I doubt it." "Why so?" "I
know it because he has to think about as ma says.
Ma's boss in our house."—*Texas Sittings.*

"Tell me, dearest Emma, will you be mine?"
"Will you always let me have my own way?" "Al-
ways, dearest." "And my mother may live with
us?" "Willingly." "And not ask for a latch-key?"
"I would rather throw it in the sea." "And give
up your club and always be at home to dinner?"
"Always, and on the minute." "Then you must
excuse me, but you are not at all the sort of man
I should wish for a husband."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

WHAT CURES?

Editorial Difference of Opinion on an Important Subject.

What is the force that ousts disease; and which is
the most convenient apparatus for applying it? How
far is the regular physician useful to us because we
believe in him, and how far are his pills and powders
and tonics only the material representatives of his
personal influence on our health? The regular doc-
tors cure; the homeopathic doctors cure; the
Hahnemannites cure; and so do the faith cures
and the mind cures, and so-called Christian
scientists, and the four-dollar-and-a-half ad-
vertising itinerants, and the patent medicine
men. They all hit, and they all miss, and
the great difference—one great difference—in the re-
sult is that when the regular doctors lose a patient
no one grumbles, and when the irregular doctors lose
one the community stands on end and howls.—
Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Nature cures, but nature can be aided, hindered or
defeated in the curative process. And the *Com-
mercial's* contention is that it is the part of rational
beings to seek and trust the advice of men of good
character who have studied the human system and
learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how
far they can aid nature and how they can best avoid
obstructing her.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

It is not our purpose to consider the evils that re-
sult from employing the unscrupulous, the ignorant,
charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies
that afflict the human family. We simply declare
that the physician who knows something is better
than the physician who knows nothing, or very little
indeed about the structure and the conditions of the
human system. Of course "he does not know it all."
Rochester Morning Herald.

I have used Warner's Safe Cure and but for its
timely use would have been, I verily believe, in my
grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Dis-
ease.—D. F. Shriner, senior Editor *Scioto Gazette*,
Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.



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Children
Growing
Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without ener-
gy, thin and weak. But you can for-
tify them and build them up, by the
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One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream.....15 "
One Cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice.....10 "
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One Cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented 25 "
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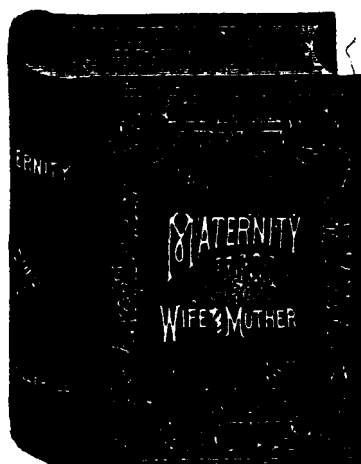
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Trains will be running into Detroit in less
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All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together:

Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sounds of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm, warm weather:

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chiming be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun
Hoped in heaven hereafter:

Soft and strong, and loud and light,
Very round and very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
Where the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant mouth of gold,
Here that rings forth heaven.

If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

—ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

A MISSIONARY POEM.

There were some little Zulus once
Who hadn't any clothes,
Who hadn't any stockings warm
To hide their little toes.

And in a distant country a
Society for good,
Decided that the heathen should
Have raiment and have food.

So they sent a pious preacher
Out to the Zulu wild,
To teach to them the word of God
As to a little child.

So he got his books together,
And on a sultry day
He started to the country of
The Zulus, far away.

And when the preacher landed there
The Zulus danced around,
They took from him his clothes and books
And flung him to the ground.

They built of wood a roaring fire,
They placed him in a pot,
In vain he preached the word of God,
Those Zulus heeded not.

And the men who sent him out from home
Think he's doing the heathen good,
And those Zulus have received him and
Are filled with Christian food.

—Savannah News.

"How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss, at love's beginning,"—
sings the poet, and his sentiment is true with one
possible exception. If either party has the catarrh,
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Now it is over 7,000 and still growing. The proceeds
of the land sale which occurs there Wednesday,
November 19 will be devoted entirely to the building
of manufactures and other developments at Flor-
ence. Thirty factories are already located there.
The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad will
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returning. For rates, descriptive matter, etc., call
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McCormick, General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
Cincinnati. Here is a chance to make dollars.

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Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the
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As neglect or delay may result seriously,
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hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to
the upper part of the chest, and, for internal
treatment, take frequent doses of

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ence, pronounced it useless to give her any
more medicine, saying he had done all it was
possible to do, and we must prepare for the
worst. As a last resort, we determined to
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has proved very beneficial in families of

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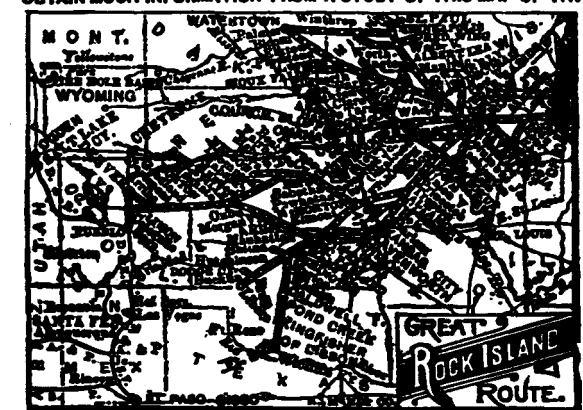
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APPENDIX.

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THE DAGG MYSTERY AGAIN.

For the ten-thousandth time, more or less, THE JOURNAL reiterates: Physical manifestations must prove themselves. Where a possibility exists that deception may have been practiced, or where any other explanation is reasonable, the spirit hypothesis must not be put forward in cases challenging criticism, except in a tentative way. On another page is a valuable letter in reference to the Dagg mystery from a gentleman fully endorsed by our trusted correspondent, Percy Woodcock. In that letter the writer quotes Mr. Smart's testimony. The incident of the bread disappearing from the cupboard is wholly worthless in support of the spirit hypothesis, as told by Mr. Grant. There is no evidence to show that Mr. Smart examined the cupboard to see if the back was intact, or that he can be positively sure from his own senses that deception was not practiced. Indeed, on its face, it looks like a piece of bald trickery. This being the case, the whole thing turns on the honesty of Mrs. Dagg and those of her household; and the spirit origin of physical phenomena must be established by other means than opinions as to the character of the medium or those associated with the medium. Now please don't misunderstand or misrepresent what we have said. Personally we believe in the honesty and good faith of all parties concerned either as principals, witnesses or compilers of the testimony in the Dagg mystery; and believe, too, that spirit agency was at the bottom of the manifestations. But all this has nothing to do with the rules of evidence in such matters; and if exponents of Spiritualism expect to convince intelligent investigators they must be more careful in observing and in the preparation of their evidence.

The unbeliever, and the unconvinced investigator, too, must learn exactness of statement and cultivate his powers of observation. The evidence of the novice or of one who does not accept the claim of Spiritualism, when it is favorable, is quoted with great gusto by some ardent believers, as having a special value above that of one already convinced. As a matter of fact such testimony seldom amounts to evidence, and for reasons so apparent they need not be dwelt upon. The incident of the matches which Mr. Smart related to Mr. Grant is open to cross examination: How was the room lighted? How many persons were present and what were their respective positions in the room? Would it have been possible for a mischievously disposed person, in the shadows of the room, or while Mr. Smart's attention was distracted, to have played the prank? Did Mr. Smart know from personal examination of the matchbox that it was full just previous to the manifestations? These and other questions are vital, but can not now after this lapse of time be answered; for it is evident that Mr. Smart thought of none of these things at the time, nor even when he told the story to Mr. Grant. There is nothing hypercritical in these remarks and they should be taken kindly by all parties in interest. When Mr. Grant offers the testimony of Mrs. Dagg as to what she had seen, then the question of her reputation for truth and veracity is relevant; and the universal testimony being in her favor, her testimony can not be impeached, and should be credited, for there could be no deception or mistake as to what she saw.

Hon. Warren Chase, after many years of hard work in the cause of Spiritualism and of religious and political reform, compelled by old age and feeble health to retire from the field, is now living at Cobden, Illinois, dependent on the friends of movements which he has defended the best part of his life. Had his great services received adequate pecuniary compensation, he would now be in affluence. Those who appreciate his

good work should see that he and his wife are comfortable in their old age. He will have ready use for any sums of money that may be sent to him. This notice is without knowledge or solicitation on his part, but it is known that his circumstances warrant it.

Harry S. Cummings, a colored man, has been elected a member of the common council of Baltimore, Md., the first colored man ever elected to that position in that city. He is twenty-six years of age; has therefore been born since the time that Abraham Lincoln had to pass through Baltimore by stealth to take the presidential chair in Washington. Mr. Cummings has had a university education, studied law with a native white Virginian, graduated from the Maryland Law School; he defeated three opponents in his ward and is entitled to his honors. The whirligig of time brings about strange revenges.

Mr. R. K. Walker, in renewing his subscription to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, writes: It is to me the most readable paper that I get. I admire your honesty of purpose, and the ability of your editorials, and that of some of your contributors, upon our grand science of unending life, and especially do I admire your determination to weed our numbers from charlatans and tricksters who play upon and tamper with the dearest and most sacred concerns of humanity for money.

THE JOURNAL wonders how its Holyoke correspondent can be so confident of expression in giving explanation of the finding the body of a drowned girl, in another column. It is barely possible the theory—and it is no more—may be correct, but the probabilities are vastly greater that the dreamer was acted upon by an external intelligence.

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I have been some time looking for a meritorious new book to offer as an inducement to new and old subscribers. I was seeking one that should be of universal interest and permanent value. After rejecting a hundred or more I selected "Our

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Dr. Joseph Beals, president of the N. E. S. Campmeeting Association at Lake Pleasant, Mass., accompanied by his son Joseph called at THE JOURNAL office last week on the way to Colorado, where he has important business interests. He was looking well, and as full of hope and cheer as ever.

Miss Georgia Louise Leonard, Washington, D. C.: Permit me to offer my congratulations upon the new dress of THE JOURNAL, and to hope that in the future as in the past it may respond to the needs of many thoughtful and progressive people and remain a power for the good in the land.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Baxter will please accept congratulations of THE JOURNAL on the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, which occurred on Monday, November 10th, at their home in Chelsea, Mass.

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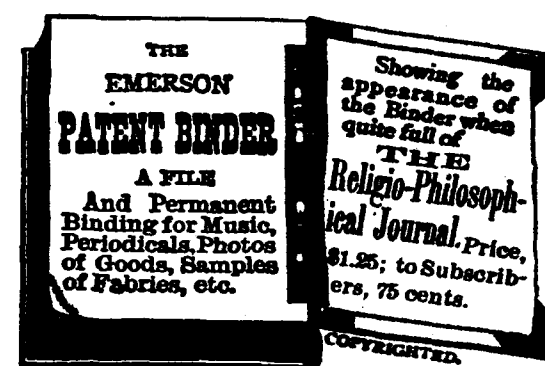
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NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 26.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Pennsylvania minister in Lancaster county, named Rev. David Kauffman, has turned the tables upon tradition and his congregation by developing a tendency to go to sleep while preaching his Sunday sermon. Recently this happened, and he is said to have gone on for three hours without a break.

M. Jules Simon proposes a tax of a certain amount in France each year on all male celibates over a given age, and, in explaining why he confines the tax to males, says with the utmost frankness that he does not believe any woman ever remained single of her own free will, and that it is unjust to tax any one for a misfortune.

The Farmer's Alliance has been an efficient factor in the recent overturn, especially in the Northwest and in Kansas, and its leaders fully appreciate the situation and propose to get out of it all the advantage possible for the farmers they represent. Washington Gladden's views as to the strength and importance of the Alliance published in the *Forum* some weeks ago have been fully confirmed by the recent elections.

A new phase of the Indian messiah hallucination has developed at Standing Rock Agency and it threatens to work the Indians into such a frenzy that it will require the presence of troops to prevent an outbreak. A squaw of commanding presence who recently came across from Canada claims to be the mother of the much talked of and expected messiah. Pending an interview with the woman's husband and consideration as to the best means to be adopted in her case, she was committed to the guardhouse.

Rabbi Hirsch proposes the erection in this city of a statue to Lessing, the man who dared write "Nathan the Wise" and therein unfold the universal elements of all religious beliefs, and to recognize "worth wherever found, whether on Christian or heathen ground," as a tribute to religious liberty and toleration. This would be a merited recognition of one of the world's worthies who died in poverty. Another appropriate statue would be one in honor of Bruno, who in the cause of truth and freedom died at the stake.

Ministers do not always know the effect on their hearers of their earnest manner and vehement gestures, says the *Congregationalist*. Dr. William M. Taylor, whose animated delivery is well known, had in his audience at the Broadway Tabernacle, on a recent Sunday, a manly little four-year-old auditor, who exclaimed as he went out of church, "Mamma, if the minister man should act that way in the street on Sunday, wouldn't the policeman arrest him?"

Imogene C. Fales in the *Sociologic and Cooperative News*: In the development of any great movement, or social tendency, a national law produces four distinct stages: first, the birth of the idea; second, its propagation by missionary work; third, its embodiment in practical forms; and finally the growth of these forms into permanent institutions. In regard to coöperation in this country, only the second stage

has in reality been reached. For although coöperative societies exist in various places, they are more the result of individual energy than any common social impulse. But the thought, the idea, is in the world, and it has come to stay.

Education is a good thing, but there is a possibility of educating the usefulness out of a young man, wisely remarks the *Methodist Recorder*. Education ought to be just what the word means—a drawing out of the native faculties of the mind. But often instead of drawing out the mental powers, it suppresses them. The work of education is expended in directions in which the young mind has but little aptitudes. The native energies of the intellect are suppressed or left slumbering in inactivity. The boy is educated in directions in which he has capacity for but little development and the capabilities in which he might become strong are smothered by neglect and suppression. The education which fails to take account of individuality of the person to be educated will often disqualify for life more than it helps. This is why it so frequently happens that a young man who has all the advantages of school and college fails to accomplish what we had a right to expect of him. He is left far behind in the race of life by the uneducated man who had none of the benefits of school, but has preserved fresh and vigorous the talents that God had given him. Educate your child, if you can, but don't educate him out of his individuality.

Professor Koch of the Berlin University is the same one who discovered the cholera "comma" microbe some time ago. For this service he was granted 200,000 marks by the German government. The announcement, therefore, that this noted scientist has discovered a method of curing the dread disease of consumption by inoculation may be received with more than ordinary confidence by the public at large. It seems certain that Dr. Koch has made gains in his search for a consumption cure. If he has in reality found a complete remedy the importance to suffering humanity of his discovery can hardly be overestimated, and Professor Koch will rightly take his place among the world's benefactors. His present treatment, which is hailed as a final solution of the problem, seems to consist fundamentally in the inoculation of a newly discovered lymph, which hinders the further development of the bacteria in the diseased parts. Some patients it is claimed have been wholly cured, and others under treatment are rapidly improving. Consumptives from all parts of Europe are visiting Berlin and applying for treatment. The attention of the medical world is fixed upon the doctor and his patients. If what is promised proves true of Dr. Koch's method it will be the greatest scientific discovery of the age and of inestimable benefit to humanity.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor has issued from its headquarters, 21 Clinton place, New York, a call to the hosts of organized labor of America to send representatives to the tenth annual convention to be held at Detroit, Michigan, December 8th, 1890. The call says: "The recent movement begun to reduce the hours of labor has been crowned with such success, the whole column of organized labor has advanced with such rapid strides for improved conditions, and the trade unions

have received such an impetus from surrounding circumstances that the toilers of our country have become more and more convinced of the advisability and necessity of gathering within the fold of our organizations. On the one hand the corporate and speculative classes have become more arrogant in their efforts to intimidate and crush out the spirit of the toilers by methods hitherto unheard of in labor difficulties; and on the other, the demand of the wage workers to be larger sharers of the product of their toil has become so loud and impressive that the forthcoming convention of the American Federation of Labor will, without doubt, be the most important gathering of labor's hosts within the annals of history. We can not allow any retrogression in the natural development of our movement. The watchword of organized labor must be upward and onward." All labor unions, local, national and international, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, are requested to send full quota of delegates.

The *Boston Transcript* says that John Boyle O'Reilly was "constantly triumphant in temper and joyously perched on the advancing wave of progress." George Parsons Lathrop says that this is not true, and in proof of the truth of his statement gives the following from a letter dated October, 1889, addressed to him by Mr. O'Reilly: "I am no cynic, dear old man; but the world is telling on me. For I am beginning to be ashamed of enthusiasm; and it is dawning on me, like a bleak coast coming out of a mist on a gray day in the fall, that the glorious hopes and beliefs were delusions; that the world is hard and mean and censorious and unchangeable; that unless you live for appearance' sake and become a practical snob (for you are judged and valued by your own label, and those who live by the heart have no label, only a tag) you will be set down as a fool and avoided by all the precise and safe and successful people. Your letter acts like a stethoscope on my own spiritual chest. There is no one here now with whom I can enjoy the old idealities. I wish constantly that I could stay at home . . . and let the world go by, outside."

Daniel G. Thompson pleads for the abandonment of religious teaching (other than scientific) in universities and schools generally. The wide differences in religious belief that are so evident will sooner or later make this demand imperative. The present system of education in our universities is one calculated to instill into young minds religious prejudices that can not fail to be detrimental to their highest interests, scientific criticism of theological dogmas being outlawed. A religious organization has a perfect right to establish an institution where its belief or creed may be taught. Those who go there will be drawn because of their sympathy with such creed or teaching. But public schools and state universities are no longer public or for the people when a religion is there insisted upon that lacks the sanction of the general mind. In justice to all, the principal religious beliefs should be studied in our universities in the light of science, all the evidence for and against them being presented, that conclusions may be drawn by individual minds unhampered by any theological assumptions. Truth alone should be the basis of teaching, and what is not truth or unverifiable statements, should not be asserted where veracity is regarded.

REVIVALS.

As the winter approaches, the usual efforts are being made, especially in many of the smaller and more isolated communities, in the preparation for a "revival." This is one means of filling the pews and adding to the membership of the churches. The religious revival is not as popular as it once was, and by the more liberal of the orthodox clergy it is not encouraged, but by some of the sects and in some parts of the country it is still an event of periodical recurrence, and "getting religion" a common experience. That many of the "conversions" result in individual reform is, no doubt, true, but the main outcome of these revival meetings on the public mind and on general education is a deflection in the direction of ignorance.

Revivalists—the better class of them—are wide awake, intensely emotional, strongly earnest men, limited in their range of thought, narrow in their conceptions of man's destiny, anthropomorphic in their ideas of God. They are sincere in their beliefs—their sincerity makes them enthusiastic, their enthusiasm strikes a responsive chord of sympathy among those to whom they appeal by the common bonds of humanity; that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is deftly given and the fire of a revival is started. With all honesty of purpose the revivalists bewilder thought by their constant appeals to the baser emotions and to personal experiences. "I" and "you" figure largely in those appeals which are not addressed to the intellect but to the feelings; the chords of sorrow, suffering, fear, hope, pride, reverence, are swiftly one after another touched more or less strongly, and acquiescence in the speaker's views is gained and a momentary victory is won.

But it is from a low standpoint that these revivalists speak. They deal with wornout ideas revamped; ignorance is patted on the head, encouraged, and in a manner canonized. Science is misrepresented, sneered at, and ridiculed. Take up the daily papers which report these revival meetings and scarcely one of the sermons, when fully reported, fails to contain some sneering reference to distinguished scientists or thinkers whose work has seemed at variance with so-called revealed religion. Take up the published sermons of Sam Jones and others, and vulgar wit which would disgrace the "end man" of a minstrel show or a reputable circus clown, greets you on every page as the words of men who profess to deal with the most serious and momentous questions humanity can ask. Compare the style of the published sermons of Sam Jones, Sam Small, D. L. Moody, or even those of Joseph Cook and ask how many pages of Darwin, Huxley, Agassiz, Lyell, Carpenter or Gray, you would peruse if written in the same vein?

Such revivalists beget in the popular mind doubt of science, fear of progress, reverence for ignorance. They sneer in their flippant way at all the real workers for man's development. They relate little smart anecdotes in which tadpoles and monkeys and parodies of the evolution theory are prominent, or in which so-called arguments of skeptics are overwhelmingly confuted—many of these anecdotes being on the face of them glaringly untrue—and then when a laugh is raised, that suffices to stamp the falsehood as true in minds unaccustomed to careful thinking. Such are the revivalists who imagine that they are needed to arrest the decay of faith and to save souls from perdition. But the revivals they get up do not, as Theodore Parker said during the revival of 1857, mean a revival of honesty, justice and humanity, of true manhood and womanhood.

What is needed now is a revival of commercial honesty, of a public sense of honor, of private and civic virtue, of pure living, of truthfulness, of high ideals, of purposeful lives, of self denial, of all the more solid and stalwart national virtues, rather than spasmodic individual attempts at temporary halts in patent vice. We need for revivalists men and women profoundly impressed and imbued with the importance of improving personal character and bettering social conditions, and able to give an impulse to their fellowmen. Not flattering appeals to ignorance and the preaching of absurd dogmas, but trumpet-tongued

proclamations of the need of enlightenment with eloquent portrayal of the advantages of knowledge and the paramount and enduring value of personal character are what is needed to-day.

HYPNOTISM.

The study of hypnotism in Paris, by Professor Charcot and his *chef de clinique*, M. Babinski, has been very instructive. A rigid scientific investigation is being made and facts are being brought to light that show how vast the field for research is and how many medical and social problems the study raises. The possibility of one individual acquiring control over another so as to be able to impose his will upon him and make him do whatever he wishes has long been claimed. That the claim is true, experiments performed at the Salpêtrière hospital before a committee appointed by the government would seem to indicate. One of the modes of experimentation was as follows: A female patient, Mlle. A., was forced into the lethargic sleep by pressure on a suggested hypnotic point, when by a slight friction on the forehead she passed into the somnambulistic state. Dr. Babinski then approached and told her that she must make her will in his favor, and at once. She demurred at first, saying that she was too young to die, etc. This lasted a short time, during which she went on to say that she desired to leave her property to her mother and other relations, but after continuous persuasion and keeping up the suggestion that it was best to give everything to Dr. Babinski, she at last began to weaken and finally agreed to the proposition, enumerating her possessions, which consisted of about thirty francs and some few articles of jewelry. The next Thursday was appointed for the signing of the will. Dr. Babinski then cautioned her to say nothing about it in the meantime, and if asked, to say that she acted of her own free will. She was then awakened. When the appointed day arrived it was noticed that she was rather nervous, and she said that she had something to do but could not recollect what it was. On being hypnotized, however, she remembered her promise, and when one of the bystanders was introduced as a lawyer she immediately drew up her will in favor of the doctor, asserting at the same time that she was acting with complete freedom, that she knew she had a poor family, but preferred to give everything to Dr. Babinski. When awakened, she repeated the same story. In commenting upon the study of hypnotism, *L'Univers*, a Parisian religious journal, denounces the new science as "dangerous to morality." Professor Charcot has by the aid of instantaneous photography been enabled in experimenting with the patients to reproduce those peculiar facial expressions which are found in certain ancient works of art portraying the lives of saints and others who were supposed to be "possessed," showing that these pictures were copies from nature of hysterical men and women.

A writer in the London *Quarterly Review* says that the real value of hypnotism lies in its efficiency as a method of research. We possess no such powerful instrument for searching out the mysteries of the physiology and pathology of the nervous system, and of the mind. It has been truly called "a method of 'moral vivisection,' but whether any one is justified in practicing such moral vivisection is very much open to doubt." If hypnotism can be used as a therapeutic agent to cure patients in certain disorders, and that it can is a fact beyond doubt, there seems to be no ground for hesitating to use it for this purpose; and with larger knowledge of the subject all doubt will vanish as to the legitimacy of employing it in studying the problems of physiology and neurology. Charcot in France would have hypnotism restricted to medical men, and in Prussia exhibitions of hypnotism have been forbidden. "But our principle," says A. Taylor Innes, an English writer, "rather is that every one shall have freedom to investigate all the secrets, and to exercise all the powers, of nature and of mind, reserving to law the right *ex post facto* to punish the abuses of the liberty which it concedes." He thinks that in the case of hypnotism it may never be necessary to depart from this general rule.

MATERIALISM.

C. W. Wooldridge in an article in the *Unitarian* endeavors to show that there is reason for believing in another order of being than the visible, material one. The purpose of the article is in accord with that of *THE JOURNAL* and it contains interesting statements of facts. But in his zeal to make out a bad case against materialism, the writer misrepresents its teachings. He says, for instance: "Materialism is really based on the assumption that that which can not be perceived has no real existence." Now materialism does not teach this. What it does teach is that whatever exists, that which can not be perceived as well as that which can be matter, and that all phenomena are due to matter and motion.

Mr. Wooldridge endeavors to show the untenableness of materialism by pointing out that there is incognizable to all the senses what is called ether. Now materialists admit the existence of ether, and they might quote against Mr. Wooldridge the celebrated Professor Maxwell that ether is a very tenuous gas, or the physicist Thompson, that ether is the only true matter of which matter in a molecular condition is but a mode of motion.

Mr. Wooldridge further says that "science never produced a materialist more decided than Professor W. K. Clifford," when the fact is, Clifford was not a materialist but an idealist. His position was that the universe consists entirely of mind stuff, that some of this is woven into the complex form of the human mind, that matter is the mental picture in which mind stuff is the reality represented; that the ultimate is mind stuff out of which the complex forms of feeling and thought are built up, and that matter has only a phenomenal existence. Mr. Pollock, Clifford's biographer, says of the theory: "Indeed it is a very subtle form of idealism, and by no means easy of apprehension at first sight." Some weeks ago, *THE JOURNAL* in noticing Clifford's views mentioned that his speculations were "valuable chiefly as indicating the insufficiency of materialism as a system and the tendency among even so-called agnostic thinkers to interpret phenomena in terms of mind rather than in terms of matter."

The way to oppose materialism is to state its positions accurately and fairly and then to show that these positions are untenable, that matter instead of being all that exists, is but phenomenal of the underlying reality which, although invisible and unpicturable, is the basis and cause of those phenomena which materialists imagine due to the motions of atoms.

THE FARMERS.

Washington Gladden has an article in the *Forum* for November on "The Embattled Farmers," showing that the American farmer is steadily losing ground, that his burdens are heavier and his gains more meagre every year. "The labor bureau of Connecticut has shown by an investigation of 693 representative farms that the average annual record of the farm proprietor of that state for his expenditure of muscle and brain, is \$181.31, while the average annual wages of the ordinary hired man is \$386.36. Even if the price of board must come out of the hired man's stipend it still leaves him a long way ahead of his employer. In Massachusetts the case is a little better as the average farmer makes \$326.49, while his hired man gets \$345.00. In a fertile district in the state of New York an absentee landlord advertised for a man to manage his farm. The remuneration offered was not princely. The farm manager was to have his rent, his garden, pasturage for one cow, and a salary of \$250.00 a year for his services and those of his wife. There was a rush of applicants for the place. Who were they? Many of them were capable and intelligent farmers who had lost their own farms in the hopeless struggle with adverse conditions and who were now well content to exchange their labor and their experience against a yearly reward of \$250.00. The instance is typical throughout the Eastern states. With the home market which protection is supposed to have built up at their very doors, the farmers are falling behind." The same story, Mr. Gladden says.

is heard in the central states. In Ohio farms are offered for beggerly rents, and even on these favorable terms farming does not pay. Tenant farmers are throwing up their leases, and moving into the cities to accept the wages and fare of common laborers. The case is even worse in the South, and in the West is found the same state of things. "From Kansas and Nebraska and Dakota the cry is no less loud and bitter than from Connecticut and New York and North Carolina." The list of causes of this state of things is quoted from C. Woods Davis as follows: Monometallism, deficient or defective circulating medium, protective tariffs, trusts, dressed beef combinations, speculation in farm products, over greedy middlemen, and exorbitant transportation rates." Mr. Gladden says that the Farmers' Alliance is beginning to exert a "solemnizing influence in the councils of the politicians," that the movement is "running like wildfire over all our hills and prairies and it is claimed that forty members of the next Congress will be pledged to support its demands." Mr. Gladden is of the opinion that the farmers' movement, though it will not be a deluge will be something of a shower, and in places a cyclone and that it will clear the atmosphere. The recent elections which have occurred since the *Forum* article appeared confirms Mr. Gladden's opinions as to the increasing strength and importance of the Farmer's Alliance.

THE AURORAPHONE.*

The fact that we are living in an age of scientific discovery and invention and of advancing ideas in regard to social problems, seems to furnish stimulus to idealistic romance writers, and, consequently, the trend of imaginative literature to-day is in the direction of possible future scientific discovery, socialistic reform and occult wonders. Of the many such attempts at scientific romance writing, "The Auroraphone," by Cyrus Cole, lately published, is one of the most successful in its treatment. It is sprightly in style, sensible in its logic, and scientific in its denouements. The author is a true American in spirit and finds most fitting environments for his story in the grand and majestic scenery of Colorado mountains, which he describes with such vivid word picturing as only one keenly awake to its grandeur and beauty can. The *Auroraphone* is a machine invented by a distinguished electrician as an experiment; but he had grown discouraged as to its adaptation to the use he intended, and was about to take it apart, and away from the high mountain peak where he had made his experiments, and was bewailing his disappointment to a party of students and telegraph operators during a wonderful electric storm accompanied by a fine display of the *aurora borealis*, when suddenly the machine began to "click" in telegraphic fashion, one of the telegraphers present "called" the unseen operator and the party found themselves in communication with an inhabitant of the planet Saturn, an individual far in advance of the listeners present in knowledge and scientific power. He describes at great length all the wonderful discoveries and improvements which have been made in that planet, both in scientific knowledge and in social and moral reforms. Saturn is in fact made out to be another of the Utopias, such as More pictures and of which Bellamy's book is a more modern sample. The story is well told; there are accessories of out-of-door adventures and daring escapades, a ghost story, and a love affair artistically blended with the *Auroraphone's* messages from the people of Saturn. In stories like these, however fanciful, there are doubtless suggestions of realities, hints at possibilities and adumbrations of truths which some day will be seen more fully and clearly, and will be understood as other phenomena are in their relation to the known laws of the cosmos.

THE EFFECT OF HIGHER WAGES.

A London correspondent says of the dock laborers who a year ago achieved a notable victory, "Their extra sixpence which was won by the strike went

straight into the publican's till." The idea meant to be conveyed is that the poor would be no better off if their condition were changed by the receipt of higher wages. But as the *New York Press* observes, any sudden improvement in human circumstances is apt to bring excess. When the American colonies threw off the British yoke a good deal of vandalism resulted on the part of those who had not yet learned the true nature of freedom. The downfall of feudalism in Europe was accompanied by a great amount of disorder. There are evils to-day in the life of the Southern negroes which every friend of the black man deplores. But does it follow that the Declaration of Independence was a blunder? that the Middle Ages were better than the nineteenth century? that Jefferson Davis was a truer friend to the slaves than Abraham Lincoln? Action and reaction are laws of character as well as laws of matter. The excess that sometimes follows the righting of wrong is chargeable upon the wrong, not upon the righting of it. It is not freedom, but slavery, that is to blame when freedmen abuse their liberty. Exactly so it is in the matter of improving the condition of laborers. The London dockmen were miserable beyond description. They were underpaid, underfed and overworked. They had and could have no homes, in the proper sense of the word. They were dominated over by taskmasters, who beat them, cursed them, and drove them out to starve at the taskmasters' whim and pleasure. At length human nature revolted. They "struck." They organized. They found a voice through which their bitter cry was interpreted to the upper world of London. Then came sympathy, assistance, victory. It was all so new and strange, no wonder it turned a good many weak heads. But although better wages and shorter hours may mean to-day more money in the till of the publican, it will mean more shoes for barefoot children, more bread for hungry mouths, more smiles and fewer tears in the wan faces of women, more reading, more schooling, more church going. In the long run and the broad reach it will mean more of heaven on earth, and less of hell.

Prof. W. T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, recently pointed out that in the state of Massachusetts during the last twenty-five years the proportion of crimes against persons or property to the population of the state has decreased forty-four per cent. This the *Boston Advertiser* construes as an argument in favor of the reforms the labor organizations are working to effect. "We know," it says, "that the number and cost of the public schools and the extent of the education furnished by them have been increasing during this period more rapidly than the number of the inhabitants. The compulsory education law, the law forbidding the employment of illiterate youth in mills and mercantile houses, and every enactment to decrease illiteracy have come into existence within this time. It is, therefore, perfectly logical to conclude that there is a relation of cause and effect between the diminution of heinous crime and the advancement of public education. ~~But~~ we have no right to indulge in any complacency. So long as an overwhelming majority of criminals, including all kinds, can read and write, and a still more overwhelming majority of the worst kinds of criminals can do so, it is utter folly for any one to say that education and good citizenship are synonymous terms. There is still a great field for improvement in public education itself, and there are other great fields for the moral reformer, the industrial reformer, the social reformer, and the religious reformer to cultivate. If any of these fields are left untilld the state will suffer from the presence of poisonous weeds."

L. A. Dixon of Sodus, New York, has just discovered, says an associated press dispatch, a wonderful ore called "electric ore," which contains a hidden force that puzzles and astonishes all who see it, and expert electricians in particular. The rock is of a dark slate color, and is somewhat lighter in weight than sandstone. It is composed of iron, aluminum, calcium and other minerals, and particles of gold are also found sometimes. Mr. Dixon says it will gener-

ate unlimited power and give any desired amount of incandescent light. For illuminating business places and residences it would be considerably cheaper than kerosene—in fact, after a building had been wired and the batteries prepared the cost would be merely nominal, and the light would be equal, if not superior, to that produced by manufactured electricity. The making of a battery is simple. The rock, in the quantity and for whatever purpose desired, is placed in jars containing a solution, the chief ingredients of which are salt and water. The circuit is then completed and the battery is ready for active business, and the inventor claims that one charge of 400 pounds of rock will last and produce light or power for at least one year before losing its force, and that it is perfectly harmless, making insulation entirely unnecessary. In Mr. Dixon's office a nine-pound piece of the rock has been ringing a bell since last November. A piece weighing half a pound was placed in a pint tumbler and the wires attached to a call bell, which it caused to ring as loud as an alarm clock. The test was made in the presence of several gentlemen, who pronounced it a wonderful discovery.

Very few of our race, says a hopeful writer in an English journal, can be said to be yet finished men. We still carry sticking to us some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organization. We call these millions men, but they are not yet men. Half engaged in the soil, pawing to get free, man needs all the music that can be brought to disengage him. If love, real love, with tears and joy, if want with his scourge, if war with a cannonade, if Christianity with its charity, if trade with its money, if art with its portfolios, if science with her telegraphs through the deeps of space and time, can set his dull nerves throbbing, and by loud taps on the tough chrysalis can break its walls and let the new creature emerge erect and free—make way, and sing paean. The age of the quadruped is to go out—the age of the brain and of the heart is to come in. The time will come when the evil forms we have known can no more be organized. Man's culture can spare nothing; wants all the material. He is to convert all impediments into instruments; all enemies into power. The formidable mischief will only make the more useful slave. And if one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is nothing he will not overcome and convert, until, at last, culture shall absorb the chaos and gehena. He will convert the furies into muses, and the hells into benefits.

The *Christian Register* says that a Unitarian church without a pastor recently received the following communication: "I offer you my services as a scientific Christian clergyman of thirty-three years' labor. I have formally been ordained and authorized to preach in four denominations; but for the last twenty-seven years have been independent, and now intend to unite myself with the Unitarian society shortly, and will preach for you free on trial, for hotel expenses and railroad fare from here to your place and back again. I can furnish you with ample credentials of my devotion to the cause of Christ, truth, nature, and nature's God, and am a wide-awake, active worker. I can deliver a sermon or lecture upon any topic—on theology, Christianity, law, medicine, or human affairs generally, on three minute's notice. I have delivered over 6,000 sermons and lectures. I shall be glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience."

At the last quarterly meeting of the Moral Educational Society of Chicago, of which Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler is president, a protest was unanimously adopted against the taking of the name Woman's Moral Educational Union by the new organization, the object of which is the introduction of the Bible in the public schools. The old organization has for its aims the promotion of a higher standard of marriage, both in forming the partnership and in marital relations. To prepare youth for more enlightened parenthood, and a better understanding of the responsibilities of marriage and parenthood."

*"The Auroraphone." A Romance, by Cyrus Cole. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn st. 1890. Cloth, pp. 249. Price 18.



"COMING ASPECTS OF THE PLANET SATURN."

By J. G. JACKSON.

What means such a very peculiar article as our friend Elliott Coues has contributed to THE JOURNAL of November 8th, under the above caption? I have sincerely indulged the hope that a progressing world was gradually working its way towards fullness of faith in a universal "reign of law," planned and administered in wise and rational order, constantly leading towards the fulfillment of ultimate good, without variableness or fickleness, without mysticism, miracle or superstition. A "reign of law" which will promote the needed "grand salvation" to be carried forward only in the triumphal car of knowledge, wisdom and obedience, escorted by the angels of loving labor and hopeful effort. I have heretofore been led to regard our brother just named as a learned gentleman.

In what paths of mystical empiricism does Professor Coues wish to lead the readers of THE JOURNAL—many of whom may be unlearned on astronomical subjects—by implication that the well-known, lawfully recurring aspects of a distant planet may influence the welfare of mankind upon earth, or be connected with the convulsions and overturnings, the bloodshed and horror, that another mystical yet nameless believer in the records of semibarbarous ages, gives us, in other columns of the same journal, handed in if not endorsed by the same whilom valued friend? In the name of science and rationality I desire to enter earnest protest against all such implications, and claim ability to show that our friend's remarks concerning that planet are so unscientific, and calculated to produce so many false impressions, that to name them misstatements will not be unjust.

As he says, "Science speaks with mathematical certitude respecting certain movements of the planet Saturn within the next few years." Yes, but not that alone. Science speaks with equal certitude of many similar movements that have occurred twice in about every twenty-nine and one-half years throughout the ages that are past; and that will continue to occur through the æons of the future, every time he describes his vast orbit around our common central sun. His distance from the sun is about 880 millions of miles, being of course the same as his average distance from us—a distance so great that an express railroad train driving steadily one thousand miles every day for two thousand years, could not reach it. What rationality is there in supposing that economy, either divine or devilish could, use or allow influences to affect the passions of men on earth across such tremendous gulfs of space as this?

We often view the beautiful, the majestic, the ponderous planet Saturn, second only to Jupiter in bulk, mass and power of gravity, yet far surpassing him in the unique variety of the phenomena exhibited by his appended and wondrous rings, and his eight attendant satellites, showing telescopically like sparkling grains of silver, or solitaire diamonds, as they constantly revolve around their great primary, in the far-away depths of ether. A powerful planet is he, but so immensely distant in his own allotted sphere of being that his gravity is felt upon earth only by the delicate tests of the skilled astronomer, and is only equivalent to a very small portion of the gravity of our own little moon, which compared with Saturn in actual bulk is almost as a grain of sand. Depend upon it our godfather the sun is the center and circumference of influences for the maintenance of our lives and welfare upon earth, in our material if not even largely in our mental and spiritual constitution. But such considerations as these are not all that may be advanced towards correcting the fallacious fancies our friend seems to indulge in.

The statement made by Professor Coues that "on September 22, 1891, Saturn being in Leo, the Earth will pass from the south to the north side of Saturn's

ring" is surely incorrect. Earth and Saturn are each one attending to its own individual business in lawful order, as they always do, unaffected by each other as respects the phenomena spoken of. Each one is revolving in its own grand and properly appointed orbit, and it is Saturn's own motion, not the motion of earth, that causes him to present both sides of his rings alternately to the sun, to us and to everybody else. He would do this were the Earth to stand still forever.

Such alternate presentations are by no means ominous of anything but of the steady maintenance of law. They result from the diurnal axis of the planet's revolution being inclined to the plane of its annual orbit, and the maintaining of parallelism with itself, according to the laws of motion and force, as it proceeds around the sun. This fixed inclination and maintained parallelism causes it to present first one side, then the other, once in each circuit, just as earth presents the north side of her equator to the sun, forming summer for that side during one six months and then presents the southern side to the sun for the six months next following. I would risk the fate of the world, and my own, upon the scientific truth of these statements, and I desire our friend may withdraw his ominous insinuations for the benefit of the less astronomically informed and hence more timid readers of your pages.

Again, were Saturn to stand still at any point in his annual orbit, the inhabitants of all the inferior planets which make their circuit inside of Saturn, must needs see his rings appear unchanged in aspect or nearly so, especially as looking from the Earth, Venus and Mercury, whose lines of sight would vary comparatively little. I therefore repeat the insistence that neither earth nor sun moves as he says from one side of Saturn's rings to the other; neither is the welfare of earth's inhabitants appreciably influenced in any way by that planet.

I strive to state the correct view of these matters especially to illustrate how persons of excellent intellects may be misled by want of accurate information to seek support for their fanciful empiricisms and unwholesome prophecies, by misstating the facts of positive science. The star-eyed goddess smiles not upon such mistaken efforts.

In regard to "A Vision of the Future," printed on the sixth and seventh pages of the same issue of THE JOURNAL, want of room admonishes me to be brief. I put little faith in the vision as to minutiae, because it is avowedly inspired from the records contained in the Bible, a book which has been abundantly tried and found wanting in historical authenticity and unfulfilled prophecy. If Jesus of Nazareth notably failed to receive the test of fulfillment for the prophecy of his own "second coming," to the disgust and injury of his own followers during that generation and many generations since; if learned churchmen themselves admit (as they do) the unreliability of the only "Gospels" we have of his very brief ministrations; if they also admit, as appears, that traditions of him spring from "Oh such a turbid fountain"; if "The Slaughter of the Innocents" by Herod is also owned to have been copied from the ancient Eastern tale of Kansa, tyrant of Madura, under the then prevailing precept that it was meritorious "to lie for the glory of God"; if it be admitted, as it must be, that the "Star of Bethlehem" was but an *ignis fatuus*—a foolish fire; if the Revelations of the seer called "John the Divine" were considered apocryphal by many of the early church fathers; if the reputed prophet, Esdras, (synonymous with Ezra) in forty days and forty nights with the help of many scribes wrote the "history of all things from the beginning"—as he himself tells us—under the inspiration of the "fiery cup," i. e.,—as now proven—drunken with the extract of Indian hemp, called "hasheesh"; if!—if!—if a hundred things are true, as time is now revealing them, and as I know many of them to be, then must I doubt all prophecies "inspired" by such records, by whom written no one can now tell; then may we safely ask of the unnamed writer for THE JOURNAL's pages, What "fiery cup" hast thou been drinking? Go to with thy unwholesome and useless predictions!—unless they prove remedial.

Better teach men that all good and evil, harmony and inharmony, follow as lawful consequences. We have had enough of false prophecy, wrong and suffering, built upon the mysticisms and the dogmas promulgated from that unauthentic book. We all know that many wrongs still flourish upon earth, and as long as they exist the world must suffer. Let us cease our parasitic dependence upon the merits of a savior who has notably failed for two thousand years. Let us discard fruitless lore and a begging, pauper dependence upon Divine bounty. We are all children of the "Father's house," and industry is the rule of the household. "Get knowledge, and in all thy gettings get understanding!" leaving the winds of heaven and the sunlight of truth to clear away the mists. Yield obedience to the discovered laws of thy being and of the world we live in. If born and living in a fateful age, go forth to battle for the right and "bravely by resisting conquer Fate."

MIND, FORCE, MATTER.

By B. F. LIVINGSTON.

Since writing my article on "Evolution of Matter and Mind," I have received and read Professor R. E. Need's able and well written article in THE JOURNAL of October 11th, for which I am thankful, and several private letters from old friends, among them, that profound thinker, B. F. Underwood, from whose brain and pen I hope to see in the not distant future an article on the same subject.

The postulation of "the first dawn of life," as appearing in protoplasm, having been, so to speak, established, here physics plunges into metaphysics and the science of matter, force and mind, is now understood as embracing the whole of the category of metaphysics, taught by the Aristotelian school. Ontology, cosmology, anthroposophy, psychology and pneumatology, are thus simplified by being merged into matter, force and mind. Matter the moved, force the mover and mind the director. The physicist starts with matter, that tangible reality of infinite quantity, and apparent infinite change, and with patient vigil, notes the changes wrought by force. The last half century has taught that matter is indestructible; that the same is true of force; when matter disappears it exists in some other form, is not lost nor annihilated, but reappears through that great medium of change, force. Force is governed by the same law. The force that drives the great ocean steamer is not lost; when it escapes from the exhaust pipe, it is conserved in the friction of the journals and other machinery and in the friction of the propeller and in the modified temperature of the air, by friction and the escapement of steam from exhaust pipes.

Force is the mover, it is in no case the director. Simple energy acts and moves without aim or purpose. A common mistake among even cultivated minds is in some way to attribute to force some quality of reason, will and consciousness, when in fact it is wholly void of all directing power. While we must regard all work as bottomed on force we must learn to distinguish between directed and undirected force. Under the potent will of that mystery called mind, force builds up organisms possessing the qualities of reason, will and consciousness. Deprive that energy of the great mental factor, and the resultant condition is chaos. The volcanic upheaval, the wind storm, the tornado and cyclone, are but so many modes of motion in ordinary matter not under the supervision of mind; their results are always haphazard, while force, directed by an intelligent will upon the germ, results in the building up of an organic being. The flow of the sap in plant growth is a manifestation of force, the root power that forces the crude sap up into the trunk of the tree, through the white wood, and the prepared pabulum—elaborated sap—that has made its way down from the leaves through and under the bark, meet by order and appointment of an intelligent agent that directs the impulsion—endosmose—of the pabulum and the impulsion—exosmose—of the crude sap, causing them to meet, and by affinity to unite in the form of wood fiber. The force here indicated is no more intelligent than the force of the tornado, but to the agent that directs the force, when and how to place

each particle of matter, must we attribute all the intelligent design, all sensation, and—in higher types of being—all consciousness.

Force is motion, the great agency of change; its modes are heat, light, electricity, magnetism and affinity, all immaterial, and constituting as a whole "dynamical energy," the connecting link between the material and the psychical—the individualized mind.

The thinkers—the advanced guard in evolution—have abandoned the cold chilling ideas of materialism that characterized the thoughts of scientists during the first half of this century; they have gradually given place to psychical ideas, the basic principles upon which a superstructure of demonstrable facts will rear its head far above the wilderness of spooks and goblins, tradition and mysticisms.

The potent molders of ideas for the masses, the clergy, are now marshaling themselves on the side of evolution, and soon will the reinforcement of priest and layman be an auxiliary to our onward march, where formerly they held us back, or at least gave us not the support we so much needed. Free education is gradually raising the standard of intellect above antagonizing science, so that they are now to a degree helpers, upon the principle that "the mutation of ideas is rigidly subject to the law of quantity." A belief in the present scientific ideas of evolution and force by the masses, helps the student in new discoveries. A very wise few, and very ignorant masses, destroy harmony and prevent advance.

The mind of man has always clung to the idea that the earthquake, the pestilence, famines, and destructive storms, were special visitations from God, but science, coming to the defence of the great Infinite, has shown that these phenomena are simply want of equilibrium in matter—a form of energy, or simple force; the same force that the architect (mind) turns to account in moving, and calling together the particles of matter, to make a flower, a shrub, or a tree, or an animal. Mind is the commandant, and force the subordinate and matter the material of the structure,—the true trinity.

In building the physical structure of man, we find this architect has given us two distinct sets of nervous apparatus. The one, and in my judgment the most mysterious as well as the most important is the sympathetic nervous system or the solar plexus, the one said to preside over the functions of nutrition, the one that secretes and vegetates life, the one that builds up the tissues of the body from the material elements—food, drink, and air,—the one that supplies the body with blood and maintains peristaltic action in the stomach and bowels, etc.

All this mysterious, intricate, grand, and perfect work, so done by the unseen intelligent agent is entirely independent of our volition and will. It is a kingdom governed by a ruler and dictator who never consults nor tolerates our will or wishes; its management is even beyond our consciousness, and out of the range of our comprehension. Consciousness sleeps, within the domain of the "Semi-lunar Ganglia." But the architect, the builder of this fearfully and wonderfully made machine is always at work, his watchful vigil never sleeps or rests.

We have another complete set of nervous apparatus ramifying the whole system, called the motor nerves or cranial and spinal nerves, centered as its name indicates in the brain and spine. It is in this system that thought and consciousness are centered. In this system, will and consciousness hold proprietary rights along the meandering lines, from center to terminus, but even here the right of riparian proprietorship is subject to conditions, for consciousness is only partial in the most perfect brain,—sight is limited to seven colors in the best brain, whilst they are infinite in number; sound to the acoustic nerves only takes in a few octaves, and the olfactory nerves are equally limited and circumscribed. Because we do not see a thing, is no reason it is not in existence; because we do not hear a sound is no reason why the harmony and melodies of the spheres are not constantly chanting the praise of the Infinite.

Our consciousness is limited to a part of our sets of our nervous systems, but that fact does not disprove

that it is the one and the same architect that supervises both the ganglia and the motor nervous systems. Nor does it prove but what our consciousness will broaden as evolution unfolds the inner and now hidden self,—until consciousness will pervade, and extend authority and dominion over both sets of the nerve sensorium.

As our conscious will is required to move an arm or foot, so is there a conscious willer required to direct each heart throb. And if there is at all times such a willer at his post,—always presiding over the functions of nutrition, are they not the same psychical entity? Does not clairvoyance prove that they are identical?

I trust the reader has not lost sight of the fact that all of these systems, all this intricate machinery is made up of inert matter, dead matter, that never acts unless acted upon, that never moves unless moved. And that its motion, its action, implies an actor, an external mover, a force having intelligent purpose back of it. This being the case we must learn to regard matter (as Mr. Underwood would say) "As phenomenal, as a symbolical representation in consciousness of a reality, which in itself is inscrutable and which is known only by its effects." And here I must thank this profound thinker for his suggestions, which I accept.

WALDO, FLORIDA.

"THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE"—SPIRITUALISM.

By G. B. STEBBINS.

A series of valuable articles by T. R. Huxley, F. R. S., on "The Advance of Science in the Last Half Century," have lately appeared in your columns. It is well to put on record the progress of science in its inductive and external aspects, while paying fit heed to what the world needs to-day—the progress of that more perfect science which recognizes a soul of things, the inner life of man and nature, the spiritual and internal, the immortality of man. While paying just heed to the statements of Huxley and his fellows, we must understand their poor attitude toward Spiritualism,—a great matter which Huxley never deigned to treat with respect or to investigate. The slight and superficial experience, and the flippant conclusion, of John Tyndall, a distinguished co-worker with Huxley, will show the unscientific method and spirit of this class of men toward this matter. Only once, as Tyndall tells us, (Fragments of Science, page 402) did he ever attend a séance. Is it scientific to reject or accept alleged facts and their meaning in so summary a manner? He admits the honesty of those present whom he knew. The medium, in conversation, told him of "performances of the spirits on musical instruments," and he replied that "such performance was gross" in comparison with the sounds emitted from a glass jet under scientific manipulation. Having never heard the alleged spirit music what did he know about it? Nothing of course, but he coolly assumed its inferiority.

He tells of seizing the moving table firmly between his knees, and how it was "pull spirit, hold muscle," muscle winning after a struggle. What moved the table he does not, and can not tell.

While the table was vibrating he put one leg over the other beneath it, producing an involuntary but transient vibration of his free leg. This he saw made a slight tremor of floor and table, and he says, "I intentionally promoted it," and several in the circle said it was spirits. He stopped it and they said, "They are gone," he began again and the ejaculation of one man declared they had come back. But "there were doubters present;" that is he did not cheat them all. He saw their perplexity and said nothing, as "the disclosure of the secret might produce anger."

Prudent man! He did not like to own up his game! What is the difference between a medium who deceives and a scientist who does the same thing, even though that scientist be John Tyndall? The more eminent the man, the worse the pity if he puts aside good manners and decent morals. He says that, by permission, he went under the table, "pretty well assured" himself that no sound could be produced under the table without its origin being revealed, resumed his seat and his fit name in the heavenly world, "Poet

of Science" was spelled out by raps. How this was done he does not try to tell, but says the whole matter was "discouraging," because the present promoters (in 1871) of spiritual phenomena "are two classes, one needs no demonstration the other is beyond the reach of proof," and "you urge in vain that science has given us all our knowledge of the universe while Spiritualism has added nothing to that knowledge."

Was the great scientist discouraged because his leg trick did not deceive all the persons present?

Is not his assumption about the present supporters of spirit phenomena decidedly cool and impertinent, as well as absurd, in view of the fact that only this once did he ever take part in their investigations? Herbert Spencer decides against Spiritualism on *a priori* grounds, and is not yet decided whether the soul is, or is not, a fleeting result of the senses to die with the body. Justice to the real merits of these men should never blind us in regard to their imperfect methods, their blind assumptions, bad manners and superficial knowledge of Spiritualism. They may live on earth long enough to see their grave errors and with manly frankness confess them.

Important scientific discoveries are reached through many trials and failures, so it is with Spiritualism. Fair criticism of these errors is one thing, wholesale detraction of investigators of the great question of man's immortality and of his possible return from the spirit land is another thing. I know hundreds of men and women, highly competent and gifted, who know, by long investigation, ten times more of Spiritualism than do these leading scientists. Shall the comparatively ignorant sneer at those more learned and experienced? Is it scientific to give judgment on a matter without investigation?

When will the scientific world wake up, with open eyes, to see that certain leading principles in the spiritual philosophy are to be of great service in perfecting the science of the future, compared to which science to-day is imperfect, as yesterday's science was imperfect compared to that of our time?

ABSENTEE LANDLORDRY.

By EDGEWORTH.

THE JOURNAL of November 1st, sensibly referring to the legalized plunder of tenants by Scully in Illinois—it might have added also in other states—and citing the report of the House committee which shows at least ten million acres in the same case, remarks that "when there are two horses in a stable, it is wise to lock the door after one is stolen." Yes, but "alien land ownership is an evil of gigantic proportions," in reality far greater than the term alien suggests. For what matters it to the millions of settlers fleeced or to be fleeced by tribute to railroad landlords under the actual land grant system of alternate sections for six miles on either side the track, whether their landlords live one, two or three thousand miles away—whether as subjects of the same or of different governments? And note that while the "stolen horse" has really been bought, at however much below his value by the alien landlords, another that you overlook and that runs over hundreds of millions of acres was never bought, otherwise than by the fees paid to legislators for their grant, unofficially and scandalously. Moreover, the aliens at least pay taxes, while the railroad companies, withholding their grants from poor settlers in view of rise of values, are exempt from taxes on them, the settler, after paying them a first tribute on his homestead, being the first to pay tax on it to government. Far from paying taxes, the greater monopolists have eaten the taxes levied upon labor, by subsidies in money from government. All this under pretext of opening up the country by internal improvements, and when the roads are built and the land cultivated, the farmers are beggared by exorbitant freight rates. The bill against alien landlordry is good as far as it goes, but that is merely a beginning. As to *ex post facto* legislation and the sentimental objection to government's rueing its own acts—why should not repentance be as salutary for state sinners, as for individual sinners? Practically to avow an injustice and an economic as well as ethical absurdity in its land policy, is the same in principle for congress, as it is for a

court to declare a writ of error in a previous decision. No new legislation is required, but simply to deny the use of the sheriff or the national forces in collecting rents or in extruding settlers from the monopolized tracts.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

V.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Scores of domestic instances could be enumerated, which, although satisfactorily proving the reality of this faculty, have not that striking character, which interests and fixes the attention of the general reader. The subsequent narrations will not be found wanting in this respect, being also examples of clairvoyant power.

The attention of a clairvoyant had been drawn to the photograph of a gentleman, when with an instability of thought, as if the visions flitted past momentarily and quickly, she dropped the subject under examination and wandered off into a distant vision, which seemed to afford her great amusement. At length she exclaimed, "What a funny old quiz he is, he has got some rows of green peas growing under the snow and does not know he has them." Questioning her more closely, I obtained a minute description of the place in which they were, and also that there were five rows. I immediately wrote to this gentleman, who was living in France, at a distance of three hundred miles, requesting him to inform me what there was in his garden, at the spot indicated, and received an absolute confirmation of this wonderful faculty, in his answer: "The spot you described was covered with snow, and on sweeping it off, I found six rows of young peas, about two inches above the ground; it was an experiment by my gardener and I was not aware of it."

It will be noticed that there was a discrepancy in the number of the rows. There were in fact six instead of five, as stated by her, but I obtained the number five with some difficulty. She appeared to count the rows several times and with some hesitation settled upon five. I have reason, knowing as I do all the antecedents and surrounding circumstances of this case, to regard it as one of the most exact proof I am acquainted with. The lady was an invalid confined to her bed and room for many months by an apparently fatal illness and whom I visited daily during that time as an intimate friend of the family; the gentleman of great literary and scientific attainments, occupying a distinguished official position in a foreign country; the gardener, who had sown the peas, an ignorant, plodding fellow, with no thought for any other matter than his daily labor. Every source of error was guarded against by the peculiar circumstances of the case, even to the additional corroboration of the snow on the ground when there was none where the clairvoyant was, three hundred miles farther north.

In order to satisfy myself as to any supposed influence light might exert in these phenomena (hyper-acuity of vision), for at times there were indications that darkness was a favorable condition, I wrote to the late English consul for the Department of the Seine, where there was then no sub-marine telegraph, asking him to do at a given hour some most unusual act in the dark, so that no suggestion of coincidence or sharp guessing would meet the case. Immediately after the act, he was to mail a letter with a statement of what he had done, and simultaneously the clairvoyant's revelation was to be posted by me. At the exact moment appointed she replied to my questioning "that he must be an eccentric old gentleman, for she saw him in a dark, cold place, filled with cobwebs, walking about without his coat, with the picture of M— on his head, and that he always kept this picture under lock and key." I at once sent this statement off and duly received by mail the one expected, dated the same day and hour as mine, from which I quote: "At the hour you designated I went into my wine cellar which is totally dark, and taking the miniature of M— out of my writing case, placed it

on my head, and walked up and down in my shirt-sleeves."

This gentleman having received such conclusive proof that the act he was doing was simultaneously perceived at so great a distance, became deeply interested in the subject, and made many successful experiments. Amongst other things he inclosed a sealed note, to be put into the clairvoyant's hands, with a view of testing her ability to decipher the contents. Placing it on top of her head, she asked for paper and pencil, wrote a letter of several lines in reply, addressed it properly, and gave it to me to send. When the seal of the gentleman's letter was broken, the answer was found to be as satisfactory and relevant as could be desired.

I had parted one inclement afternoon from a friend whose health was not very good, with a promise on his part not to go out any more on that day, but to take dinner quietly in his hotel, and go to bed early. On my return home a distance of eight miles, I had occasion in the course of the evening to mesmerize a person, suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia, and who sometimes was exceedingly lucid. The anxiety in my mind, as to my friend's comfort and health, impressed, I suppose, his image on the sensitive, for as soon as asleep she began to speak sharply of his folly in going out to dinner in such stormy weather, and with some degree of asperity, apparently because I entertained a different but unexpressed opinion.

"Yes, I tell you, he has gone out to dinner; you need not think he has not. He got a pressing invitation and he went. I saw him standing at the drawing room door, brushing his hair; what an odd place! He took the lady of the house down, and sits by her; they are talking about the Duke of Wellington. A yellow lady sits on his other side. The master of the house is there, but I do not know his name." She then gave a minute description of the host's personal appearance, which I omit, and some other particulars not verified. One of the chief points of her statement, that my friend did go out to dine was fully established, against all probability and my surest conviction to the contrary, by a letter I received the following day: "After you left me, I could not avoid going out to dinner. I went to Sir J—H—'s, and my hair being so thin and falling about my face, making me look like a wild man, I smartened it up at the door of the drawing room with a small pocket brush, and *mirabile dictu!* H. saw me doing it. It is past belief. I did lead the lady of the house into dinner, and sat by her. Your yellow lady was on my left. The master of the house was there, and H.'s description is fearfully exact. We talked a great deal about the Duke of Wellington. H.'s eye is on me and I must be careful how I walk. It is past all belief." Neither the clairvoyant nor myself had ever heard of Sir J. H. or his family.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. A. LEAH FOX UNDERHILL.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES AND TRIBUTE TO HER WORTH.

By J. JAY WATSON.

The recent transition of this noble woman to a higher, holier and happier state of existence is an event of more than ordinary significance. Being the eldest of the famous Fox sisters, through whose mediumship the marvelous manifestations of spirit return caused the most intense interest and inquiry, not only in America, but throughout the civilized world, the simple announcement of Mrs. Underhill's death may well remind us all to pause and reflect. Innumerable memories of the many bitter trials and sorrows to which the Fox family were subjected during the early period of their strange and eventful experiences, come unbidden, and must strike a chord of sympathy in the heart of every unprejudiced human soul. Under the honest but searching scrutiny of such minds as Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, John W. Edmonds, Professor S. B. Brittan, J. Fenimore Cooper, James A. Garfield, Robert Dale Owen, Isaac T. Hopper, Governor N. P. Tallmadge, John E. Robinson,

Professor Agassiz, Professor Mapes, Professor Horsford, William M. Thackeray (the novelist), Robert Chambers, E. W. Capron, Jacob G. Cuyler, Dr. John F. Gray, Dr. A. D. Wilson, and hundreds of other men and women of that period, the Fox sisters passed through the various and trying ordeals, abundantly proving their honesty of purpose and causing many of their learned and skeptical investigators to become firm believers and defenders of the new light and the new dispensation. The beautiful prayer and discourse by Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham at the obsequies, and the affecting solemnity of the occasion will long be remembered by a large number of mourners and friends present. At the conclusion of Mrs. Brigham's beautiful and touching discourse, Handel's exalted musical inspiration, "Angels ever bright and fair," was rendered by Mrs. Louise Vesceilius Sheldon with such prayerful and tender pathos as to draw copious tears from the eyes of many of her sympathetic listeners. This beautiful composition was indeed a fitting close to the sacred and impressive ceremonies.

AT GREENWOOD.

Mrs. Underhill was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, by the side of her sainted mother whom she loved so tenderly, on Wednesday, 5th inst. A beautiful cross, and crown of flowers, was placed at the head of her grave. The day was charming and serene, and the beautiful sun shed a bright halo over the great "city of the dead." Many relatives and friends followed the remains of the dear one to their final resting place. Mrs. Underhill's generous nature, and many kindly acts toward the weary and friendless during her long and useful life need hardly be commented upon here, for they were a marked characteristic in her earthly pilgrimage. Henry Ward Beecher frequently said that "the true way to be happy in this world, was to make others happy," and the greatest aim of this good woman's life was to carry out this divine injunction to the letter. The poor and needy were never turned from her hospitable door empty handed, and her great sympathetic heart constantly went out to the suffering children of earth. As a consistent Spiritualist, she remained steadfast and firm in her faith. The mottoes of her daily life were "Listen to the small voice within, and obey its dictates." "Do not unto others that you would not have others do unto you." "Worship where your conscience (not pride) leads you, and you need not fear to meet your God." Many happy weeks and months have been spent by myself and family at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, who have been among our most intimate friends for many long years. Mrs. Underhill was ever ready to demonstrate through her mediumship the palpable assurance of a glorious immortality. In her many labors of love for the afflicted, she has been constantly seconded by her noble and generous-hearted husband. Mrs. Underhill will be greatly missed in her home, and by a large circle of devoted and tried friends. I can not better close these remarks than by quoting from a beautiful letter written by Mrs. Pauline W. Davis, of Providence, R. I., to Mrs. Underhill. She writes as follows: "Deeply as I am interested in the new philosophy, of which you are a chosen teacher, still am I more interested in you, as a woman, a woman whose heart is alive to all that is good and great, and that has been purified by high love."

FUNERAL DISCOURSE BY MRS. HELEN J. T. BRIGHAM, OVER THE REMAINS OF MRS. A. LEAH UNDERHILL.

[Phonographically reported by W. S. Rogers.]

PRAYER.

O, thou who art at all times with us, whose hand expresses infinite tenderness and care, and fatherhood and motherhood blended in one! we would have thoughts of thee come to us to-night, bringing light through all our shadows, abundant strength through all our weariness and weakness. O, God, thou whose light makes beautiful the world, thou whose love is the light over us, comfort, instruct us, for we need thee now. We bring to thee, in our prayer, all the hunger and thirst of our spiritual nature, all the longing, all the weariness, all the doubt, and all the trouble, and we bless thee in the clear light of thy love and care; and, lo, even while we pray, we are strengthened, and uplifted, and answered. Our Father! in the midst of sorrow, we yet have the rejoicing that we bring to thee our earnest thanks, that thy love is perfect. We thank thee, that whatever men may think of thee,

however they may stumble and be mistaken in striving to know thee who art infinite and changeless in thy love and goodness, by thy every law humanity grows upward and sunward, and the shadows melt away, and we learn that thou art love, and we trust in thee who art the spirit of truth, the giver of all truth. And when from time to time there comes amid the darkness some helper, some guide, some hand to lift the lighted torch amid the gloom, we thank thee, for thou art the love and the light that makes these things possible. O, Spirit of Truth, we may still apprehend thee. We may stumble in thy way, we may doubt, misunderstand and misinterpret, yet, steadfast and sure stands the truth, and we thank thee that it is so.

O, our Father! while human hearts are grieving, while shadow, pain, and sorrow lie darkly upon so many assembled here to-night, yet through all our night of sorrow the great, bright stars are shining and there is a silvery radiance that glides through the darkness, and rests upon us where we are. We thank thee that we know thou didst give a little child to the earth. We thank thee for the love that sustained and sheltered her, for the love that nourished and developed her; and we thank thee for the maidenhood and womanhood; for the love in the wife and the mother; for the daughter, for the sister, for the friend. And, O, our Father! now that this friend is gone from the weariness, gone from the storms of the world that are lashed on every hill; gone from the turbulent ocean of sorrow, whose murmuring was always in her ears; now that she stands in the clear and cloudless light, O, Father! for the life and liberty, and the peace and happiness which she has found; for the work she has done which brings the light of blessed truth to those who sat in darkness for the beautiful dispensation of immortal life that she was strong to bring, and steadfast and unswerving to keep before the eyes of the world. For all this we thank thee, O Spirit of Truth. In those days, when to speak of this beautiful truth which gave to her her strength and glory, was to incur derision; when, in those days to assert that heaven and earth were blended, and that mortals could receive messages from their unseen friends was only to call forth criticism and bitter scorn—she stood strong and secure as an oak stands amid the storms of winter.

O, our Father! for the hand, small as it was, and frail as it was,—the hand, cold and nerveless to-night,—the hand which helped to open the great door, to unlock the great mystery to those who are longing, hungering, mourning—for this, O, God! we thank thee. We thank thee, that in those days, when the light which she helped to bring was seen by multitudes instead of a few, that in those days when she stood firmly by this beautiful truth which she felt, and knew, and lived, day by day—for this strength, for this loyalty, for this purity and honesty of purpose in the woman, in the medium, for all this, O God of love, and God of truth, we thank thee.

And now that her night is ended, and her day has dawned upon the eternal hill; now that she has gone as a visible presence from those who love her so tenderly and so dearly, from the many that she has won with her love and generosity, O, Father! for the beautiful welcome that has been given her at the home invisible, shall we not thank thee? There have been words of gladness, sweet words, happy greeting. There has been a great and sweet surprise in the wonderful light, the light that has no equal on the face of this broad earth. For all the beauty that she now sees, O, God, we thank thee.

And now, O Father, help us; help those whom she has helped. She was always quick to respond to the cry of the needy; her sympathy was always ready to aid those who were in trouble; her tears were as quick to flow as April clouds to shed their rain, over the sorrows of others. And O Father! from that beautiful land where she lives with millions of angels standing in the light, we pray that the same love and helpfulness downflowing from that land may be felt, may be accepted here to-night. There are many here to-night who need this comfort, O, Father, make them receptive of it, make their natures plastic to receive it, open the eyes of the spirit, open the windows of the soul that this light may shine in; and, O, Father! we trust in thee, lead us, guide us; let thy angels strengthen and comfort us all, now and forever. Amen.

ADDRESS.

"Death shall be swallowed up in victory." This is an old saying which is an instance of that wonderful inspiration which is over all the world—"Now is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory." "Oh death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"

There are some words of comfort that we could recall, many that come flowing back to us like the ghosts of sweet music from the hills forever green and bathed in light, and beyond our yearning mortal sight. But among those echoing words there are none which can express so perfectly to us as those we have quoted—"Now, indeed, is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

Friends, you have come from many places—from homes where the name of our sister was a household word. Did you ever go to her house before when you had not received from her a loving welcome? How ready she was to reach out her hand to greet you. How quick the smile sprang with the light in her face; how warm were those friendly, kindly words of greeting so dear and so familiar to the memory of all. You have come here to-night, and there, with the crown at the head, and strongly significant, the cross also, is a quiet sleeper. But she whom you love is not there; it is only as the slumber that lies like a benediction of peace on the tired face. And when you look at that casket, and the wearied dust that occupies it, we would have you remember that our friend is simply gone out of it, and that she lives never so

truly, never so really, as to-night; and she has spoken the words of welcome to you, but you did not hear them. She has smiled upon you with such angelic sweetness as you never saw on the worn, tired face, but you saw not the light of that smile.

And friends, though you call her dead, she is living and comes as truly as any soul can come; and remember, "Now is come to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory." Friends, do you know what this life is? Do you know what death is? These garments you are wearing are only yours, not you. They are the shells, or robes, or houses, whatever you choose to call them—your possessions. You are interwoven in the very fibers of this body, but the body is not you. And when you look upon the faces assembled to-night, you are looking only upon the veil which one-half reveals and one-half conceals the love of your friends. Here upon this earth you are placed to fulfill a mission, to learn a lesson. Do you not know that this is not your home? That it is not the abiding place? That day after day, and year after year, you are building a house that you shall find in the other land? It is built of thoughts and motives; it is built of words; and day after day you are weaving, thread by thread, thought by thought, the robes that you shall find waiting for you in the life invisible to you to-night. And sooner or later this change which has come to our friend so suddenly, and with signs and warnings partly unnoticed or misunderstood—this change will come to you all. It will come swiftly; it will come soon to some of you; it will come lingeringly to some, but it is on its way. No, you are on your way to meet it. It is not a dreadful thing; it is not a fearful thing, this change you call death. It is only an opening of the door, and passing out of the shadows into the light, to that sweet and glorious splendor that lies beyond this vestibule of toil as you are wont to call it. And so day by day, as you are here learning your lessons, it is wise that you should stop and consider what this life really is—this life that men call death. When the night ends, the day is beginning; when the bud uncloses, the rose blossoms; when the chrysalis is broken, the butterfly wafts itself in the light, shakes its wet wings, and dries them in the sunshine and soars away. Is that death? No; that is a natural change, an evolution, an outgrowth. And friends, if death is not the birth of the spirit, then science halts and stumbles at this point. But if death is birth; if it is the dawn of the day; if it is the breaking of the chrysalis, then it is but one link in this long chain of evidence, in this one great chain of evolution and progression.

Friends, why shall we stop to ask for evidence and indications and suggestions of immortal life? Why should we speak of intuitions, and of longings for another world? Why should we speak of the strength of the pure affection which will not lie down in the dust of the grave? Why should we bring to you texts of scripture? Why should we tell you stories of the angels of the olden days who came to the seers, and patriarchs, and disciples? Why should we tell you of these things? There is here to-day in your mind a name. It is the name of one whose life work shines as bright as the brightest star in the heavens—the work of demonstrating immortal life.

Friends, when you think of our dear sister, Leah Fox Underhill, the name itself has a sound which seems to carry with it something to the affections, something to the intellect, assuring us by these demonstrations of immortal life; and then we remember that we do not need to search and glean in the fields of philosophy, and science, and history, to show you the reality of life. We can think of her as still living. We can trace the path backward. And you come with us in your thoughts till you find the time when those raps sounded as though the angels had said, we seek admittance, and we will not be set aside, we will not be denied. We know that this woman has stood before the wise and the learned; she has stood before men who were proud of their intellect and attainments; her powers have been carefully scrutinized, and she has given, to all these questions, the clear, straightforward answers that demonstrated immortality. She did not shrink as some mediums from exhibition, she did not hide beyond false conditions, she did not stand before the world saying, I dare not let this light shine, but she let it shine; she held the torch when its glow and glory shone in tears, in tears that blinded her sight. Oh, brave, faithful, living worker, brave heart, silent now. Oh, brave in purpose, strong and vivid, and intense, in the spiritual life! We bring you homage; we bring you greeting; for, you were the one who demonstrated life after death, who demonstrated the power of the invisible over the visible; you were the one who gave to the world proofs that spirit is all potent, and that it thrills matter, and communicates through matter. Oh, brave, loyal, spiritual worker, we lay at your feet this crown of our loving remembrance, our loving gratitude; and why should we need to seek for proofs of immortal life when you have given them so full and so perfect.

When we think of her, we remember the bitter waters that flowed to her feet, we remember the ingratitude that gathered around her; and then the pur-

pose, like the purpose that stirred the saintly souls of old lives beyond the shadow, and we say, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Friends, "Now is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

Of what are you thinking, as you gather here to-night? First her powers to bring spiritual light. You were thinking of them all of these later years when as part of this home made bright and beautiful with love and welcome, and singing birds, and green leaves, and fragrant flowers, she lived and welcomed you. Those loving hands were reaching out to the aged and the poor; always ready to give, always ready to help, always thinking of the needs of others. Those loving hands were stretched out to little children. She folded them in her arms, she kissed them, she loved them. And friends she gave a mother's care to the motherless. She has helped others; she has led them along the pathway of life to manhood and womanhood, and given of her possessions to bless them. Her life has gone out to all classes. Back over the land that you can not see, where the light is shining, and where the darkness of earth fades into the eternal white,—there comes a presence, strange perhaps to you; not strange if you could see it; and we remember one who was a "Sojourner,"* and one whose name was dear, and we know that, years ago, she gave to her loving welcome. She cast her not out, she thought not of the sable-hued brow and cheek, she only thought of the purpose, and gave her welcome.

Friends, you who come here, remember the kindly deeds that characterized this life, how this heart was filled to overflowing with blossoms that graced her pathway, flowers that grew from the very soil of the human heart of love and sympathy; how her home was open to so many; how her ready sympathy flowed out to so many. Friends, how beautiful these words are, "Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

What has she found? Her friends. There are names we might speak, the names of men and names of women that are dear to us in memory and in reverence; and she has spoken these names, she has seen the old familiar faces, she has clasped the hands of welcome friends in the better land, and the old life of trouble, pain and weariness, and advancing years, is left behind her. Oh, loving sister, loving friend, loving wife, heaven is indeed brighter to-night, because it has one more kind heart dwelling therein.

Among those who have loved her, among the names of statesmen, among the names of men who have helped shape the very character of our country itself, among the names of poets and teachers, we might speak of one, yes, more than one; but of one especially, whose young, sweet life flowed away like a strain of sweet music in a land where music is the eternal language.† And she has stood by the dear boy, and she has clasped his hand, and said, "I have come from those who mourn and grieve, and I am sure your father, your mother, all your dear ones are seeing more light than they have seen, and I know it will not be very long when we shall all be together." And so, friends, to-night, the message that we bring you is one of love, and congratulation, for the one who has left the night behind her forever, and who stands on the morning shore, who stands beneath the peace that can never, never fade away.

Friends, when you take your last look at that face that lies so pallid and so pathetic there with the last shadow of pain, say to yourself, that is not your friend; that is not Leah; that is only the garment that is cast off. She will not need it any more. She stands, strong and young and free, and with a state of spirit, of character, she could not have in that poor, tired body among the troubled surroundings of earth. And when we think this we will comfort our grieving, we will dry our tears, and say, you have found the victory. "O, death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Friends, you are now spirits; and though you are wearing these garments of the body of lowly hue the world you call the invisible is all around you like the atmosphere. Oh, hearts sad and burdened, if we only could draw aside the curtain and let you see the beyond, you would know these things. Between these rooms a thin curtain is drawn, between this room and that there hangs a curtain of lace, but just beyond there are green leaves and flowers and birds.‡ And, oh friends, between you and the beautiful where the birds are not asleep, between you and the beautiful beyond where the flowers are all in bloom, there is a

* "Sojourner" Truth, a well known and patriotic old colored woman, a staunch supporter of the American Union, and a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, spent several months at Mrs. Underhill's home, where she was made happy and contented in her declining years. She died at the advanced age (so stated) of 107 years.

† Emmons Hamlin Watson, the gifted young musician, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jay Watson, who passed from earth to heaven, January 15, 1890, at the age of nineteen years and ten months, and in whose rare musical genius Mrs. Underhill took a warm personal interest.

‡ Mrs. Underhill's beautiful aviary of birds, flowers, and tropical plants.

curtain hanging; would that you could draw it aside. But we can not, but angels' fingers will do this for you if you are only willing. And so friends shall we say good-night? No, let us change it. Good-night is the stem of the rose of thorns that pain our fingers as we hold it, but, lo, upon this stem uplifted is the rose, and that rose is the good-morning for our friend. For all the sad and troubled ones may the peace of God come, the benediction of heaven, the clear light of the truth. For the dear companion whom she loved so deeply and who has so nobly aided her in her work, faithfully standing by her through years of care and pain and trial—for this companion we would only say, there will be light, there will be strength, there will be recognition "When the mists have rolled away." For the dear ones who have made the light of the home, we have only these words of kind sympathy, of sweetest and tenderest love; for those who have called her sister, and who have found her a sister not alone in name, always ready to forgive, always ready to do, always ready to help them, when the night of this mourning seems deepest and darkest, we only say, look up and think of her where she is at rest and at peace, and then say, "Now, indeed, is the saying brought to pass, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Mrs. Brigham improvised some verses appropriate to the occasion, after the recitation of which she concluded the services with these words:

And now, O Father, may thy blessing rest upon us who so steadily need it; upon the suffering companion, weak and weary; upon these dear ones she has cared for and loved; upon these friends whose love follows her over into the land where she is to-night. May thy blessing give us strength, and truth, and peace, until all shall realize that there is no death, but that which seems so is "Swallowed up in victory."

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

By HON. A. H. DAILEY.

So many weeks have elapsed since the publication of my last letter in THE JOURNAL that an explanatory word to those of your readers who have perused my European letters seems proper. When my wife and I left America we went to regain impaired health, and anticipated that the ocean voyage and European travel would more speedily effect that result than proved to be the case. We found that the fatigue of travel, the weariness of sight seeing, and the changes of diet we were subject to did not benefit us; and the exertion of letter writing was often too great to be safely engaged in. Therefore I have been obliged to defer until more recuperated before resuming my correspondence. Before I close these letters, I shall endeavor to give to such of your readers as may anticipate traveling in Europe some valuable suggestions from our own experiences which will be profitable to them in many ways if heeded.

We found the journey from Berlin to Dresden short and pleasant, and Dresden itself a beautiful and thriving city of which the Germans may well be proud. The River Elbe flows through the town, which is crossed by several fine bridges, and mountains of considerable height look down upon the city and surrounding country. The valley between these mountains and high hills is wide and exceedingly fertile, and the approaches to Dresden are through miles of rich farms and villas; the high hills and even the mountains are occupied by the wealthy, where they have made themselves homes of great elegance. In the vicinity of Dresden we found the first appearances of any considerable grape culture since leaving the Rhine. There has been so much written of Dresden, and the character of the place is so well known that any lengthy description is unnecessary now. The great galleries of art have a fame that is world wide. Here are collected many of the greatest works ever produced by man, representing the characters and scenes around which so much of human interest has been centered for nearly two thousand years. They are gazed upon year after year by many thousands of people, with strangely contrasting emotions. It is a study not devoid of interest to observe the effect produced upon the minds of different people when they enter the great museums of art in the cities of Europe. Those accustomed to such places are at once known by the cool and critical manner in which they commence the task before them. If a person has never undertaken the careful examination and study of an extensive gallery of pictures he will not comprehend its exhausting nature until he has done so; then he will come to regard this kind of work as of the most wearing character, both to mind and body. Two hours a day is all that any person should devote to this department of sightseeing. I have seen persons subject to brain troubles, thrown completely off their balance when brought before striking figures and representations on canvas. Of course these are exceptional cases, but they serve to indicate the nature of the task in visiting such places. But there are persons who rush through these places stopping for a

moment only, before the most conspicuous pieces, whose brains never tire at anything, for reasons which I need not suggest. Occasionally we observed peasants from the surrounding country who for the first time in their lives were ushered into the rooms containing these great collections where they beheld the representations of the naked and half-nude forms of goddesses, nymphs and satyrs. Their blushes and confusion greatly excited our sympathy and amusement. Hats and aprons were fumbled, and their eyes wandering from place to place as if seeking for a retreat under the shadows of some friendly landscape. Sometimes I have thought that I detected a greenish hue in a maiden's eye, when her attendant lover lingered too long or cast too many sidewise glances at the exquisite form of a reclining Venus. That these representations of the highest types of female beauty should force a sigh from the hearts of those upon whom nature has not been so lavish in her mouldings is quite natural.

Often times the religious tendencies of the visitor are shown by the attitude assumed before some of the sacred representations. They clearly evince a feeling that through the picture they are carried beyond the canvas and pigment to the being represented, before whom the soul commands obeisance and the hinges of the knee are made to bend. The original of the famous Madonna by Raphael continues to occupy a room by itself, and here hundreds of thousands come each year and stand uncovered in the presence of this masterpiece of human art. Superstitious and imaginative persons are often heard to say that they have seen the eyes of the Virgin move, and cherubs' faces peer through the aura around the forms, where in fact the great artist has pictured with wonderful skill numerous spiritual faces, which careful scrutiny only detects.

Of course we visited the Grand Cathedral on a Sabbath morning and listened to the charming music for which it is so famous. The organ is a grand instrument, and the choir fully worthy of its great reputation. One feature of the service was exceptionally fine, and that the reading by the priest. Those who have attended Catholic services understand the opportunity often embraced by the priest, to render his part in a musical voice very effectively. In this instance the voice of the priest (I know not his name), surpassed in richness and melody any voice from the choir, and filled the vast edifice with musical utterances I have never heard surpassed from the altar.

The zoological garden and park deserve a visit from all travelers. We made the acquaintance of a lady at the zoological garden who delights in her attentions to the most ferocious of the wild animals, and they in turn reciprocate with kind looks, and submit themselves to be petted and caressed by her, when they would tear and mangle any other hand extended to them. A stranger seeing her project her hand into the cage of a restless spitting panther barely escaped a blow from his paw for presuming to put his hand upon her arm, thinking to rescue her from danger. She showed us two large white bears, which were born of two black bears in another cage since their capture. Dresden is the home of many Americans who enjoy the climate and the facilities for studying art and the German language.

From Dresden we took a day train to the ancient and historical city of Prague. The railroad follows the course of the River Elbe for most of the way, and the scenery is picturesque and pleasing. The river has worn its channel between frowning hills of sandstone, and through long periods of time wind and water have been busy in cutting and curving according to their own freaks, until grotesque forms, stately columns, mock castles and towers stand out in impressive prominence from the hills and mountains on either side. Vineyards alone were wanting to convey the impression that we were again traversing the valley of the Rhine. I was soon struck with the appearance of large crucifixes standing in the most conspicuous places where they could be readily observed by the traveler for many miles. When we came where the valley widened we found them at road crossings, in the open fields and in numerous secluded places. We were told that the people, who are mainly Catholic, in their religious fervor not only maintain these numerous crosses as a part of the performance of a religious duty, but, if a man has been murdered or fallen dead at a particular place, that a cross is at once thus erected and maintained, to purify and exalt the influences of the locality, and in any place where anything of a ghost-like nature has occurred, a cross is placed to banish the spectre. The erecting of the cross is attended with considerable ceremony, and it is customary for a priest to officiate, and by his great powers and the assistance he invokes, he puts to flight the demoniacal influences, if such there be, or releases from its imprisonment an unfortunate spirit, whose deeds have become as self-wrought chains with which he is held to the place of his sin in the tortures of an eternal nightmare to his soul. How much of this is mere superstition, and how much is possible and true, those who read must determine for themselves. These countries are full of old castles, ruined towns,

and crumbling habitations, and legends strange and interesting attach to nearly all. Were the ghost stories repeated a thousand times, and handed down from generation to generation in these countries, collected and collated, they would make an immense library of themselves, but of course the knowing and wise would pronounce this vast accumulation of tales valueless testimony to establish the fact that man has a soul that may manifest itself after death to mortals yet living.

Some years ago I was assigned, much against my wishes, by the court to defend from the charge of murder a young man who had deliberately sharpened a large knife, called upon a young German woman with whom he was in love, and because she had refused to marry him, plunged this knife into her heart. Upon the trial a young man, a lawyer, gave testimony. Many months afterwards he accosted me in a court room, and made himself known. I had quite forgotten him. His object, he said, in speaking to me was to relate an unpleasant experience he had had during a recent visit to some relations in England. He said he knew I was a Spiritualist, but that he had himself been an utter disbeliever in the possibility of a soul's return to earth so as to manifest itself, until the occurrence he then related. When in England he was given lodgings by his relations in a large room, entirely by himself, in a stone mansion several hundred years old. In the night he was awakened by the apparently heavy breathing of a person near him in the room. He was startled, and he listened intently, and the breathing became momentarily more distinct and labored. He held his breath to be sure that he could not be mistaken, and found the sound not only more distinct, but apparently approaching him more closely. He would have leaped from his bed and lighted a candle, but this unpleasant sound was between him and the candle. Seeing no way of escape and feeling his hair rising, he plunged beneath the clothing of his bed and waited for day. In the morning he accused his cousins, two young ladies, of having made him the subject of a practical joke, which they strenuously denied, but exchanged significant glances with each other. After he had related his night's experience, they informed him that they had hesitated about giving him that room, but were obliged to do so, as they then had no other at their disposal; that the room had the reputation of being haunted, and that others who had occupied it had had similar experiences; and that over a hundred years ago a murder had been committed there, and they showed him what were said to be blood stains upon the floor beside the bed.

The other is an incident related to me by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, and relates to the dealings by Catholics with cases of obsession. Many years ago while she was lecturing in Cincinnati, a young girl in Covington, Kentucky, was said to be sorely afflicted by an evil-disposed spirit, and, the family being Catholic, had at last applied to the sisters connected with a convent to use their powers to exorcise this spirit. It was at the close of a Sunday lecture, and Mrs. Britten was being conveyed in a coach across the bridge over the Ohio river to Covington, where she was to dine, and while crossing met the sisters with the young girl going to the convent. As they approached, Mrs. Britten clairvoyantly saw this spirit dancing in a rage before the young girl, and yet repelled by the presence of the sisters and the spirits attendant upon them. The horses attached to Mrs. Britten's coach reared in the air and became nearly unmanageable through fright, evidently observing the same midair antics attracting the attention of Mrs. Britten. The young girl was soon restored from the effects of the unpleasant domination of the spirits.

Professor G. Stanley Hall in a recent address, reported in the *Christian Register*, said: "Telepathy" is a word which has been invented to describe the mysterious influence that enables people to communicate with each other when at a distance. The automatism of certain people is extremely susceptible. I have had a subject who will read large letters a foot long through seven thicknesses of cotton cloth. I can see through but one thickness, or sometimes two. It used to be thought that the passage of an impression over a foot of nerve fibre was instantaneous. Scientific experiments have now proved that exact measurements may be taken, and we know the time that it takes the sensation of a prick on the end of a finger to pass up to the brain and to react. There is no mental act yet proven to be independent of time. This, again, is of therapeutic value, because it serves as an index of certain forms of disease. In the same address Professor Hall observed: Not a single work that man has ever accomplished could have been done without the aid of muscles. Here we have to deal with a tissue more accessible than the tissue of the brain. There is perhaps no emotion or thought that is not expressed through the muscles somewhere. It is possible that the law holds within certain limits that every act of the soul is reflected in muscular action. This is the secret of muscle reading. It is impossible for us to know a thing and not show it.

BABYLAND.

Have you heard of the Valley of Babyland,
The realm where the dear little darlings stay
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,
And oh, so tenderly bring them away?
The paths are winding and past all finding
By all save the storks, who understand
The gates and highways and intricate by-ways
That lead to Babyland.

All over the Valley of Babyland
Sweet flowers bloom in the soft green moss,
And under the ferns fair, and under the plants
there

Lie little heads like spools of floss.
With a soothing number the river of slumber
Flows o'er a bedway of silver sand.
And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping
Babes of Babyland.

The path to the Valley of Babyland
Only the kingly, kind storks know;
If they fly over mountains or wade through foun-
tains,

No man sees them come and go.
But an angel maybe, who guards some baby,
Or a fairy, perhaps, with her magic wand,
Brings them straightway to the wonderful gate-
way

That leads to Babyland.

And there, in the Valley of Babyland,
Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,
Like an unfledged starling they find the darling
For whom the heart of a mother yearns;
And they lift him lightly and snug him tightly
In feathers soft as a lady's hand,
And off with a rockaway step they walk away
Out of Babyland.

As they go from the Valley of Babyland
Forth into the world of the great unrest,
Sometimes weeping he wakes from sleeping
Before he reaches the mother's breast
Ah, how she blesses him, how she caresses him,
Bonniest bird in the bright home band
That o'er land and water the kind stork brought
her

From far-off Babyland.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In one of the wards of the University Hospital of Baltimore there lies and suffers—if she be not already mercifully dead—a charred and ghastly wreck of humanity that was a healthy, happy woman two days ago. The *Press* comments the case of this woman, Mrs. Rebecca Goldstein, to the attention of those highly scientific persons who contend that the maternal instinct is dying out in these modern days. The night before last Mrs. Goldstein and her husband awoke to find the lower portion of their home a mass of flames. Awakening their children they rushed to the roof. The alarm had already been given and the fire companies were at hand. Ladders were promptly raised to the roof. Four of the family were handed to the firemen when the mother made the agonizing discovery that the fifth and youngest child had been left behind in the excitement.

Tearing herself away from the hands of the firemen who sought to force her to descend the ladder, Mrs. Goldstein plunged down into the blazing furnace beneath. The fire caught her hair, her face, her hands, her clothing. It flashed in her eyes and she breathed it. It curled about her form and her flesh crisped and blackened. But she did not falter. Snatching the child from the floor, she caught it up, and throwing about it a shawl, dashed back with it through the wall of flames to the roof again. She saved the child, but she spent her own life in doing it. What she did the other mothers of America would do as unhesitatingly. There are a host of ways in which a mother may risk her life to save her child. And there is not one mother in a hundred who would once stop to think of her own peril in such an emergency. The wise ones may preach if they will; but mother love is as powerful to-day as ever. Without it the doom of our civilization would be swift and sure.

Mr. R. S. Hawker had a theory that there was an atmosphere which surrounded men, imperceptible to the senses, which was the vehicle of spirit, in which angels and devils moved, and which vibrated with spiritual influences, affecting the soul. Every passion man felt, set this ether trembling, and made itself felt throughout the spiritual world. A sensation of love, or anger, or jealousy, felt by one man, was like a stone thrown into a pool, and it sent ripples throughout the spiritual universe, which touched and communicated itself to

every spiritual being. Some mortal men having a highly refined soul, were as conscious of these pulsations as disembodied beings; but the majority are so numbed in their spiritual part as to make no response to these movements. He pointed out that photography has brought to light and taken cognizance of a chemical element in the sun's rays of which none formerly knew anything, but the existence of which is now proved; so in like manner was there a spiritual element in the atmosphere of which science could give no account, as its action could only be registered by the soul of man, which answered to the calms and storms in it, as the barometer to the atmosphere, and the films of gold leaf in the magnetometer to the commotions of the magnetic wave.—*Baring Gould's Vicar of Morwenstow.*

Over 1,500 of the most prominent women in New York City have joined hands and pledged themselves to do all in their power to make their male friends vote and work for the People's Municipal League ticket. They have not been invited to work for the reform movement. They have gone at it from pure love of good municipal government and a desire to aid in the overthrow of corrupt Tammany Hall. America has never seen anything like this movement before. England has had for years its Primrose League and its Liberal League for women in politics, but it was reserved for the women of New York who are appalled by the evil in Tammany's administration to inaugurate the fashion in this country. On the membership roll may be found such names as these: Mrs. J. H. Choate, Mrs. C. Fairchild, Mrs. W. W. Whitney, Mrs. J. F. Kernochan, Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger, Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. S. S. McClure, Mrs. J. J. Miller, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. D. S. Appleton, and Mrs. Ella D. Clymer.

At the meeting of the St. Louis Bar association in memory of Justice Miller, Miss Phoebe Cousins, speaking of the dead judge's part three years before in the creation of herself a United States Marshal, said: Comprehending that the situation was one of sore trial to me, he leaned forward with most cordial approval on his smiling face, while the oath was being administered, and at the close, with a graceful wave of his hand, he placed all listeners en rapport with the court by saying: "And now, Mistress Marshal, I hope you will have no occasion to hang a man during your administration of office." In a prized letter to me, he says: "While you were not permitted to fill out the full tenure of your father's term, let us congratulate ourselves that we have established a precedent which, sooner or later, must be recognized by all. Even now other courts are admitting women to official positions, and it can not be long before the principle will be acknowledged by all."

An exchange says that it is not generally known, perhaps, that the golden rod is one of the most dangerous plants known to botanists, and no one who picks the flowers should allow them to remain over night in their room. Underneath their golden beauty there lurks a deadly poison. If they are allowed to stand in a room two or three days they become dry, and a fluffy powder-like substance which the flower produces, begins to decay, and is sent through the rooms in the form of an imperceptible powder, which is inhaled by the occupants, irritating the throat, producing sneezing, and making the limbs feel as though burdened by a heavy weight. In some respects the symptoms are not unlike those of la grippe. Several cases of severe sickness have resulted from this sort of poisoning, and lovers of the state flower should be careful to see that there are none in their rooms when they retire.

In the course of a brief address at the Burlington School for Girls last month, when Mr. Gladstone distributed the prizes he said: Well, ladies, you who belong to the favored half of the human race, enormous changes have taken place in your position, not only in your actual, but also in your prospective positions as members of society. It is almost terrible to look back upon the state of women sixty years ago, upon the manner in which they were viewed by the law, and the scanty provision made for their welfare, and the gross injustice, the flagrant injustice, the shameful injustice to which in certain particulars they were subjected. Great changes have taken place, and still greater, I will not say are impending, but are much discussed.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the daughter of the statesman, is described by one who has met her "as an exceedingly original person who resembles her father and has his vitality. If she were introduced as Miss Brown of Chicago, Boston people would pronounce her shocking, 'the typical Western person,' who must be sat upon and silenced. But her big nature and splendid vitality would drown their little criticisms and when they found her to be Miss Gladstone they would pronounce her a glorious creature."

"Twenty damsels of knowledge" recently got up a debate upon the subject, "Which one of our notable living Americans has shown himself to be the possessor of the greatest intellect?" After writing down one hundred names, placing them in a box, and then taking one out at a time and discussing each successive individual, the choice finally rested upon Thomas A. Edison.

Elizabeth Comstock, the aged Quaker preacher, now living at Union Springs, N. Y., has visited during her lifetime 122,000 prisoners, 195,000 sick and wounded soldiers and 85,000 inmates of almshouses on both sides of the water.

The first number of a new weekly periodical, called *Mistress and Maid*, has just been published in London. Its object is to find good servants for employers and good places for servants.

THE BANNER'S PET HARD HIT.

Ex-convict W. R. Colby, known in the Texas Penitentiary as No. 4273, a confirmed criminal and of late the special admiration of Luther Colby of the *Banner of Light*, has come before the public once more in a way likely to increase his difficulties in robbing people. The Boston *Herald* of November 7th devoted over three columns to Colby's history and exposed one of his many tricks in simulating spirit presence. The *Herald* republished the greater part of THE JOURNAL's exposé of August 4th, 1888, together with some subsequent events in the life of the villain. As long ago as May 2, 1885, THE JOURNAL published W. R. Colby as a trickster and dead beat. We finally drove him out of Chicago, and he brought up in San Francisco where he was received with open arms and profuse hospitality by J. J. Owen, editor of *The Golden Gate*. By his plausible methods and Owen's strong endorsements Colby soon ingratiated himself into the confidence and sympathy of Pacific Coast Spiritualists—or people calling themselves Spiritualists. He was in clover; nothing was too good for him. Made a director of a camp meeting and ordained as a minister, he was in high feather with the faithful, and spending their money at the gaming table with the recklessness of one who felt his supply was limitless. THE JOURNAL had been quietly but industriously following a blind trail leading from W. R. Colby to Parson Raines, a Baptist preacher who robbed a mail car in Texas while holding a revival. At last, after years of labor in securing the proofs, THE JOURNAL came out with the facts and traced the fellow's career down to his assumption of the dignity of camp director, preacher and protégé of *The Golden Gate*. Consistent with his previous course, Mr. Owen still continued to befriend the gambler, mountebank and robber. The columns of *The Golden Gate* were open to and used by Colby to deny THE JOURNAL's statements and to work up additional sympathy for the "poor persecuted medium." Mr. Owen freely drew from his exhaustless oleomargarine storehouse and his lachrymose depot to build affecting editorials in defense of the victim of THE JOURNAL's "persecution." The *Chronicle*, of San Francisco, published a long dispatch from Chicago giving the substance of THE JOURNAL's exposé. Colby at once brought suit against *The Chronicle* for \$100,000. Whereupon Mr. De Young telegraphed and wrote us as to whether our allegations could be substantiated. We

replied by assuring him we never made assertions we could not prove, and sent him the data on which to found his defense. A great daily does not stop at expense when necessary to its defense. Mr. De Young at once arranged to have John F. Lippard, whose mail car had been robbed by Colby, and others from Texas who could identify the criminal, come to San Francisco. These witnesses identified Colby as Parson Raines; whereupon Owen's pet suddenly left the city and has since been on the tramp. After varying vicissitudes and experiences, one of which was traveling through Kansas last spring in partnership with Eliza Ann Wells—Henry J. Newton's quondam star—Colby turned up at Onset Camp last summer, where he soon became popular, and aided A. B. Richmond in manufacturing sympathy for himself and W. E. Reid, who was then, and is now, doing time in the Detroit house of correction. Luther Colby was spending the summer at Onset, where the supply of counterfeit spirits was abundant enough to satisfy his morbid tastes and vitiated understanding.

Naturally Colby the veteran editor was hypnotized by Colby the veteran blackleg. Such a result was inevitable, and people should not be too hard on the ancient fraud defender, for his constitutional weakness of mind makes him the prey of every designing schemer. In *The Banner of Light* for August 2d, Editor Colby speaks of his new found friend thus:

Last week the report of Onset Bay Camp contained an account of a remarkably successful séance for independent slate-writing held at the auditorium by Dr. W. R. Colby. We met the Doctor subsequent to the meeting, and when we shook hands with him we saw at once that he was possessed of mediumistic power to a great extent. We were about to explain to him that we were pleased to see among the names of spirits written that of an old friend of ours from Amesbury; and *drum* say: "A lady from our town"—when he, himself, called out at once "Mary Webster," the correct name. How could it have been possible for him—a stranger in this locality—to have, unaided by unseen monitors, selected this name at once from the large number so indiscriminately inscribed on the slate above referred to?

Editor Colby forgets that the "stranger" could read the papers and that "Mary Webster" had been more than once chronicled as "an old friend of ours from Amesbury." He forgets that the mail robber and pseudo-medium had traveled with Eliza Ann Wells who knew all about "Mary Webster." Editor Colby's "unseen monitors" had evidently gone blue-fishing when he penned that experience. Indeed, it is an open question where Editor Colby's "unseen monitors" are not always on a vacation and their place taken by some of those diabolical fellows, of whom it is well known he stands in mortal terror.

Of course Editor Colby knew the record of his latest medial find. He knew of THE JOURNAL's repeated exposures of the man, and of the identification of Medium Colby with Mail-robber Raines by the *Chronicle's* witnesses in San Francisco, but all this weighed not a feather. Editor Colby knew his contemporary of *The Golden Gate* had been forced, most reluctantly, to acknowledge that he had made a fool of himself in the case, but this did not deter Editor Colby from enacting the same role on the Atlantic coast that *The Golden Gate* man had filled on the Pacific. Editor Colby encouraged Mr. John Curtis, a gentlemanly old man of seventy years, and struck him in the face, all because his victim knew too much of his career, Editor Colby had no word of censure for the brutal act, but hugged his pet still closer. After camp W. R. Colby was announced in *The Banner* as a medium and lecturer, located in Boston and prepared to supply the spiritual wants of New England seekers. He was received with *eclat* at so-

cial gatherings of the truly faithful and all was going on swimmingly. A patronage-compelling card was issued reading thus:

DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMS.

W. R. COLBY,

INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITER,

— AND —

TEST MEDIUM.

Lectures and Platform Tests. Will Answer Calls for Funerals.

443 SHAWMUT AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

Just as things had been adjusted for a profitable winter's campaign, with the help of *The Banner of Light*, Nemesis, bearing the form of *The Herald*, swooped down upon Editor Colby's Colby and pricked his bloated pretensions, leaving only a grinning skeleton for the wondermongers to gorge themselves upon. Both the Colbys found themselves in the soup; a soup so thin that even the perverted tastes of the Boston medio-maniacs rejected it.

J. Frank Baxter, Sidney Dean, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Brigham and all you respectable, law-abiding lecturers and representatives, how do you enjoy having Parson Raines foisted upon the same platform with yourselves? Are you overflowing with gratitude to the editor of *The Banner of Light* for helping this criminal and desperate adventurer to a place beside you as a teacher of the beautiful and saving philosophy of Spiritualism? Are you proud of your company? With the aid of this dissipated gambler and thief, don't you feel as though you could administer consolation to mourners and portray the beatitudes of the loved ones gone before with greater power than ever? Of course you must; and you will no doubt all be delighted to have your praises sung on the same page with those of W. R. Colby in the "dear old *Banner*" in its next issue, or as soon thereafter as opportunity offers. Charity you know "covereth a multitude of sins"; and *The Banner* hath charity,—if that is what you call it,—so fall into line and help the veteran editor of "the oldest Spiritualist paper on earth" to boom the blacklegs and criminals who desire to sit beside you on the rostrum and to take the greater share of the loaves and fishes. It isn't pleasant at first, but then you have been used to it for many years, and you must not disgruntle the veteran editor now that he is so hyper-sensitive and explosive—it might be fatal. Besides, you wouldn't feel at home if you had a clean platform and your cheeks ceased to mantle with shame at the company forced upon you by Editor Colby; you wouldn't be getting the discipline necessary to fit you for that next embodiment, when with the two Colbys and other worthies you can help to rule a race where only love and charity dwell and where all the creature comforts are materialized by the slightest exercise of the will.

A friend writes: I met Rev. B., a Presbyterian minister, on the cars on his way, with others, to an annual meeting. I gave him a seat, and he began to talk of the church. I informed him that I was a Spiritualist. He listened half the time, so he must be an exceptional man for a preacher. He admitted that the church made a mistake when it refused to entertain the new inspiration, and that he would be glad to see us all back and in harmony; that he had never read much on the subject of hypnotism until lately, but was now much interested. It is astonishing how much these same preachers can admit when it does not interfere with their interests. I told him of the Society for Psychic Research and its branches, and mentioned many names of eminent men connected with it, and its work in France, Germany, England and the United States. He had never heard of it. See how circumscribed the reading of a Presbyterian minister may be.



THERE IS NO GOOD, IF NO EVIL.

TO THE EDITOR: As Mr. Lecky says, argument has small power to convince so long as an opposing predisposition remains; and when that opposing predisposition is fostered by association and vocation, the force of argument is reduced to a minimum. But to some who are not obsessed with false idea, a statement of its counter truth may be welcome and beneficial.

If there is such a thing as healing, whether by the agency of matter or spirit, there is something wrong that has to be righted, and that wrong we call evil in opposition to the healing agency and its effect, health, which we call good. If the evil is only seeming, such seeming is evil. It is painful, injurious, and sometimes degrading; and for these reasons we seek to escape from it. If the evil is only seeming, its removal is only seeming; so that the whole process is only one of delusion, which is not always the case. To define evil as good or only seeming evil does not always remove evil or its evil seeming.

Besides, the evil is always as real as the good, so long as it lasts. Both of them are states of consciousness, or modes of mind as thinking, feeling subject. Even error and delusion are real errors and delusions, and are as really mental states as their opposites. Evil is not a reality as a distinct entity existing apart from some conscious subject. But neither is good. There is no good or evil except in consciousness and relative to conscious subjects. My sorrow and joy are both equally me, as states of my own being or mind or conscious self. If the sorrow is changed into joy, or the joy replaced by sorrow, it is a change in the real condition of my real mind; and it makes no difference whether the sorrow is caused by error or truth, it is equally real, and so the joy may have a delusive cause, but it is perfectly real as a part of my mind.

No other reality is known to us but these conscious states and their subject. To give a new definition to a word, and then to build everything in the heavens and earth on that, is a process worthy of the worst metaphysics of the dark ages. To dogmatically define the real as the eternal assumes everything, and more than everything. It makes everything unreal that is not eternal. Then everything that we know or ever can know is unreal; for all the knowable is phenomenal and that is ever changing, and must be. The eternal itself must undergo eternal change, else it can do nothing; for to do is to change and to generate change, and all changes are of the modes of the essential being of that which changes; and so the eternal is unreal, being changeful, or the unreal and changeful are the eternal.

The sum of the truth on the subject is that good and evil, matter and spirit are known as conscious states, and as such are equally real, but that we hope there is an eternal good and that all evil is transient, and that mental healing and spirit healing are helping to increase the good and diminish the evil. W. I. GILL.

FOR THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCHER.

TO THE EDITOR: I regard the following account as worthy the attention of the psychic investigator. The data are from the lips of Dr. C. W. Stone, Salina, Kans., and are in every way worthy of credence.

The subject is the apparition of a suicide, Benjamin Hart, who hanged himself in his stable in Harrison county, Ohio, about the middle of August, 1867. His apparition appeared at the same time to Dr. Stone, between Oscoda and Au Sable, Mich.

The Doctor, being at that time in Au Sable, was on his way to Oscoda to visit a patient. He had crossed the Au Sable river and had entered the beautiful Pine Arbor extending some fifty yards beyond the bridge in the direction of Oscoda. The tops of the trees met gratefully above, forming a deep, dense shade through which was passing a delightful, cool breeze. Hearing a rustling noise over his head, he looked up and saw in distinct outline the body of Benjamin Hart suspended by a rope attached to the rafters of a stable, the rafters apparently being wedged into the branches of the trees for support. The apparition was in the dying struggles of one hanging, the legs and arms jerking violently. The Doctor watched the apparition until the struggles ceased, when it

vanished. He looked at his watch, and noted the time of day, 4 o'clock p. m., in his memorandum book.

Two weeks after, he received a letter from his mother, living in Perry county, Ohio, who at its close incidentally remarked that she had heard that Uncle Ben. Hart had committed suicide by hanging himself in his stable. The Doctor at once replied, asking for particulars as to the day and hour the deed was done. An answer came giving the dates corresponding to the record in the Doctor's memorandum book.

Dr. Stone is not a believer in apparitions. The relation between him and the deceased was hostile. The duration of the apparition seemingly was from ten to fifteen minutes; it could not have been less than five minutes. The thick, dense shade seemed to favor the conditions for the appearance of the apparition, which, coming and going, was heralded by a rustling noise in the branches.

I have taken the pains to gather and present the facts in the matter. Dr. Stone will be glad to furnish additional information, if thereby the mystery—to him—can be cleared up. His address is Salina, Kansas. W. O. PIERCE.

NOTES FROM HAVERHILL AND VICINITY.

TO THE EDITOR: The cause of Spiritualism is progressing in the Old Bay State in a remarkable degree. In the first place, the people are seeking, looking, investigating in a thinking and active way, and in their investigations they are using a fair amount of reason. It really appears as though they were getting over and done with the idea that everything that appears at a cabinet window is pure spirit and not to be questioned. The sifter is beginning to have just courage enough to want to know if what seems to be there, is really there, and the showman is requested to impart the important knowledge. This, of course, is asking too much, and the result is a change of base, progress, as will be seen by noting late advertisements here in the East. To heal the body and mind is certainly a long step in advance of the one-dollar-a-chair show business, and, as such, we can well feel to take courage, believing that the one spark of goodness so long covered up by the depravity of greed and gain will, in good time, develop into a truer and more hopeful manhood and womanhood.

The First Spiritualist Society of this city are holding regular Sunday meetings in Red Man's hall. On Sunday, November 1st, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes gave two powerful lectures upon the uses of Spiritualism at the present day. The audiences, though not large, were appreciative, and gave the speaker their undivided attention. Mrs. E. C. Kimball, of Lawrence, Mass., occupied the same platform Sunday, October 26. As a platform test medium, Mrs. Kimball is doing good work, growing better every year; some of the delineations upon that occasion were accepted as very remarkable. The society is dividing the time between regular lectures and phenomenal work, thus trying to reach all classes. Professor A. E. Carpenter was in Haverhill during the last week in October in Music hall, giving lectures and experiments in hypnotism to crowded houses. He gave some really grand talks during the week, standing upon the same platform and in the same hall where he spoke for the Spiritualists more than twenty years ago. His utterances are full of the fire of inspiration, dealing with the science of life and right living, coupled with experiments that when viewed from a scientific standpoint were really marvelous, and also very pleasing when viewed from the mirthful side. W. W. CURRIER.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

AN EXPERIENCE IN HYPNOTISM.

TO THE EDITOR: Sometime ago, there appeared a statement in *THE JOURNAL* to the effect that the Society for Psychical Research had sent to its members a circular which, in its reference to hypnotism, read as follows:

"It is tolerably certain that a healthy Englishman or Englishwoman can not, in the first instance, be hypnotized without his or her full knowledge and consent." I will relate a personal experience which I think will refute that statement. I trust that what I am about to say will throw more or less light upon what yet remains mysterious. I think it must be ten years since, when one Sunday I was walking near "Paine Hall" rather undecided where to go. All at once, without observing the notice on the door, I ascended the stairs to the hall and saw a man upon the platform

with a cane in his hand, seemingly pointing at the audience. I had never seen any one hypnotized and knew nothing of it. I did not know that man, nor what he was talking about, for in a moment I began to feel strangely and to have a desire to go to the man. I felt that I must either go out of the hall or go to the speaker. I made every effort to resist, then lost all consciousness of what took place. The first I knew I found myself by the side of the speaker, and heard him say: "Ladies and gentlemen, this lady is a stranger to me, and I am quite sure she has not seen me before, but as soon as I saw her come in at the door I was sure she could be affected, I was not disappointed, although she fought me obstinately."

Then I began to feel very awkward, and was almost weeping with mortification, when my sister Alice who has controlled me for years took possession of me and led me out of the hall. I was told afterwards that I walked upon the platform, climbing up the front instead of going up the steps at the end, and did whatever I was told, to the amusement of the audience. The speaker was Prof. A. E. Carpenter, and I rejoice to learn that people are beginning to set a proper value upon him as a scientific man and a true, earnest worker. I had a call from him the following day, he having learned my whereabouts and name. We agreed to try some experiments, such as his fixing his mind upon me when absent, and I naming the day and hour. Invariably, his dates would correspond with mine. For instance I was at the piano busy with my lesson one day, when all at once my arms fell by my side, and I seemed to be in a sort of a half dream; it only lasted an instant, when I was fully myself. I looked at the clock, noted the time on paper, and in a few days Prof. Carpenter called at the door to show me a slip of paper which exactly corresponded with that I had written. At my request, he discontinued the experiments, after we were fully satisfied that he could influence me at a distance. Let me add this, that at the time I was compelled to go upon the platform wholly subject to the will of Prof. Carpenter, I was a perfectly healthy woman, and I am an English woman.

MRS. JENNIE E. POTTER.

BOSTON, NOV. 1st.

RUFUS ELMER.

TO THE EDITOR: In *THE JOURNAL* of October 25, my esteemed friend, Herman Snow, calls attention to the distinguished, able, early advocate of Spiritualism, Rufus Elmer, of Springfield, Mass., well known in the early days of our work of propagation as the "Lion of the tribe of Judah." He was a large business man in Springfield, and he boldly defended the unpopular doctrine which he knew to be true. It was at his house I met D. D. Hoffe, whose name then was Hulme, and witnessed his mediumistic power that was wonderful. The first time I went to Brother Elmer's to stop I reached his home early in the evening, and after tea he told me they had a select circle, composed of himself and wife, Dr. Gardner, Angeline Munn, the medium, and a few others; and that the strict orders from the spirits were to let no one in. I told him to leave me in the kitchen and not let any one know I was there, which he did. As soon as they were seated the raps called for the alphabet and spelled out "call the stranger in"—the first any one except Mr. and Mrs. Elmer knew I was there. We had one of those old-fashioned good times. WARREN CHASE.

COBDEN, ILL.

THE WHISTLING SPIRIT.

TO THE EDITOR: In the town of P. lived a young gentleman who had the habit, when he visited two young ladies at their home, which he did very often, of going up the walk from the street and whistling a merry peculiar air by which the ladies always knew that he was coming. Time passed on, and one of the ladies moved to New Mexico. The young man went to a distant city, and was accidentally drowned. The lady in New Mexico one day heard his peculiar whistle as she had often heard it in P. She was surprised and delighted, but no young man came up the walk. It was afterwards ascertained that he was drowned about the time on the same day that was heard the characteristic whistling. K. E. A.

The reception given by Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Baxter, at Chelsea, Mass., Monday evening, the 10th instant, the occasion being the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, was a brilliant

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Report of the Statistics of Labor, December, 1889. Boston: Wright & Potter Printing Company, state printers. Boston. 1889. The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics was established in June, 1869. The first annual report was issued March, 1870, since which time a report has been issued every year, and the present volume forms the twentieth in the series. The present chief of the bureau is Horace G. Wadlin. His predecessors were Gen. Henry K. Oliver and Col. Carroll D. Wright. This volume is of great value to those interested in industrial matters, for it contains a vast number of facts and figures as to the relation of wages to the cost of production, as to markets, transportation, imports, exports and competition, and in regard to the condition of employes, growth of manufactures, weekly wages, daily working time, women in industry, etc., in the State of Massachusetts.

The Annual Statistics of Manufactures. 1889. Wright & Potter: Boston. pp. 275. According to this carefully prepared work, issued by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, the average yearly earnings per individual without regard to sex or age, employed in forty-seven industries represented, was \$413.18 in 1888, and \$419.17 in 1889. This average is without regard to sex or age. The range from the highest to the lowest average yearly earnings was from \$872.14 to \$266.67 in 1888, and from \$744.74 to \$305.44 in 1889. The higher earnings ruled in the industries demanding greater skill and employing males chiefly, and the lower in factory industries employing a large proportion of women girls and boys.

A Mystic Society of Universal Row. By Marie Lesquoy Farrington, author of "Facing the Sphinx." The society referred to in the title of this pamphlet is the Theosophical Society, which, the author says, answers "exactly the description given in the New York Sun: A hotbed of base and evil passions, strife, dissensions, selfish ambition, envy, petty jealousy, etc." Madame Blavatsky is severely criticized mainly in language quoted from Prof. Elliott Coues and Dr. Richard Hodgson. Mrs. Farrington thinks that since there are many occult works now extant, and the Theosophical Society assumes leadership of occult thought, and Madame Blavatsky the censorship of the literature on the subject, the claims of the society and the censor should be carefully examined. She regards them as pretentious and false.

The Prose Dramas of Henry Ibsen, Vol. II. New York: John W. Lovell & Co. 1890. pp. 520. Paper, 50 cts. This volume, the sixth of the Lovell series of foreign literature, contains the following dramas: "The Lady from the Sea," which sets forth the importance of woman's personal freedom; "An enemy of Society," which shows how wealth and the forces of society help to make naturally honest men act dishonestly; "The Wild Duck" and "The Young Men's League," each of which has a lesson.

Eastward, or a Buddhist Lover. Boston: J. G. Cripples & Co. 1890. pp. 267. Cloth, \$1.50. The Buddhist lover died after a series of strange adventures and experiences in many lands, and the woman was married by her early lover, who was the Buddhist's friend. There is a good deal of Spiritualism mingled with occultism in the story and it is brightly and interestingly told.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

Century. (New York.) The twentieth anniversary of this popular monthly is celebrated with the November number. The contents are varied and exemplify what a magazine can do for its readers. The Old Master's series has some exquisite engraving of L. Cole. The first Emigrant Train to California is the first of a series on the Gold Hunters. Another important series of papers is begun, an account of a journey through Tibet. How London is Governed is a timely contribution.

The North American Review. (New York.) Representative McKinley contributes an article which is grouped with five others under the head of What Congress has Done. The Ladies of the last Cæsars is a vivid account by Gail Hamilton. The Marquis of Lorne explains the political situation in Scotland. An interesting chapter of the reminiscence of the American portrait painter, G. P. A. Healy, is given. James Monro, C. B., explains the police system of London.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) Baroness von Marenholtz-Bulow's masterly presentation of "Froebel's System" continues to hold the attention of thoughtful readers of *The Kindergarten*. Much space is given to the theme of Manual Training and the Nursery department is worthy of attention.

The Home Maker. (New York.) This monthly is constantly increasing in favor and this month's installment has much variety of thought. Many vital questions are discussed by prominent writers and altogether it presents a pleasing appearance.

The Jenness Miller Magazine. (New York.) Physical Culture, Woman and Plastic Art, Temperance in Food, Tapestry and Social Etiquette are some of the subjects treated this month.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery. (Boston.) The usual short stories and illustrations will amuse the children.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Woman in the Case. Biogen Series. No. 6. By Elliott Coues. Occult Publishing Co., Boston. Price, 50 cents; Destiny, or A Commonplace Life. Mrs. R. E. Nelson. John B. Alden, New York; Civilization. An historical review of its elements. Charles Morris. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. Price, 2 Vols., \$4.00; Hypnotism. Theodore E. Schmauck. John B. Alden, New York. Price, 5 cents; Is this Your Son, My Lord? Helen H. Gardner. Arena Pub. Co., Boston. Price, 50 cents; Samantha Among the Brethren. Josiah Allen's Wife. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Price, \$2.50; From an Old Love Letter. Irene Jerome. Lee & Shepard, Boston; S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago; Our Destiny and Cooperative Commonwealth. Laurence Gronlund, M. A. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, 50 cts. each.

The Popular Science Monthly will make a new departure in 1891 by publishing a series of comprehensive and fully illustrated articles on The Development of American Industries since Columbus. It has been announced that one of the features of the coming World's Fair is to be a comparison of the great manufactures of today with the condition of the same industries at the discovery of America, and it is the design of these papers to describe the successive steps by which the distance between those two stages has been passed over. The series begins in the issue for December, 1890 (the second number of Volume Thirty-eight), with an account of the First Steps in Iron-Making in the colonies, written by Mr. W. F. Durfee, of Pennsylvania. The full Prospectus of the *Monthly* for the coming year will be printed in the same number.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York, are the authorized publishers for America of General Booth's "In Darkest England and the Way Out." The book is an octavo of over 300 pages; cloth. Price, \$1.50. Orders received at the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.



Clean as a whistle—everything that is cleaned with Pearline. It takes away all that you want taken, and leaves fresh and pure all that you want left. It cleans house with half the work; it does your washing while you wait. Pearline is a harmless powder. It is hard to waste it, easy to use it, but difficult to do without it.

Beware of imitations. 309 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, New York, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original receipt for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death tolls of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address, Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren, Street, New York.



Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

E. FRANK, Pastor, St. Severin, Keylerton P. O., Pa.

A Can. Minister's Experience.

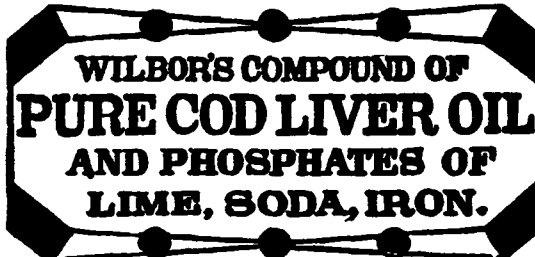
St. Paulin, P. Que. Can. Feb. 10, 1890. I am happy to give this testimonial as to the excellency of "Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic." Suffering for a long period of nervous debility due to dyspepsia, I ascertained that since I made use of this remedy a radical change was operated on me; not only on the nerves, but even dyspepsia disappears promptly. Similar experiences have been made by many of my confreres with this remedy. I consider it entirely efficacious and proper to cure all nervous diseases and other cases depending from the same.

J. E. LAFLECHE, Pastor.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

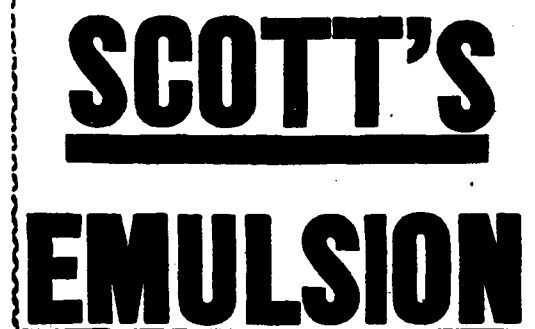
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO., 50 Wm. St., on Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.



For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases and Scrofulous Humors.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Wilbor's Cod-liver Oil and Phosphates has now been before the public twenty years, and has steadily grown in favor and appreciation. This could not be the case unless the preparation was of high intrinsic value. The combination of the Phosphates with pure Cod-liver Oil, as prepared by Dr. Wilbor, has produced a new phase in the treatment of Consumption and all diseases of the Lungs. It can be taken by the most delicate invalid without creating the nausea which is such an objection to the Cod-liver Oil when taken without Phosphates. It is prescribed by the regular faculty. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and by all Druggists.



DOES CURE CONSUMPTION

In Its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

SUBSCRIPTION PREMIUM.

From now until November 30, 1890, the Publisher of

The Religio-Philosophical Journal

Will offer as a Premium for Subscribers, on terms hereinbelow set forth, a Fresh, New and Valuable Book, bound in cloth and retailing rapidly at One Dollar. The name of this volume is

OUR FLAG,

OR THE EVOLUTION OF

The Stars and Stripes;

Including the reason to be of the design, the colors and their position, mystic interpretation, together with selections eloquent, patriotic and poetical.

This book, as the title suggests, is one concerning the American Flag. The philanthropic and patriotic key-note from which it is written is very well announced in the dedication which is as follows:

TO EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WHO LOVES OUR FLAG AS THE EMBLEM OF GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE; WHO HAILS THE STARS AND STRIPES AS THE HOPE OF ALL WHO SUFFER AND THE DREAD OF ALL WHO WRONG WHO REVERES THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE AS THE SYMBOL OF ASPIRATION, INTELLIGENCE AND INDUSTRY WHICH WILL IN DUE TIME ESTABLISH AND MAINTAIN THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN THIS LITTLE BOOK IS BY THE AUTHOR FRATELLANALLY DEDICATED.

This work as a history of the "Stars and Stripes," gives the facts that are recorded in official documents, the Histories of the Country and the Cyclopedias so succinctly and interestingly arranged that the whole story is told in a moderate volume.

The symbolic meanings of the colors and the designs of the "Star Spangled Banner" are beautifully brought out; and in this new departure every one will be much interested; and most readers will be instructed.

The selections of patriotic, eloquent and poetical sayings concerning the flag are numerous and beautiful.

The work is embellished with 29 illustrations—three of them in colors showing Foreign, Colonial and United States ensigns.

The book is compiled by Robert Allen Campbell, compiler of the first Atlas of Indiana, author of The Rebellion Record, Four Gospels in one, etc., etc.

Press Comments.

One of the best-books of the year.—*Inter-Ocean*.

A very handy and excellent compilation.—*Chicago Herald*.

An interesting souvenir volume.—*Boston Globe*.

A handsome and useful volume dealing intelligently with matters of which Americans should be better informed than they are.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Premium Terms.

Until November 30th or further notice I will give every new yearly subscriber to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL whose remittance (\$2.50) is received at my office a copy of OUR FLAG.

Every old subscriber in arrears who will pay up and also remit for one year in advance will receive a copy of OUR FLAG.

Every Subscriber now paid in advance will receive a copy of OUR FLAG and also credit for a year's additional subscription to THE JOURNAL by remitting \$2.50.

For One Dollar I will send THE JOURNAL Twelve Weeks on trial, and a copy of OUR FLAG.

Specimen copies of THE JOURNAL sent free to those desiring to canvass for it and to all who make the request.

JOHN O. BUNDY, Chicago.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay—
Condense it as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way.
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend—boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend—boil it down.
DANIEL O. SALMON.

HARD.

I wrote some foolish verses once
On love. Unhappy churl!
The meter makes me shudder still,
I sent them to a girl.

I know that girl and if I should,
Like Byron, wake some day
To find fame written on my brow,
She'd give those lines away.

So now I have to watch myself
Each hour. Oh, hapless plight!
For if I should be great, of course,
Those lines would come to light.
—New York Sun.

PHILOPENE.

In playful mood he placed his black straw hat
On top of Madge's curly, bronze brown hair,
And thought in all his life he'd never seen
A maiden half so ravishingly fair.

Her blue eyes sparkling in a roguish way,
Her dimpled cheeks just red enough to show
The cherry ripeness of her luscious lips
Just fetched him, and of course he wasn't slow

To seize the opportunity, likewise
The half-resisting Madge, and plant a kiss
Or two, or more, just where they'd do most good,
His aim was true—he never made a miss.

He thought she might be angry, but his fears
All vanished as he reached the hall door mat,
She said: "Next time you come be sure to wear
That tricky—mean—old—lovely black straw hat."
—New York Herald.

That Little Tickling.

You have been cautioned many times to do something to get rid of that little tickling in your throat, which makes you cough once in a while and keeps you constantly clearing your throat. Your reply, "O, that's nothing." "It will get well of itself," etc., will not cure it, nor will the disease stand still; it will grow worse or better. This trouble arises from catarrh, and, as catarrh is a constitutional disease, the ordinary cough medicines all fail to hit the spot. What you need is a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many people who have taken this medicine for scrofula, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and other troubles, have been surprised that it should cure this troublesome cough. But to know the actual cause of the cough is to solve the mystery.

Probably nearly all cases of consumption could be traced back to the neglect of some such slight affection as this. The best authority on consumption, says that this disease can be controlled in its early stages, and the effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla in purifying the blood, building up the general health, and expelling the scrofula taint which is the cause of catarrh and consumption, has restored to perfect health many persons on whom this dreadful disease seemed to have a firm hold.

Told of Wendell Phillips.

One day Mr. Phillips was in a railway car in which were a number of ministers returning from a convention. Among them was a man with a loud, strident voice, who was loudly declaiming against the Abolitionists, and especially against Mr. Phillips. He was talking at every one in the car, and finally shouted that he understood Mr. Phillips was on board. Calling the conductor, he asked him to point out Mr. Phillips. The conductor indicated the orator, who had been an interested listener.

The little man with the voice strode up the aisle

to a disrespectful distance and, after striking an attitude, the following colloquy took place:

"So you are Wendell Phillips?"
"I am sir," replied the orator quietly.
"Then why don't you go South and preach your doctrine there?" shouted the little minister.
"At that time," explained Mr. Purvis, in relating the incident, "any Abolitionist would have been lynched in the South."
Replying to the clergyman, Mr. Phillips asked:
"You are a minister of the gospel?"
"I am, sir."
"Your mission is to save souls from hell?"
"It is, sir."
"Then why don't you go there, sir?"—Philadelphia Press.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the *Buffalo Courier*. "Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I can not tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This can not be done. So, really I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the *Boston Globe* sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, which appears in another column. This company are the original discoverers and only manufacturers of vaseline, which is known all over the world as the best emollient and the most valuable family remedy in use. We wish to caution our readers, when buying, to accept only goods in original packages, and labeled Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, as sometimes unscrupulous dealers try to substitute preparations which are of little value when compared with Vaseline, and some are injurious and unsafe to use.

By sending the company a dollar by mail the sender will receive free quite an assortment of these beautiful and valuable goods without any charge for delivery.

Dayton Tennessee, by popular action invites the North to visit her, to inspect the largest industries now operating in the New South.

Huge Blast Furnaces, enormous Coal mines, long rows of Coke ovens, mills, factories, water power, rolling mills, pipe works, mineral springs, climate, scenery, farming, country, and a City of six thousand.

Grand excursion via the Monon Route at half the regular rate, December 24, 1890, and extraordinary inducements are offered to secure visitors, being certain of making a favorable impression.

For full particulars apply to F. J. Reed, 73 Clark St. Chicago or any ticket agent of the Monon Route.

ICURE Sick Headache Bilioussness

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, NERVOUS DEBILITY and CONSUMPTION. To prove this statement I will send one bottle of my remedy FREE to every reader of this paper who will send me their name and address. A trial costs you nothing. Write to-day, stating your disease. Address Prof. HART, 84 Warren Street, N. Y.

MISS EMMA J. NICKERSON

Lectures at Kimball Hall, corner State and Jackson streets, Sundays at 3 p. m. Seats free.

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Detroit, Wash.

Occupies the same position in the new state of Washington that Detroit, Michigan does in that state. But the Detroit of the Pacific coast has great advantages over its eastern namesake.

Vast Mineral and Timber Resources

Are already tributary to Detroit, Washington, and still there are 25,000 square miles of unexplored country back of it—a veritable empire in itself. Detroit has three different ways of reaching the ocean with the largest vessels afloat—by way of Hood's canal, the main Sound, forty-eight miles of railway connects it with Gray's harbor. The eastern country will be reached by the Southern Pacific railroad, which is now located and whose

Trains will be running into Detroit in less than 6 Months.

Lake Mason, a splendid body of fresh water at an elevation of sixty feet above Detroit, is only two miles and a half distant, and will be in its corporate limits within five years. The proposed navy yard is only nine miles from Detroit and will be connected with it by rail—four miles and a half of it already constructed. Detroit is certain to be a city of considerable size.

CLUNE, REES & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS,

"HOTEL PORTLAND," PORTLAND, OREGON.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life long
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wisest man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Ladies' Home Journal.

CHARITY.

A beggar died last night, his soul went up to God,
and said:
"I come uncalled; forgive it, Lord; I died for
want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven: "Son,
how can this thing be?
Are not my saints on earth, had they not snored
thee?"

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said, "live holy
lives of prayer;
How shall they know of such as we? we perish
unaware."

"They strive to save our wicked souls, and fit
them for the sky;
Meanwhile, not having bread to eat (forgive), our
bodies die."

Then spake Lord God of Heaven in wrath, and
tones of angry pain:
"O men, for whom My Son hath lived—was cruci-
fied in vain."

—ARTHUR SYMONS.

Charming people, these exceptional people! Here's
a medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery
for instance, and it's cured hundreds, thousands
that're known, thousands that're unknown, and yet
yours is an exceptional case! Do you think that that bit
of human nature which you call "I" is different from
the other parcels of human nature? "But you don't
know my case." Good friend, in ninety-nine out of
a hundred cases, the causes are the same—impure
blood—and that's why "Golden Medical Discovery"
cures ninety-nine out of every hundred. You may
be the exception. And you may not. But would you
rather be the exception, or would you rather be well?
If you're the exception it costs you nothing, you get
your money back—but suppose it cures you?
Let the "Golden Medical Discovery" take the risk.

"Are n't you ever going to grow old, like the rest of
us?" asked a man of an acquaintance he had n't seen
for some time. "Well, not so long as I can purify
my blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla," was the apt re-
ply. This man knew what he was talking about.

All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the
hair, gray or faded hair, may be cured by using that
nature's true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

Coughs.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are used with
advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarse-
ness and Bronchial Affections. 25c. a box.

A Map of the United States.

A large, handsome Map of the United States show-
ing North and South Dakota, mounted, suitable for
office or home use and issued by the BURLINGTON
ROUTE, will be furnished responsible parties free
on application to the undersigned.

Playing Cards.

For 15 cents in postage you can obtain a pack of
best quality Playing Cards on application to the un-
dersigned.

P. S. EUSTIS,
Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent C. B. & Q. R. R.
Chicago, Ill.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Chil-
dren Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflamma-
tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a
bottle.

GO TO JERUSALEM! \$50 TO \$900

According to route and class. Programmes of Gaze's
Select Winter, Spring and Summer Tours for 1891, to
Central Europe the Riviera, Italy, Egypt, the Nile
and Palestine now ready. Ocean tickets by all lines;
best ticketing facilities to all parts of the United
States, Europe, the Orient and Round the World.
H. GAZE & SON, 940 Broadway N. Y. (Estab. 1814).
Sole Agents for New Nile Steamship Co.

Permanent Results,

And not a mere temporary exhilaration, are produced by the
use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine, being an alterative,
and working constitutionally, through the blood, its effects
may not be immediately apparent in all cases, but the gain in
health and strength, through its persistent use, is real and
lasting. It reaches every drop of blood in the body.

"I have none but good words to speak
regarding Ayer's Sarsaparilla. All during
the winter I was languid, tired, and without
any appetite, until I com-
menced the use of this reme-
dy. I took three bottles.
Its effects have been re-
vitalizing, and I feel as if I
had entered a new life. I
did not think it was in
the power of medicine to
produce such a wonderful
change, as has Ayer's Sar-
saparilla in my case."—
Mrs. C. Johnson, 310 Hicks
st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I have used Ayer's Sar-
saparilla, and also other preparations of a
like nature, for the purposes of a blood-pur-
ifier, and, while receiving no good, but often
positive harm, from others, I have always
derived benefit from Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and
have no hesitation in recommending it to
any one in want of a reliable blood-purifier."
—Mrs. M. C. Hopkinson, 110 Merrimack
Corporation, Lowell, Mass.

The safest and most reliable tonic,
alterative, and diuretic is

Ayer's
Sarsaparilla
—FOR—
Debility.

"I was a great sufferer from a low condi-
tion of the blood and general debility, be-
coming, finally, so reduced that I was unfit
for work. Nothing that
I did for the complaint
helped me so much as
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few
bottles of which restored
me to health and strength.
I take every opportunity
to recommend this medi-
cine in similar cases."—
C. Evick, 14 E. Main st.,
Chillicothe, Ohio.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is
one of the very few pro-
prietary medicines that I
can honestly recommend. I have seen it
used in this place, in a number of cases,
with very satisfactory results, and I have
used it in my own family, for salt-rheum, with
abundant success. I consider it to be the
leading blood-purifier of the day."—Charles
C. Davis, Nashua, N. H.

"I suffered from general debility for fifteen
years. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla
completely cured me, and I now enjoy good
health."—Mrs. J. F. McElhinney, Truro, N. S.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Cure SICK HEADACHE.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

On the Columbia River.

KALAMA, WASHINGTON, on the Columbia
river, giving free access to ocean ships, with the
Northern Pacific R. R. now, the Union Pacific Rail-
way now grading and building through the city, the
Great Northern Railway seeking right of way, and
on the direct route for all railways between Port-
land and Tacoma or Seattle, and between Port-
land and the ocean on the Columbia river, the county
seat of Cowlitz county, with fine churches, schools,
and immense timber, coal, and farming interests, and
salmon fisheries, is just the place to invest, or to go
for a new home. Splendid chance here. Address
for free information, maps, etc., etc.,

LMUS BROS., Kalama, Washington

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

With Notes and Comments.

A treatise for the personal use of those who are
ignorant of the Eastern Wisdom, and who desire to
enter within its influence.

Written down by M. C.

Price, cloth bound, 40 cents; paper cover, 25 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO C. BUNDY,
Chicago.

IRVINGTON,

A SUBURB OF PORTLAND, OREGON

Only ten minutes by electric street cars to business
part of city. Elevation over 100 feet above city, on a
gentle slope. STREETS IMPROVED, WATER
MAINS LAID. City is growing rapidly in this direc-
tion, and it must become one of the most beautiful
and popular residence portions. Offers very attrac-
tive inducements to the investor and homeseeker, in a
city where rapidly developing commerce and
growth in population are forcing values steadily up-
wards, producing a doubling of values every few
years. For complete information, prices, plans,
maps, etc., and for statistics of Portland's growth
and possibilities, address,
A. L. MAXWELL, Agent, the Portland,
Portland, Oregon.

VASELINE.

FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL sent us by mail
we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in
the United States, all of the following articles, care-
fully packed:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline.....10c
One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade.....15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream.....15 "
One Cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice.....10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented.....10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented 25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline.....25 "

\$1.10

Or for postage stamps any single article at the price
named. On no account be persuaded to accept from
your druggist any Vaseline or preparation there-
from, unless labelled with our name, because you will
certainly receive an imitation which has little or no
value. Chesebrough Mfg Co. 24 State St, N. Y.

NO MONEY REQUIRED
UNTIL AFTER FULL EXAMINATION.
14k Gold over Coin Nickel
The case of a
plate of fine 14k gold
over the finest quality
of coin nickel making a
case composed of nobil-
ity but fine gold cover-
ing finest quality of coin
nickel. With coin nickel
on the inside and 14k
gold on the outside, we
warrant the case to be
equal in appearance to
a solid 14k gold watch.
They are open face,
smooth finish, finished
to a dazzling brightness,
dust and damp proof
and warranted to wear
a life time. The move-
ment is a fine 3-4 plate
style, finely jeweled pol-
ished sapphire oil temper-
ed main spring which
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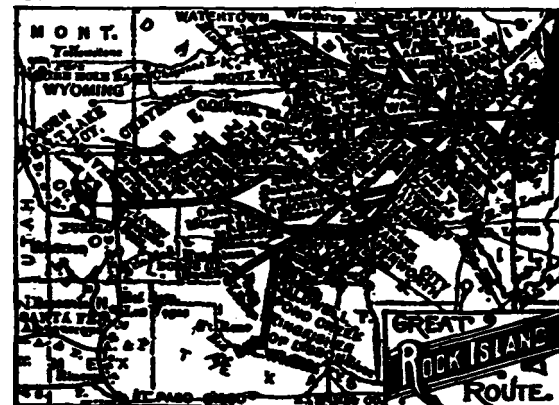
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To Get the Box simply write your name and address on a postal card and mail to us and we will ship you the goods on 30 day's trial, and you are under no obligations to keep the box if it does not in every way meet your expectations. We know the great value of our articles, and are willing to put them to the severest kind of a test, hence will send you the box on 30 day's trial and if not satisfactory will remove it.

A SET OF SOLID SILVER TEA SPOONS FREE.

Some people prefer to send cash with order—we do not ask it but if readers of this paper remit in advance we will place in the box in addition to all the other extras a set of **SIX SOLID SILVER TEA SPOONS**—plain pattern—very rich and elegant. This special offer is made with the understanding that you will recommend "Sweet Home" Soap to three or more friends (provided the goods prove all we claim) we believe your influence and future trade will be especially valuable to us (one box shown to our customers has often sold twenty others.) *Persons remitting in advance can have their money refunded without argument or comment, if the box does not prove all they expect.*

The above offer only holds good until January 1st. SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

ONE HUNDRED CAKES (full size) "SWEET HOME" FAMILY SOAP, enough to last an average family one full year. This Soap is made for all household purposes, and has no superior.

6 BOXES BORAXINE, (large size), for cleaning wood-work, washing dishes, dairy utensils, removing grease spots or stains from carpets, etc., or general house-cleaning, has no equal. Saves half the labor of washing, is a thorough disinfectant, and is a blessing to every housekeeper who uses it. Remember, BORAXINE is nothing but a fine quality of Soap and Borax pulverized together. It is pleasant for the hands and cannot injure the finest fabrics.

One-Fourth Dozen Modjeska Complexion Soap.

An exquisite beautifier. Producing that peculiar delicate transparency, and imparting a velvety softness to the skin which is greatly admired. It removes all roughness, redness, blotches, pimples and imperfections from the face. For all toilet purposes it is the luxury of luxuries. Especially adapted for the nursery or childrens use, or those whose skin is delicate.

One Bottle Modjeska Perfume.

A delicate, refined, delicious perfume for the handkerchief and clothing. The most popular and lasting perfume ever made.

One-Fourth Dozen Ocean Bath Toilet Soap.

One-Fourth Dozen Artistic Toilet Soap.

One-Fourth Dozen Creme Toilet Soap.

One-Fourth Dozen Elite Toilet Soap.

One English Jar Modjeska Cold Cream. Soothing, Healing, Beautifies the skin, Improves the Complexion, Cures Chapped Hands and Lips.

One Package Glove Pink Sachet Powder. Delicate, Refined, Lasting.

One Bottle (Fancy Patent Stopper) Modjeska Tooth Powder.

One Stick Napoleon Shaving Soap.

Our Mammoth "Christmas" Box

Contains a great variety of Toys, Playthings, etc., for the Babies, and sundry useful and amusing things for the older folks. Such as Boy's Tools, Saws, Hatchets, Shovel, Rakes, Hoe, Top, Spinner, "Crack Shots," Games, Jack Stones, Etc.

IT ALSO CONTAINS

- One fine Silver-Plated Button Hook.
- One Lady's Celluloid Pen Holder.
- One Fancy Tidy.
- One Glove-Buttoner.
- One Package "Steadfast" Pins.
- One Spool Black Silk Thread.
- One Gentlemen's Handkerchief, large.
- Fourteen Patent Transfer Patterns for Stamping and Embroidering Table Linen, Toilet Mats, Towels, Ties, etc.
- One Lady's Handkerchief.
- One Child's Fancy Handkerchief.
- One Illuminated Wall Match Safe (can be seen at night).
- One Package Assorted Christmas Card
- Two Collar Buttons (patented).

In addition to all of the above articles, we place in each box **ONE ALBUM** containing pictures of the following celebrities:

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Wm. E. Gladstone, | 13. General Scott, |
| 2. Bismarck, | 14. Thomas A. Edison, |
| 3. Daniel Webster, | 15. Benj. F. Morse, |
| 4. J. G. Whittier, | 16. Joseph Jefferson, |
| 5. George Bancroft, | 17. Benj. Franklin, |
| 6. Abraham Lincoln, | 18. Henry M. Stanley, |
| 7. Ulysses S. Grant, | 19. Oliver Perry, |
| 8. Robert E. Lee, | 20. Goethe, |
| 9. Gen. Sherman, | 21. Schiller, |
| 10. Thomas Carlyle, | 22. Alex. Hamilton, |
| 11. Commodore Faragut, | 23. John Howard Payne |
| 12. "Stonewall" Jackson, | Etc., Etc., Etc. |

Remember, "Sweet Home" Family Soap is an extra fine pure soap, made from refined tallow and vegetable oils. On account of its firmness and purity, each cake will do double the work of the common cheap soaps usually sold from groceries.

Our Price for Mammoth "Christmas" Box Complete, is Six Dollars.

J. D. LARKIN & CO., SENECA, HEACOCK and CARROLL, STREETS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

RELIGIOUS THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, NOV. 29, 1890.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 27.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Rev. Dr. Dexter, editor of the *Congregationalist*, whose death was announced last week, was a man of fine personal qualities which commanded the respect of all who came in contact with him. He was a man of ability and a scholar, and in spite of his conservatism which was regretted by the more progressive element, his influence was indisputably great.

Those ladies of the Chicago Woman's Alliance and other societies who are so zealously petitioning and agitating for the reading of the Bible in our public schools are unconsciously aiding those who are directly or indirectly in opposition to our public schools, and especially those who are opposed to such reasonable school laws as the Bennet law in Wisconsin and the compulsory education law in Illinois.

Says the *Sociologic and Coöperative News*: The first installment of the profit-sharing system, inaugurated by the Illinois Steel company, at Joliet last spring, was paid on the 28th inst. to the employés who had been in continuous service for one year. The amount distributed was \$4,000, or 1 per cent of the salaries received. The distribution will take place every quarter at the increase rate at 1 per cent per year till it reaches 5 per cent, where it will remain. This only applies to the company's Joliet works. It takes well with the men.

Lillian Whiting, who keeps herself well informed in regard to psychical and spiritual movements, in her Boston letter to the *Inter-Ocean* writes that it "seems to be almost in the air that we are entering an atmosphere of new forces, a more spiritual decade." That corresponding with the wonderful temporal development now going on there are impending spiritual changes of great significance. "It is," she says, "the age of supernaturalism, if one may please so to call that law just higher than the usual and familiar one, and quite as natural on its own plane."

Moody the revivalist has arrived and one of the daily papers announces that a "great revival is expected" and adds: "Chicago is in need of a general revival. The city has not had one since Mr. Moody's last visit or since Sam Jones was here. That was several years ago. Religious matters are in a healthy state, but just a little quiet, and Mr. Moody's visit and labors now may arouse a spirit of awakening all over the city." Certainly a revival is needed in Chicago, but a revival of honesty, of truthfulness, of devotion to high aims, of spirituality and moral enthusiasm, and not a spasmodic religious excitement, and a temporary revival of decaying superstition, of religious bigotry and of prejudice against revision and reform in religions.

The Fremont (Neb.) *Tribune* tells a good story of a recent local camp meeting. After the sermon the customary invitation was given for all who wanted to go to heaven to rise up. All present rose to their feet except one young man who sat back pretty well on the outskirts of the audience. Those who desired to go to heaven sat down. Then all those who wanted to go hell were requested to rise to their feet, and the

aforesaid young man was eyed with a good deal of interest. Still he sat as quiet and composed as a stone. The minister went to him and asked him why he did not rise in either instance. "Wall," replied the husky son of toil, "I don't want to go anywhar. Fremont's good ernuff fer me." And the preacher wended his way back to the altar, and, sitting down on the mourners' bench, leaned over and tied his shoe.

President Polk of the National Farmers' Alliance is quite certain that the Alliance has come to stay. He claims thirty-eight Alliance men in the Congress just elected, and says that twelve or fifteen others will act with the new party. "The principles upon which the Alliance is founded," President Polk says, "are solid and correct." Precisely what those principles are the President does not state. In a general way it is understood to demand legislation for the producing classes and a larger volume of money. A party which has fifty members of Congress in its service will not long keep its light under a bushel. It will soon make a definite statement of its principles, and will stand or fall as the practical common sense of the country shall determine.

A coroner's jury in Chicago recently returned a verdict in an inquest upon an infant "smothered by having its breath sucked by a cat." Superstition is so strongly entrenched in the human mind that it asserts its influence among all classes and in connection with all unusual phenomena. Cats do not "suck the breath" of children. To do this they would have to suck at the mouth and nostrils at the same time. That is impossible. "The whole secret of the matter," as the *Inter Ocean* observes, "is that a hungry cat attracted by the odor of milk will sniff about and lick the lips of a suckling infant, and by its weight on the child's breast or by covering the child's face with its body may shut off respiration and so smother the child to death. The cat is after milk, not breath, and she does her damage by compression or actual suffocation, not by suction." It is therefore dangerous to leave a cat in the unguarded presence of an infant.

It seems that Gen. Booth's scheme for abating the depth of the shadows in "Darkest England" is not so visionary as to lack indorsement by influential men in that country, says the *Chicago Tribune*. He has already received several substantial checks and a letter which probably affords him far more gratification than the amount of cash thus far tendered. A dignitary of the Church of England writes, expressing regret that the movement did not originate within that organization, which is officially responsible for the faith and morals of the people, if not for their bodily welfare. This can not but be productive of good. Whatever may be said against the Booth plan as an artificial method of relieving permanently a widespread misery, its publication and advocacy will have done a vast amount of good if it awakens up the moneyed classes to the absolute necessity of action for their own safety as well as for the relief of suffering by a large percentage of the English people. The tendency of modern civilization to a widening out between the extremes of affluence and destitution has reached a point in the British Isles where it threatens serious consequences to the whole fabric unless something be done soon to-

wards the amelioration of the misery which accompanies the depth of poverty and degrades men morally far down towards the level of the brute. The occupants of the parlor floor have no guarantee for continued comfort or even health while they allow a pestilence to rage unchecked in the cellar.

One account, and apparently a reliable one, of the Indian messiah to whose presence the threatened Indian outbreaks are undoubtedly due, represents him as preaching the doctrine that the whites and the Indians are brothers and should remain at peace. In explanation of the war dances, the neglect of their homes, the destruction of houses and fences and the reckless procedure of numbers of Indians, the Cheyenne apostle of the new religion, Porcupine, declares that it has come about through bad Indians, who expected the new messiah to urge them to revolt, and, being disappointed, have put into his mouth the words and directions that were agreeable to themselves. The identity of the Indian messiah has been pretty well fastened on a Pah-Ute named John Johnson, an intelligent but not educated man. If the government promptly takes him in custody as a disturber of the peace it may calm even the excited Indians, who, in his name, have been preparing for pillage and massacre.

Lieut. S. C. Robinson of the First Cavalry, in a letter to Gen. Miles, dated Fort Custer, November 7th, gives some information in regard to the Indian Christ, to see whom and learn about the agitated condition of the Indians, he made a trip to the Indian Agency. This is what the new messiah said in one of his talks: "I am the man who made everything you see around you. I am not lying to you, my children. I made this earth and everything on it. I have been to heaven and seen your dead friends and have seen my own father and mother. In the beginning, after God made the earth, they sent me back to teach the people, and when I came back on earth the people were afraid of me and treated me badly. This is what they did to me (showing his scars). I did not try to defend myself. I found my children were bad, so went back to heaven and left them. I told them that in so many hundred years I would come back to see my children. At the end of this time I was sent back to try to teach them. My father told me the earth was getting old and worn out, and the people getting bad, and that I was to renew everything as it used to be and make it better." He told us that all our dead were to be resurrected; that they were all to come back to earth, and that as the earth was too small for them and us he would do away with heaven and make the earth itself large enough to contain us all; that we must tell all the people we met about these things. He spoke to us about fighting, and said that was bad, and we must keep from it; that the earth was to be all good hereafter, that we must be friends with one another! He said that in the fall of the year the youth of all the good people would be renewed, so that nobody would be more than forty years old, and that if they behaved themselves well after this the youth of every one would be renewed in the spring. He said if we were all good he would send people among us who could heal all our wounds and sickness by mere touch, and that we would live forever.

A WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.

The Steel Works Club at Joliet, Ill., which has 1,300 members, employes of the Illinois Steel Works Company, has a fine building erected and presented to the club by the company, which with fitting and furnishing cost about \$53,000. It was opened last December.

The club has a library of 3,700 volumes, a reading room supplied with the leading monthly periodicals and with weekly and daily papers, a gymnasium, billiard hall, barber shop, lunch counter, a room for card playing, a swimming pond and a row of bath rooms. The records show that in July, 1890, 2,240 baths were taken. No intoxicating liquors are allowed to be sold or used on the premises, no gambling or betting is permitted, no religious or political meetings are held in the building. Classes have been formed for lessons in elementary and advanced mathematics, vocal music, stenography, bookkeeping, drawing, mineralogy, theoretical mechanics, physical culture—two classes for men, one for youth—and housekeeping. Every Saturday lessons on the piano are given by an accomplished teacher to daughters of the members.

Last June the club had on exhibition a valuable collection of paintings, loaned by Chicago millionaires. Last week it had a flower show, arrangements for the same having been made with florists last summer. Six concerts by local singers and players, two piano recitals by Nellie Stevens and Carl House and three concerts by regular concert companies have been among the entertainments. A course of thirteen lectures being given before the club this season includes lectures by Prof. Richards of Chicago on "Electricity," Frederic Ober of Boston on "Mexico," Capt. Egbert Phelps on "Words," B. F. Underwood on "Industrial Tendencies," and Prof. Collyer on "Central Africa." The average attendance is 500.

A benefit society has been organized which gives seventy-five cents a day in case of accident and \$100 in case of death. The establishment of a savings bank for children and a building society is now in contemplation. The annual fee for membership is two dollars, and this secures to the members all the privileges and advantages of the club. The members are not restrained by unnecessary rules, but are allowed to enjoy themselves with the utmost freedom within the limits of decency and good order. The behavior is excellent the superintendent rarely having occasion to reprove a member for misconduct.

The project of doing something substantial for the employes of the Steel Company originated with Mrs. H. S. Smith, wife of one of the vice presidents of the company. The idea at first was to enlarge and increase the library. Then the proposition was made to give the Young Men's Christian Association \$20,000, but Samuel Tentrell, president of the club, suggested that if the gift was designed for the benefit of the employes that it should be given directly to the club, and finally the decision was made which accordingly resulted in the creation of the present building. W. R. Sterling of Chicago, a member of the Steel Company, has been very active in encouraging and carrying out the plans for this good work. The superintendent of the club is Mr. Walter Crane, a gentleman of fine organizing ability as well as of a liberal education. In the selection of the library, in establishing method and system in every department, forming classes and maintaining the best order and decorum without making authority irksome or disagreeable to the men, he has shown wonderful judgment and tact. The building was opened only last December and yet what the club has already accomplished in the interests of temperance, morals and intellectual culture is distinctly perceptible. Opportunities are offered men who toil during the day for passing the evening pleasantly with their fellow workmen, with means of entertainment and instruction, with no needless restriction on their movements, and with none of the temptation and demoralizing influences of the saloon.

It is a common remark that "corporations have no souls." Evidently the Illinois Steel Company is an exception. In devoting a portion of its large profits to providing a place where its workmen can have in-

tellectual and social advantages such as the Steel Works Club now enjoys, the company has done honor to itself and set an example which other large and wealthy companies having many men employed would do well to follow.

THE PROPHECY RELATING TO GENERAL YERMOLOFF.

L'Aurore du Nouveau Monde for October contains a statement concerning a prophecy relating to the life and death of General Yermoloff. The following is a translation of the statement which was made by one intimately acquainted with the General:

One day on leaving Moscow, I made a visit to Yermoloff to take leave of him, and at the moment of taking my departure, I was unable to conceal my emotion. "Fear nothing," said he to me, "we shall see one another again; I shall not die before your return." This happened eighteen months before his death. "In life as in death, God alone is the master," I observed to him. "And I for my part positively tell you that it will not happen within a year but some months afterwards," he answered me. "Come with me," and on saying these words he conducted me into his work room. There, drawing from a bureau locked with a key a piece of paper covered with writing, he placed it before me and asked me: "Whose writing is this?" "It is yours," I replied. "Read then." I did as he wished. It was a sort of memorandum, a record of dates beginning with the year that Yermoloff had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, showing with the distinctness of a programme each important event which was to happen in his life, full of such grand achievements. He followed me with his eyes as I was reading until I had reached the last paragraph, when he placed his hand on the last line. "You are not to read this," said he. "This line reveals the year, the month and the day of my death. All that you have just read has been accomplished to the last detail. I am going to tell you how I happened to write this: When I was a young lieutenant-colonel, I was sent about some business into a little village in the province. My dwelling was composed of two chambers—one for the servants and the other for my personal use. This last had no way of access except through the first. One evening as I was seated very late at my desk, occupied with writing, I fell into a dose. Suddenly on raising my eyes I saw near in front of me, on the other side of my desk a stranger, a man who, to judge by his clothing, belonged to a lower class of society. Before I had time to ask him what it was he wanted of me, this stranger said to me: 'Take your pen and write.' Feeling myself under the influence of an irresistible power I obeyed in silence. Then he set out to tell me all that was to happen to me during all my life, ending with the date and hour of my death. With the last word he disappeared. Some minutes passed before I came to myself, then leaping up from my chair I rushed into the next chamber, through which the stranger must have necessarily passed. On opening the door I saw my secretary who was writing by the light of a torch and my orderly sergeant who was stretched on the floor in front of the door which was bolted. To my question: 'Who has just passed through here?' the secretary answered, astonished: 'No one.' Up to this day I have never related this to a living soul. I knew well that if some persons suspected me of having invented this thing, others would see in me a man subject to hallucinations. But for me personally all this is an undeniable fact, objective and palpable, the proof of which is found in this written document."

The last date inscribed was in fact exact. He died on the day and hour of the year which had been written with his own hand.

TOPOLOBAMPO.

Some years ago a number of persons were induced by A. K. Owen and some others associated with him to go to the western coast of Mexico and found the colony of Topolobampo. Reports which have come from that far-away place have not been very creditable to the promoters of the scheme, who seem to have personal ends to gain by the movement. Those who have returned represent the condition of the colonists as one of poverty and privation. The *Kansas City Journal* of recent date gave some facts in regard to Topolobampo and its residents by a lady who went there about a year ago and returned this month.

According to this lady's statement the 200 people left there are struggling along with difficulty in order to merely exist. They have raised no crops worth

mentioning during the four years that the colony has been established. The land will raise nothing but cactus and forest trees without irrigation. Many of the people have suffered from hunger, and last year they were on the verge of starvation. They are compelled to bring drinking water from an island seven miles away. The colonists are discouraged and homesick, but have no means of getting away. They are 800 miles south of Arizona, a five days' journey by vessel from Guaymas; and the only connection they have with civilization is the monthly boat. The houses have dirt floors and insects swarm everywhere. The climate is oppressively warm and unhealthy for northern-born people.

The lady says that if she could she would keep every one from venturing into the lonesome and desolate region. All the colonists now there will leave in the spring unless the company does something for them.

Yet a party of 200 more, under the leadership of C. B. Hoffman, of Enterprise, formally a state senator of Kansas, left a few days ago for the same place. It is alleged in the paper from which these facts are taken that the contract between the Mexican government and the promoters of this scheme provides that Mexico shall pay the directors \$300 for each family kept in the country for two years. Besides the directors of the colony have 100,000 acres of land, purchased for a few cents an acre, which the colonists hope to make valuable by irrigation, the new party having gone prepared for such work. Many years must pass before Topolobampo can be a desirable place in which to live, and it is very evident that those who have gone there have been misled and deceived by men whose main purpose has been to make money out of the movement.

INDUSTRIAL REFORM.

Civilized man has emancipated himself from the conditions under which his ancestors struggled, and he has been able to substitute for the forces of the outer world, his own purposive action. He now contemplates his relations and surroundings, and by means of political and social institutions seeks to improve them. He has conceptions of equal rights and reciprocal duties and obligations, with extended sympathies; and these awaken and sustain his interest in the welfare of his race. In these social conditions in which the conduct of men is more and more governed by fixed moral principles and in which the tendency is to work together for the general improvement, the influence of natural selection is small and continually becoming less. "With civilized nations," says Darwin, "as far as an advanced standard of morality and an increased number of fairly endowed men are concerned, natural selection apparently affects but little, though the fundamental social instincts were originally thus gained."

The influence of natural selection on man has become less in proportion as he has consciously exercised his powers for definite ends. In uniting for a common object men have been able to accomplish in a day what might not in a century and probably would never have been brought about by natural selection alone, preventing, too, incalculable suffering and loss unavoidable in a merciless "struggle for existence."

And yet the competitive principle, which has ever been the essential fact in the struggle for existence still prevails. Men now compete in useful arts and industries. Educational institutions compete in methods and efficiency of instruction. Institutions of charity compete with one another in relieving want and distress. The doctors, divided into various schools compete in the art of overcoming disease, each school trying to prove the superiority of its own method. The churches compete in the attractions and inducements offered to increase membership, attendance and influence. Very different these and other similar forms of competition, where the manifest object is to contribute to individual and social well-being, from that struggle in which those only could survive that seized every advantage of strength and position to destroy their less fortunate competitors.

At the same time there are deplorable evils, the natural outcome of competition as it exists among us

to-day, as seen in the contrasts presented by the extremes of wealth and poverty, and the strained relations between capital and labor. Great wealth gives great power; and they who possess it are very liable to employ it to their own advantage and in the interests of the class to which they belong, with but little consideration for the rights or the welfare of the poor. Intemperance, extravagance, waste, and idleness no doubt account for much of the extreme poverty that exists, but in spite of this, it is evident as considerate and conscientious capitalists are ready to admit, there is a lack of fair and equitable distribution of the products of labor. Steam and machinery have enormously augmented the power of production; but there is a strong feeling that capital profits too much, and that labor does not receive the advantages and benefits to which it is fairly entitled from the inventions and improvements of the age. The tendency of modern industrialism is to a division of labor and its employment by large firms and corporations, which, by owning the machinery and paying the smallest possible wages, get most of the immediate advantages of the vast productive power that invention has put into their hands.

Coöperation, which is emphasized by socialistic reform, contains, without a doubt, a principle that must be brought more and more into prominence, but only in coexistence with the opposite principle of competition as, for instance, in the profit-sharing enterprises established in Europe and in this country. A condition in which excellence should not be stimulated by incentives and rewarded by advantages would, were it possible, destroy all originality and enterprise. And the incentives and the advantages must be such as appeal to human nature as it is. Some imagine that if the government would only take control of everything that all industrial and social problems would be solved. But government, through the influence of wealth and the love of power and rank, is liable to become despotic, as it is in European countries where labor organizations are suppressed, and the meetings of socialists are broken up by the police, and where military power, although derived from the people, awes the people into silence,—countries from which come the class of foreigners who advocate a resort to violence to solve the problem of capital and labor,—the problem of the ages—which American workingmen are intelligent enough to see must be solved by thought, not by explosions of dynamite.

In a country whose government derives its power from the consent of the governed, and where every citizen is a voter, the remedy for all evils that can be reached by legislation is in the hands of the people, if, indeed, they have the intelligence to see what is needed, to subordinate minor issues to a common purpose, to disregard the petty schemes of narrow minded zealots and the professions and promises of political demagogues, and to unite on sensible and practical measures.

The Philadelphia Polyclinic hospital has during the eight years of its existence provided gratuitous treatment to 29,953 sick poor in its twelve special departments. But this really is the least part of its far-reaching charity. The practitioners of medicine, who have availed themselves of the peculiar opportunities for scientific research, are putting into practical operation among their own patients the increased skill they have acquired, and thereby benefit not only the distant poor but the rich as well. The higher medical education of the physician affects the entire community, each and all being subject to illness and accident, each and all desiring above all things a speedy recovery of health. This is materially aided by the Philadelphia Polyclinic, the only post-graduate medical college in Pennsylvania. Lord Randolph Churchill in a speech at a hospital dinner in London, said: "The hospitals of this metropolis and of the great towns of England, are a perpetually flowing fountain of medical science. All the new remedies which medical science brings to light for the treatment of disease, and all the ingenious associations of the appliances of mechanism and of instruments take their origin and thrive in the hospitals before they are ap-

plied to the treatment of diseases outside the hospitals. I wonder how many rich people there are in this town who have met with serious illness or accident, and who, by almost miraculous medical skill, almost miraculous medical nursing, have recovered, who never thought to give a single sixpence to the hospital to which they may be said to owe absolutely their prolonged life." These remarks apply quite as appropriately to hospitals generally in this country.

Just so far as Spiritualism is spiritualizing—just so far as it lifts man up to a higher level of life—to that extent will it benefit the human race, and no further, says the *Golden Gate*. As a simple fact, the demonstration of the continuity of life is no more helpful than a demonstration in the science of numbers. Man must first accept the fact, and then square his life in accordance therewith, before he can profit his soul with the truth. As one's mere belief in the forms or doctrines of Christianity has no influence or bearing on his moral character, so of a belief merely in the teachings of Spiritualism, it will make one a no better citizen, no better husband, father or friend, without his soul is touched by said teachings, and his character moulded into a semblance of the divine manhood. The Spiritualist who lies and cheats, who slanders his neighbors, who defiles the temple of the soul with rum, tobacco, or vileness of any kind, may have implicit confidence in all phases of mediumship, and all kinds of psychic phenomena, but he is no *Spiritualist* nevertheless, and is no better than any other unprogressed mortal, whether Christian, pagan or Jew. In the work of proselyting the race—in carrying the gospel of this new truth to the hearts and homes of humanity—we should seek to convey with it that spiritual power and grace whereby only man is made better and purer for the great work of life.

Mr. James Burns, editor of *The Medium and Day-break*, whose loyalty to Spiritualism can not be questioned, whatever other criticisms of him may be made, has the following editorial note in the issue of his paper for November 7th. "We have for a long time felt that far too much prominence is given to the parade of 'spirit guides.' The less we think about the spirits and the more we think about our conscientious duty the better. We scarcely think good and well-bred spirits would care to be so assiduously advertised and recognized. They ask for no recognition or acknowledgment from us: all they desire is that we do the right, and mind our own business; they will mind theirs without any urging on our part. By placing ourselves in a receptive mood, by making the humble endeavor to do our duty, the good spirits more efficiently help us. It is possibly true, that none of us can do anything without active spirit aid; but we do not realize the advantages of this by constantly alluding to the spirits, but by earnestly concentrating ourselves on the work in hand. Accord gratitude to the Supreme: it will reach the proper sphere." THE JOURNAL desires to endorse and accentuate its contemporary's position on this matter. It were well if every Spiritualist would make it, as a whole, a part of his creed. Indeed, it is difficult to see how one can be a Spiritualist who does not accept and live up to it.

The only profession in which the incompetent have little or no future is in journalism, says the *Christian Register*. It is a profession without a heritage of traditions. Generally speaking, there are no schools of journalism, except those furnished by the editor's office. The best way to get into a newspaper is to buy paper and pencil and write yourself in. No diploma of college or school is required, no recommendation of a teacher of English; it is the work which tells. That some of the work is badly done is because nearly every newspaper conducts a school of journalism in some portion of its columns at the public expense. The local newspaper is the school from which the reporter graduates to the metropolitan daily. What matters it if the report of Dr. Pedant's sermon is frightfully mangled, or that in an interview somebody is made to say precisely that which he did not say? It is necessary that this reporter should

learn to write, and the public must pay two cents or four every morning to assist in his education; and the doctors of divinity and slow coaches of every kind must get out of the way if they do not want to be run down.

The brawn and brain of this nation have come chiefly from the rural districts, observes the *Kansas City Star*. The bone and sinew of the country are not derived, as a rule, from the great cities. The most illustrious names in American history are associated with the farm. Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Grant, and a host of other great men who aided in shaping the destinies of the republic came from the country. The nation can not view with indifference the influences which may impair the source from which its most sturdy population, mentally and physically, has proceeded. Is there any just ground for the fear that the movement from the country to the towns will long maintain its present volume? Does not the logic of events point to an early reaction? The towns and cities can not remain crowded beyond their capacity to afford a livelihood to their population. When that point is reached there must be a receding wave, and the movement of population will be in the other direction. There is a basis for the belief that the equilibrium will be restored by the law which makes agriculture the essential source of prosperity and the foundation upon which the commercial interests of the country rest.

The vexed question of the study of history in the Boston high schools seems likely at last to be settled, says the *Congregationalist*. It will be remembered that the controversy, which has been going on for two years and more between Roman Catholics and protestants, began over Swinton's history, which was rejected as a text book. A committee has finally reported to the school board recommending that several books of history, representing views both of protestants and Catholics, be placed in the high schools as books of reference, that topical outlines be prepared for the students, and that they study these topics, with the books of reference, under direction of the teachers. The books proposed appear to be judiciously selected. Large responsibility is thus placed on the teachers, but what protestants most desire is fair investigation, being content that the student shall rest his verdict on facts fairly presented. This is perhaps the best disposition that can be made of the matter, and it should be remembered that it affects only five per cent of the pupils in the public schools.

Says the *Christian Leader*: Theodore Parker would, the *Christian Register* avers, pass for a conservative with Unitarians of to-day. Yet, the *Register* adds, his sermon, "The Permanent and Transient in Christianity," shut him out of every Unitarian pulpit, except the pulpits of John T. Sargent and James Freeman Clarke, and, at the time, these gentlemen were ostracized by their Unitarian brethren because they refused to ostracize Parker. The *Register* tells but half the story. In Mr. Parker's day, the Unitarians were extremely conservative in regard to temperance and slavery, and Parker's uncompromising criticism of his associates, for dereliction of duty, gave more offence than his theological radicalism. When he put and answered a question, "What drove John Pierpont from Boston? Rum and the Unitarian clergy?" he stirred a deeper revolt than that which came from his theological views. He was, in fact, a thorn in the sides of such Unitarian leaders as Dewey and Gannett, and these gentlemen were representatives of the Unitarians of their day.

An edict of the Russian government restraining protestant Christians from holding missionary meetings and sending abroad missionary gifts has been modified in the concession of permission that pastors shall be permitted to preach on the extension of Christianity and take collections for the benefit of foreign missions, subject to the approval of the local governors.

HYPNOTISM: ITS PERILS AND SAFEGUARDS.

By HERMAN SNOW.

Mesmerism, animal magnetism, and Spiritualism in some of its phases, are so nearly identical with the prevailing psychic craze, popularized as hypnotism, that in a general treatment like this they may be regarded as substantially the same, the last named term being now used because it best chimes in with recent habits of thought and at the same time somewhat more clearly expresses the true nature of the phenomena it aims to embody. My present aim is to give to the thoughtful public some reflections which may be regarded as of the deepest import to human welfare.

The power of mind over mind, of the stronger over the weaker mental force, this is the grand, far-reaching law of the spiritual universe which forms the basic principle of the various psychic phenomena included within the term hypnotism. But in almost all the recent experiments—especially those made under the auspices of supposed experts in the scientific world important facts of man's spiritual nature and relations—have been so ignored as fatally to vitiate the conclusions thus made. Such experimenters have failed to recognize that there are in close relations with our earthly condition vast multitudes of individual minds which though unrecognized by our present faculties, i. e., in the usual normal condition, are yet even more active agents of power than are those minds still in a material body. Then it is found that from the essential nature of mentality and spirituality like ever seeks like, and amid unobstructed conditions is sure to find it. And in the moral world has it not been demonstrated that goodness is intrinsically superior to evil, and hence that an aspiring, upward look toward the higher regions of spiritual force will bring relief and protection? Hence it follows that the danger or safety of psychic experiments must depend largely upon the character of the invisible surroundings.

The great error of mesmerists of the past and of the prevailing hypnotism consists in overlooking the transcendent truth that but a very limited portion of the force exerted in their experiments comes from the visible experimenters themselves. Were it not for a silent but searching power cooperating with them from invisible intelligences ever in close relations with earthly conditions, but a very small proportion of the wonderful results now so often recorded would follow, for in but a few instances is the mental power of an individual still in the body sufficient to induce such results. But when from the invisible side of things a harmonious battery of mental force is added, then it is that effects follow well fitted to astonish the world. And let it be borne in mind as of vital significance to the actual good or evil tendencies of such practices, that the results both moral and physical will be in accordance with the combined character and purposes of both the visible and the invisible company employed. For on such occasions there must be a harmony even though it be of a satanic rather than of an angelic character. That the invisible spirit surroundings have much to do with the physical as well as the spiritual well being of those *en rapport* with such surroundings has been satisfactorily shown by different writers, particularly by Dr. Evans in his "Mental Cure," "Mental Medicine," "Soul and Body" and other volumes in the same line of thought.

From what has thus far been said it would seem to follow that in all attempts at hypnotic investigations and uses, as well as in some phases of Spiritualism, in order to guard against abuses and evils, purity of thought and feeling, and an upward, aspiring spirit are essential, and that so far as these conditions are observed so far will the good prevail and no evil need be feared. For there is a perfection of wisdom, of power and of love at the head of all force, and there is an orderly, invisible method of protection and help for all who reverently lean upon it. No satanic influence can mingle with our efforts unless our own

disregard of imperative spiritual law shall seem to invite it. And those who engage in any such occult and imperfectly understood investigation in a low and trifling spirit, or with selfish and sensual ends in view must expect to reap as they have sown and to gather as the natural result evil in various forms. A wise attention to this order of thought is of vital importance to all sensitives, including especially hypnotic subjects and spirit mediums, for it is thus alone that wise and efficient protection can be extended over them. Arbitrary human laws will not answer, for it is a moral and spiritual, not a legal shield that is needed.

To those who have closely followed the revealments and unfoldings of our modern Spiritualism no labored argument will be needed to sustain the leading positions now taken. To most of this class of investigators incidents leading in this direction have been of frequent occurrence. To such it has been made perfectly apparent that in psychic experiments there are generally at least more than one individual mental force employed, and more than that which is embodied in a material form. Indeed, could it be clearly seen by the self-sufficient visible hypnotizer what a combination of psychic force on the invisible side of things is at work with him, and how comparatively impotent would be his efforts if actually as well as apparently acting alone in what he is aiming to accomplish, he would himself be astonished perhaps even more than others are astonished by his apparent personal success.

An incident in my own experience at a very early stage of my investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism will serve to illustrate and sustain my present views upon the general subject. Previous to this experience, some years before the advent of the so-called Rochester rappings, I had personally and successfully experimented in what was then called Mesmerism, now hypnotism, and hence when the new psychic phenomena began to dawn upon me I was the better prepared to recognize and wisely to avail myself of the clearer manifestation of intelligence and force from the spirit world now being made known to us. During a continued investigation of nearly three weeks I had free access to the remarkable capacities of a private medium of undoubted honesty and ingenuousness—a hired girl in the family with whom I was then sojourning. Almost all kinds of mediumship seemed to have been latent in this young woman, then about 18 years old. But, as is the usual order in this kind of development, the earlier experiments were made through the raps and table tipplings responsive to a calling of the alphabet. In this way we had come into what was—seemingly at least—close and correct communication with the invisible ones around us. But this being rather slow work and therefore not wholly satisfactory an effort was made by the spirit friends to improve the methods. At one of our sittings it was spelt out to me in the usual way, "We are going to put E—in a trance, and we want you to help us." So I engaged in the usual mesmeric method, making however but a few passes when I was given to understand—through the alphabetical method, the medium's hands being still kept upon the table—that no further help was needed of me, and soon after E—was found to be in a deep trance condition over which I myself had no control, but from which she was in due time awakened at the time appointed by her invisible control. We were now favored with an easy and rapid method of intercourse by the involuntary spoken language of our medium, which was mostly used in subsequent efforts.

If the general correctness of the views now taken of our subject be admitted, it will be seen by thoughtful ones that without a practical knowledge of the leading truths of Spiritualism in its higher phases, the so-called hypnotism can not be rightly understood but in its practice will be constantly attended with mistaken conclusions as well as abuses, and various forms of evil. But with a right understanding and faithful observance of the higher forms of spiritual truths no evil, but much good may result from this new knowledge of the wonderful power of mind over mind. For then experiments will be made only for some noble end and in a spirit so reverent that none but the wise

and good from the spirit side will be attracted as helpers. But in order to this it is essential that no other than pure and noble purposes should prevail on the visible, as well as the invisible side of the effort. And this imperative spiritual law applies equally to all psychic experiments, including the spirit circle, where it is but too often disregarded with results accordingly.

INFERENTIAL TOPOGRAPHY AND COSMOGONY OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

By MRS. LIZZIE JONES.

An article in a recent number of THE JOURNAL from Warren Chase on the question: "What, and where is the Spirit-world?" revived a similar experience to his in spirit communion, which, if not so venerable by half, was more satisfactory in final results, and which, with its changed aspect of the scenes, planes, or spheres of the universe, realized the Spirit-world as being brought to our doors and laid at our feet. Let us first pave the way and fortify the position by bearing in mind that man is a spiritual being, with a physical attachment to his person to be used as an instrument in time only.

When death is said to occur, he drops off this physical or machine body, and it is committed to earth, his essential self going on his way rejoicing—not reaching heaven, or the world of spirit by locomotion, but by different vision—and where he is known by a presentment of himself.

As to the physical body, it has no power of itself to adhere to a given form, only as acted on by spirit. We have on now our spiritual bodies, and they embody ourselves, and it is these that animate, move, and finally cast off the outer semblance worn in earth life.

And so of the world of spirit. The two sides of the world, the natural and the spiritual—formerly distinguished as earth and heaven—are no longer distinct, but are now seen to be correlates, the spiritual as cause dominating the natural in its effects in close contiguity—whence we derive and realize our universe.

This world is the expression of a spiritual cause. What falls under our angle of vision here, is but a projection from the spiritual side of varied surface and sundry appointments, while there are other supposititious, vast expanses and multiplied objects which give no sign to our veiled senses.

The experience referred to above, embraces communications from dear personal friends only; messages from Moses and Elias or Confucius or Swedenborg were not forthcoming. In the incipient stages of our circle investigations, the Spirit-world was flooded with questions about "What and where is the Spirit-world?" "Where are you to whom I talk?" "What do you do there?" "Would we know you?" But as with Mr. Chase no definite ideas concerning our friends and their life has ever been reached, and for this excellent reason as given early by one of the spirit friends: "You have no objects in your world with which we can compare heavenly ones, and you, are not acquainted with any spiritual language."

Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned after all, since confessedly these communications are all on a material plane.

It may be said then, what's the use of this intercourse if spirits can tell you nothing of themselves, or the country they are in? What is the use of interchange between friends across the Mississippi river by letter, or the other end of town by telephone, or across the great waters by telegraph, or even in our own parlors where we deal in the most commonplaces, and call it maintaining social intercourse.

There is little or nothing to be gained by interpreting these spiritual communications literally. The tests must always stand for a sign or a symbol of a revelation to mankind. A fact signifies cause, process; it contains evidence of things not wrought out but indicated only. Mr. Emerson says: "No anchor no cable, no fences avail to keep a fact a fact.... Who cares what the fact was, when we have made a constellation of it to hang in the heavens an immortal sign?"

Our spirit friends have dwelt with great emphasis

on the value of our earth life, as expressed in such words as these: "If you come now to the Spirit-world, you will have to take too much schooling." "Do your work, and do it well, for thus do ye clothe yourselves in beauteous robes," or "Life in time is the soul's greatest and grandest opportunity."

Nothing daunted, however, by vague and indefinite answers to our questions from the spirits we still kept on with them, but not with such an unmitigated frenzy of eagerness. "Where were you between the hour of death and the funeral?" "Right here, I have never gone away." "I do not believe you are doing anything Dan?" "Yes, I am, but something I can not well explain." "To my brother-in-law who had recently gone over: 'Have they set you to doing anything yet?'" "No, I am a guest to be entertained." Asking mother what they do there? it is replied: "Always busy, but never weary, dear children. There is as much business going on here as there is in your world." "Do you sit at the table to write as we do?" "No, I stand like a man" answered the joker on the spirit side. Without question or other leading the following was written by my brother: "It is not a dreadful thing to die. It is as though you see the waters gather around you, and there is no way of escaping the waves, when at last you sink down in sweet repose in the dreaded river." "Were you conscious at the change?" "I was not conscious, and did not know where I was, except that I knew I was in the right place." Again the same one wrote: "We have been on the river of life, whose waters you dread so much until you are sailing, when they appear as beautiful as diamonds—so smooth, so calm."

According to their own showing, spirits can not see material things. Every thing that has life in it—the coursing sap of trees and flowers, and the spiritual part of our constitution is plainly visible to them. My older sister died at two years of age. The youngest brother says of her: "Sister Susann says, 'tell your sisters she can see you, and loves you much, but she can not comprehend how you look clothed in mortal frames.'" She has no knowledge of wrongs, pains, or other ills, and is more perfect in her angelic sphere, for she never knew sin. Susann is my companion when we ramble and talk. I tell her of earth, and she tells me of heaven's laws." "You speak of rambling—is it upon anything solid you tread?" "It is as solid to us as the earth is to you. Sister Lucy says we float in air, but it is walking all the same." "Can you go anywhere you please?" "Why, yes, we are not penned in, sis." Going to St. Louis to speak with a friend yet in the flesh was mentioned. "How long will it take you?" "How long? No time. We just think and are there."

Under another phase of mediumship we see the simulated forms of our spirit friends and hear their voices. Perhaps from certain church reasons, as not having belonged to any meeting house, and having no season tickets in their pockets, some of them might be supposed to be writhing in endless torments, but their clothing presenting an unscorched appearance over front of the cabinet curtain, and no smell of Lubin's agar, or sulphur accompanying—no heart-rending utterance for a drop of water to cool their parched throats—their talk freighted with good cheer, and Sabbath selves often appearing to be reaping of what good (or bad) they had sown—there is legitimate assurance of a better state of things to come.

So, by certain indirections and negations, we glean, among other things, from the meagre, indefinite material, "trifling and demented communications" that our christian spirit friends are not in a seven-by-nine heaven, sitting on a cold cloud, singing and shouting glory, and casting crowns for a livelihood—whatever these occupations may signify—and that we who remain shall not, at the great change, wait a million of years in some crack or cranny of the universe, for the sounding of the last trump to get a little dust hitched on to our spirits, as though form and likeness ever inhered in the flesh or in the dust.

Surely, as "Dante's mountain of purgatory does not stand in western midocean when Columbus has once sailed thither" so does the Spirit-world cease to be the country whence no traveler returns with inferential knowledge of its topography and cosmogony.

THE REASONS WHY.

By W. WHITWORTH.

Though for many years I have been constrained to the belief that the Church of Rome is inimical to liberty of thought and the free institutions of this country, I should not have written these papers except in reply to the direct questions propounded by Mr. Plimpton.* In conclusion, with no feeling but a desire for truth and justice, I shall address myself to this closing statement of Mr. Plimpton's letter:

"The working people furnish the funds—given to the Catholic church—and they one and all will resent to the last any criticism of their religion, or their church and the priests that control it. Is this the result of fear, love of church and its dogma, or what?"

Answering the concluding query first, I say, from the deep-rooted spirit of intolerance that brooks no liberty but its own, persistently instilled into the minds of Romanists by priestly teaching of the church.

On the cruel persecutions, torturing, bloodshed and wholesale confiscation of property of those who have dared to exercise liberty of conscience, during long centuries of Romish ascendancy, I shall not dwell. The truth is accessible on the pages of the world's history to every intelligent reader. I will confine myself to such facts as have fallen within my own personal experience.

Back sixty years, when I was little more than a child, in my home at Manchester, England, I early became impressed with the brutal savagery with which Roman Catholics "resented criticism" of their peculiar dogmas. There were in the town some score or more thousands of low-grade Irish laborers, all bigoted devotees of the Romish church, a large number of whom lived on a secluded piece of ground exclusively to themselves, quite near to my father's dwelling. It went by the name of "Little Ireland," and gave daily tokens of its peculiar characteristics. Especially on Saturday evening, when the week's wages had been received, drunkenness and fighting were its normal activities; and so intolerant was the general spirit of the people that it was not safe for one of any other nationality to pass by the one roadway into the place. Many times I saw great burly fellows, maddened from much whisky tipping, trailing a ragged coat along the sidewalk and yelling for whoever desired a fight to step on the tail! And as sure as any stranger did stamp on the coat, he was set upon and pounded half to death by all the drunken bullies around, as voices screamed in maddened fury: "Kill the dommed Protestant!" And these same drunken wretches would be seen next day on their way to church in solid streams, firm in the belief that they were of the pure elect of God, certain of the heavenly kingdom by virtue of regular attendance at church and payment of dues into the priestly coffers.

But it was in the brutal, murderous attacks on Orangemen's funerals that Romish intolerance was most conspicuously displayed. The sole crime of Orangemen in Romish Catholic eyes was the fact that they were Protestants in religion. This was conspicuously shown whenever they were set upon by their Romish countrymen. As stones and brickbats were hurled on the funeral procession, fierce cries would fill the air: "Kill the bloody heretics! Down with the dommed Protestants!" More than a score of times in my boyhood days did I witness these blood-thirsty attacks on peaceable funeral processions on the public highway that was free to everybody; some men mangled with deadly boulders and bricks, beat

* LOWELL, Mass., Sept. 7, 1890.
FRIEND WHITWORTH:

I have just read your article, "The Reasons Why," and suggest that you account for the crowded churches of the Catholic branch of christendom in this country, and the vast amount expended in the erection, enlarging and refurnishing of the same. The working people furnish the funds. Go among that class of working people, many of them quite intelligent, and they one and all will resent to the full any criticism of their religion or church and the priests that control it. Is this state the result of fear, love of church and its dogma, or what? Is the Roman or Latin church the fundamental in religion?

Fraternally Yours,

A. B. PLIMPTON.

down with heavy sticks, kicked and trampled under foot. Even women joined in these murderous affrays, appearing as malignant and as brutal as the men. Twice I saw the coffin tossed off the bier and kicked apart so that the corpse rolled out into the road. The authorities were finally obliged to give Orangemen permission to carry arms for self protection; and more than once I saw attacks where pistols were freely used to repel the missiles hurled by the other side.

Since living nearly a half century in this country, I have seen the same intolerent determination to crush all criticism of the church and its dogmas, or opposition to its ceaseless efforts to undermine the liberties of the people. Orangemen in their funeral processions have been subjected to like brutal attacks as I saw in my boyhood days, across the line in Canada; and in the states, where liberty of speech is accorded to every citizen by edict of the constitution, no man or woman can stand up in a public hall and speak truth of the Romish church and its past history without risk of assault and maltreatment.

It is no excuse to say that the men who carry on this brutality are low-grade creatures who do not know any better. They are of the great mass of which the church devotees are mainly composed, and their murderous, intolerant spirit is the direct outgrowth of the arrogant claim that the head of the church is above and superior in authority to every power and government on earth. So long as this ignorant rabble is taught to believe that right of conscience in religious matters is damnable heresy, rightfully to be stamped out by any torture that can be inflicted by members of the only true church, is it not certain that they will keep right on "resenting criticism" of their peculiar ideas to the full bent of their power?

I know well that there are priests and high dignitaries of the Romish church who are of the very salt of the earth in their desire to accomplish good. May their numbers increase, either in the church or out. But it needs to be established on a bedrock that can not be disturbed, that in this land of liberty no church nor pope at its head shall interfere with the religious opinions of any one in all this broad realm.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

SPIRIT ACTION RELATIVE TO MATERIAL LAW.

By WM. I. GILL.

All sense laws are bounded by the sense world. Disembodied spirits do not belong to the forces of this world and are not to be accounted as subject to its laws, though they must in some way use them in order to communicate with us. If there is any such action of any such beings, that action, it will be allowed, is beyond the law so far that it is a new force projected into our sphere, that it is not an exemplification of the regular action of the sense forces of our sense world. This is obvious and is doubtless one of the reasons why physical scientists are often so unwilling to look on the psychical side of their own field of studies, and especially disposed to shun all lights that would reveal to them evidences of extramundane forces and agencies; not that they would willfully shun light in any direction, but they are disqualified for seeing it in this direction by a prejudice which denies or discounts it in advance.

There was a time when belief in extramundane agencies fostered a dependence on them to the injury of science and common sense and regular labor and forethought. To some extent this often or usually operates now with people in prescientific conditions of mental development; and we can easily conceive that the interposition of spirits in the affairs of our world might be such as to frequently confound all reasonable calculations both in physical science and social life and statesmanship. Nor would this result be prevented by our modern repudiation of the old notion of supernaturalism. We may affirm with emphasis that all things conform to law, and that this is true of all spirit agencies. But so long as these agencies are not of our world, we may not be able always or often to trace their lexical relations and anticipate them and act in regular and rational relation to them. If we built a house we could not tell but spirits would make

it uninhabitable by their doings, as it is alleged they sometimes do. Nay, they might prostrate our work in building, coming by night (or by day either) and demolishing our structure as fast as it rises by day; or they might be so kind as to build it for us in a night. Thus they might in ten thousand ways continually interpose to favor or oppose human desires and projects so as to greatly confound all human calculation, and bring science as well as its application into frequent and serious doubt and bewilderment. We have been told, for instance, of their breaking cups and dishes and slinging them round the house in a very frantic fashion; of their throwing stones into windows and down chimneys, making occupancy a deadly danger; of their making various noises which none but those of the stoutest nerves could long endure. Why should they go so far and stop here? It seems very capricious, just like naughty, willful human spirits.

If these things are at all true why should they not be indefinitely multiplied both in good and evil as they once were in the popular imagination and faith. In that case where were there any clear field for science or for any steady rational activity in daily practical life? To say that these spirits conform to law does not relieve the case at all; since all their preparation for action is invisible to us, so that we can know nothing about it till it is sprung upon us in its effects. So far as we are practically concerned it might as well be supernatural. Indeed, it is supernatural relative to us and our sphere, since it is above or beyond nature as known to us and regulative of our knowledge and powers of action. This is all that modern theology and religious thought mean by the term supernatural; not that it is above all nature, but simply an agency of a higher sphere operating on a lower sphere, whether that agency be God or angels or wicked spirits. In this light all the miracles of the Bible are conceived and construed. In this light, so far as they are admitted at all, they are construed and historically interpreted by modern spiritualism. This interpretation therefore does not necessarily relieve the anxieties of the physical scientist; and he will very naturally feel, without some psychic experience to help him, that the safest and the most rational course is to scout everything of the kind as illusive and contra scientific.

However we interpret it, and whatever rational and scientific guards we may throw around it, the admission of incarnate spirit agency operating in and on this world is a thing of vast significance relative to science in every department and to practical life. It opens a gate none knows how wide, to the incursion of beings almost infinitely more numerous than the world's population and always more rapidly increasing, and with powers we know not how vast or how different from ours, and against whose malevolent action we can not guard, and with whose benevolent action we can not coöperate till we are advised of it.

Still that is no adequate reason for shutting our eyes to facts, or for refusing to explore any region we may possibly penetrate, or for refusing to follow up any discovered clew, or seeking with all zeal and fidelity a scientific explanation of every class of known facts. Persevering faithfulness here may widen the field of science; and if it cuts off some of its cast-iron corners, it may heighten the total interest, and disclose to us broader and nobler guards and guides, both practical and speculative. We must assume, as all thought does, that every new acquisition of knowledge is a benefit to all the old, though it destroys some idols. It is in just this way that Spiritualism must work its way to the rank of science. But it can never be a science like that of astronomy with its vast assured anticipations and its certain and immense pre-calculations. And further its necessary interference with and modification of the events, and therefore the laws of our sphere, will justly make it unwelcome to science and make a demand that its proofs shall be of the strongest kind that experience and induction therefrom can furnish.

If Spiritualism is true we really do not know how far spirits incarnate do determine the affairs of this world, how far they affect human life, its political and civil conditions, individual action, or even the animal

and material world. Certainly, so far as they do interfere with the material world, they make a break in its laws even if they use these laws; because their use of them is not a part of the forces of our world and is not counted in the calculations and measurements of physical science. If, for instance, they make a visual apparition or a sound or raise a stone from the ground, there is here a rupture of the law of the conservation of energy in our world. These events have confessedly no antecedent correlate in any form of physical force in this world. This is a point which at this time deserves special emphasis, because this law has never been critically examined, and there are signs of the rising of a critical feeling on the subject; and on the basis of Spiritualism I call attention to this limitation of the law, which is the main object of this paper, and therefore its termination is here reached.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

VI.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

My experiments heretofore having been made at distances varying from a few feet to three hundred miles, I was anxious to extend them to greater distances—a thousand miles or more. I was traveling during the summer and autumn of 1852, and had taken a temporary residence in the suburbs of London for the benefit of medical advice for a member of my family who was seriously unwell. Some months previously the postman had put into my own hands a letter from a relative in the state of New York, and as there were some private family matters in it I had locked it up in a portable iron safe, the key of which I always carried on my person.

Some minor experiments having convinced me that a lady of my acquaintance was exceedingly lucid at the times she foresaw and appointed in a previous sleep, I took advantage of this to make a decisive experiment, if successful, as to the element of distance.

The letter which I have mentioned occurred to me as furnishing the means of an excellent test. By the clairvoyant's direction it was placed under her foot. Passing over a most exact description of my relative, the relationship she bore to me, and the interior of her house, as possibly gathered from my own knowledge, I quote her statement of those things of which I could have no knowledge.

"She (my relative) lived in the country, but is not there now, and her house is shut up—cold and dreary. She has gone away" (with great solemnity and emphasis). "Yes," I observed, "shut up her house and gone away to spend the winter." "No, gone away never to come back." "Where to?" I asked, not yet taking in the full meaning. "Gone to the churchyard; I saw her walking in a garden, she fell down and went very soon." Three weeks afterwards I received a letter from New York, and although not altogether unprepared for the event, it was with awe I read the announcement, "Our good old aunt is no more; she fell whilst walking in a path near my mother's house, dislocated her thigh and died in nine days."

The two principal phases of lucidity are here combined: thought reading, through which the somnambule might have discovered by whom the letter had been written, the relationship to me, and the arrangement of the interior of the house; and independent clairvoyance, by which she so unerringly perceived that the house was shut up (as it was in fact), as well as the twofold walking and falling at the time, and the crowning revelation of a speedy and fatal termination.

A lady from Scotland, who had left her twin infants at home, was making a visit at my house, and in the course of conversation expressed her anxiety about the children. Ascertaining that she had about her some little articles of theirs, I proposed to use them in a clairvoyant examination.

The somnambule, who then saw this lady for the first time, being brought in, described the nursery, maids and children so accurately that the mother was at once able to apply their respective names. Asked if it was a fine day in the place where the little ones

were, she replied, "Very fine, but so cold and frosty that the children have not been and will not be taken out for a drive to-day. The head nurse is in such a way, angry and frustrated, and says 'they shan't be if the carriage waits till next week.' She has had a great quarrel, and Mr. — (the lady's husband) was called in to settle it."

The lady in a semi-jocose way wrote home, dating her letter the same hour the children should have had their airing, asking the nurse what she meant by quarreling and not taking the children out daily according to orders, and received the following reply, which I read and give as nearly as possible from memory: "However ma'am did you know the dear little things didn't get their drive? You see, ma'am, it was so cold and frozen, and John (the coachman) was so crusty, I was afeared. John said he would wait all day before the door as was his orders, till the children were ready, but the horses slipped about like everything, and he quarreled with me and as good as told me I lied for saying that the horses were too smooth, and there he stuck with them shivering like all the world, till I asked master to send him away." We must not lose sight of the fact that this was the first time myself or the clairvoyante had met this lady, and that literally we knew nothing of her history or domestic concerns. She visited us and was made heartily welcome as the dear friend of an intimate friend of ours then abroad.

I had called upon a gentleman quite unknown to me, on a matter of business. He had paid much attention to mesmerism, and in the course of our conversation incidentally mentioned that there had been left with him, a few days previously, two small articles of a lady's wearing apparel, for the purpose of making an experiment in clairvoyance. He knew nothing in relation to these articles, and had designedly abstained from asking any questions whatever. I begged for the things and took them home with me.

Let us stop one moment to consider the premises. A gentleman of whose affairs or friends I absolutely knew nothing, accidentally speaks of two articles that have been handed to him, without the slightest clew to their story, by a third person, whose name was not told to me, and of whom, as it turned out, I had never even heard. I take these articles away with me to a distance in the country, and there submit them to a clairvoyante of my own selection, the wife of a gentleman of leisure, who to my certain knowledge knew no more of the existence of these two persons than they did of hers, and obtain the following statement:

"These things belonged to a young lady who lived in a country where they spoke English, but were not called English. She ran away from home with a man who seems to me to have something to do with engines. I saw them in Paris, crossing the pont royal; they stopped to look at the place where Marie Antoinette was murdered." Here the clairvoyante rambled off into a vivid description of that queen's untimely fate adding, however, that it was all wrong, and appointing a later hour to continue the investigation. The hour having arrived, we renewed the inquiry and to up the story from the bridge.

"She crossed the bridge and went to live bel the Hotel des Invalides. There were billets of w and charcoal for sale at the door of the place he took her to. She is not there now. She looks ill and sorrowful, as if she had been in a hospital. I do not know her name, but I heard them call her Marie. I can not tell you her other name now, for I do not see how to get at it, but if you will let me rest, I will see if there is not some way to find it out." She then passed into a deeper coma,* and at the expiration of half an hour aroused herself with a satisfied air and said that she had discovered it. "She was in mourning when she went away; it seemed to be for her mother. I followed her to the grave and read her mother's name there. It is Susan B—a—r—t and an e or a large dot, I can not tell which." "The name of

* It was a frequent experience with this clairvoyante that when puzzled by some difficult fact she passed into the profoundest coma, as a necessary condition to enable her to ascertain the fact. The more complete the bodily insensibility, the more perfect the psychical perception.

the young lady then is Mary Barte?" I inquired. "Yes, that is the name, Marie Barte."

With this information I went to the gentleman who had handed me the articles, and then first learned the name and address of the person who had given them to him. When I called upon him, a letter which the young lady had left behind for her friends was put into my hands, and this letter was signed Marie Barte!

The clairvoyante had heard the name Marie used in Paris, which I erroneously interpreted Mary, and had read the other name on a gravestone, in a country where she had never been, three hundred miles away.

The young lady had eloped from Ireland after the death of her mother, Susan, whose funeral she had attended, and there was no opportunity to verify the other portions of the story.

These fifteen examples of clairvoyance selected from my notes, and as fully verified as it was possible for me to do, have occupied more space than was intended. In such matters the difficulty is great both in the selection and the rejection. It will serve, however, no useful purpose to multiply cases. Those already given must satisfy the observer, who knows there is no flaw in the proof, and may lead others to seek that proof, which is always open to them.

When the observer ceases to doubt, as he soon does, of this wonderful faculty of the human mind, what rational hypothesis can he apply in the solution of such strange and abnormal facts? There seems but one answer: the existence within us of an intelligent entity, with rudimentary powers that do not use the machinery of matter for perception or cerebral activity for reasoning, and of whose being and properties we are normally unconscious. The experiments recorded herein are facts in nature; no theory of general hyperesthesia of the senses will reach them, and we find ourselves obliged to reject ciliary spasm and hyperacuity of vision. A physical hypothesis being altogether insufficient, we must perforce turn to the psychical.

The fanciful supposition of a sixth material sense is altogether unwarranted, and can not be entertained until we find the organ devoted to its use.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MINISTER'S DREAM.

BY NELLIE BOOTH SIMMONS

It was nearly 8 o'clock in the morning and the chimes were sending down their sweet tones from the church spires in various parts of the city and telling the people that another week of toil had rolled around and brought Sunday in its train. The rhythmic sounds penetrated even to the luxurious chamber where the Rev. Mr. Pompous lay asleep. At first he couldn't hear them because he was snoring, but presently they began to make an impression on his brain.

He stirred and breathed a bit more lightly, and then, after yawning, and winking, and stretching a good many times, he actually gained courage to crawl out of bed and put on dressing gown and slippers and take his night cap off.

"Ugh!" he murmured with a regretful shiver as he looked about for his shaving apparatus, "vacation is over and I must get into the harness and go to work again. And why, of course," he added as a thought occurred to him that brightened up his lethargic faculties, "to-day I am to preach my great sermon upon the advisability of closing the Columbian fair on the Sabbath. That is truly an effort of which I may feel proud. I hope that none of the papers will neglect to assign a reporter to the church, and they all should print my words in full. No doubt I shall be criticised by the ungodly, the infidels and blasphemers, but I can meet opposition, I fancy," and the clerical gentleman lathered his cheeks quite fiercely and smiled in a sanguinary way.

Cheered by these thoughts he went on with his toilet very briskly. He was somewhat vexed, though, to find that his boots, which he had placed outside the door to be cleaned, were untouched and smeared with the traces of yesterday's mud. He threw them in a corner and put on another pair, meditating as he did so a severe reproof to the careless servant whose duty it was to attend to all these matters. Then he dismissed his saintly anger and returned to the reflections which had absorbed his mind.

"It is horrible," he mused as he gave a final shake to his dignified coat tails and slowly descended the stairs. "Such lawless and sinful desecration of what should be most sacred. Were I to go out upon the streets now I would doubtless see crowds of people

Benton said her mamma asked her papa why he didn't going to the parks, and would hear the unholy jingling of the cable cars. The Sunday paper is already, I suppose, exerting its baleful influence, and in the evening a dozen theaters will present wicked, alluring dramas to corrupt the minds of the young. And now it is proposed, in the summer of ninety-two—but ah, we must prevent that. For it never will do—humph! Well, and what, I wonder, in the name of goodness can the matter be here?"

This exclamation was brought out rather suddenly as the Rev. Mr. Pompous opened the dining-room door. And perhaps it was excusable under the circumstances. For, instead of a neat, well-ordered table, with his pretty wife at the head, and a jocund fire crackling on the hearth, and the children daintily dressed and waiting for his appearance—in the place of this pleasant sight, which had met his eyes every morning for the last ten years—he found only a comfortless and deserted apartment. The chairs were dusty and the curtains hung awry, the grate was cold and dark, and a few dishes were huddled disconsolately together on the table, which looked as if it had been dancing a jig.

For a moment the Rev. Mr. Pompous remained petrified with amazement; then he recovered his senses and hurried into the kitchen to demand an explanation of the servants. And lo, not one of them was to be seen, but the mistress, her front hair in papers and her wrapper half unbuttoned, was fluttering distractedly around the hot stove. Her two little daughters were there, beating an ecstatic chorus upon some pans and pots, and the baby was sifting flour in the water pail and getting itself gloriously wet and sticky.

"My dear," cried the minister, rushing forward, "what are you trying to—has anything happened? Where is the cook and why isn't breakfast prepared?"

"Oh, Gustavus," said the lady, lifting her flushed face from the rueful contemplation of the omelet which had accidentally fallen in the coal hod, "are you down already? Why, surely, it can't be over 7 o'clock now."

"It is nearly time to start for church," answered he, "but tell me, pray, what does all this mean?"

"Well," began Mrs. Pompous, sinking wearily upon the meal chest and pushing back her tangled hair, "the fact is the servants refuse to work Sundays. They insist that it's wrong and wicked to cook on this day and think we ought to be satisfied, you know, with cold food. And, really, I couldn't contradict them, but I was afraid your head would ache, dear, if you didn't have some coffee, and so, as Bridget declined to make it, I came and—"

"Where is she now, and what's she doing?" thundered the master.

"Bridget—oh, she's in her room reading prayers, and Nora has just been there, too, singing pious hymns, and Minnie, the nurse, brought the children down, I can't tell how long ago, and went off to early mass," replied Mrs. Pompous, with a little sigh of resignation.

"I will speak to them," said the indignant divine. "Call them in here, if you please," and he took a seat on the edge of the stationary tub, and tried to assume a calm and judicial aspect.

"No—you mustn't," exclaimed his wife, hastily springing up. "At least," she added in a hesitating voice, "I don't see what in the world you'd say—for it was you, love, who put this idea in their heads. It seems Nora has overheard you talking about Sabbath desecration, and she told Minnie and the others, and they agreed that if it was wrong, as you asserted, for waiters in restaurants to be kept on duty Sundays—why—it wouldn't be right—"

Mrs. Pompous stopped suddenly, but her husband seeming to understand, for he stood quite still, and the faintest possible blush appeared in his face. And then he shrugged his shoulders and turned impatiently aside.

"Ah, well," he remarked, "if they are so stupid as to misinterpret my words in that way I won't try to reason them out of the mistake. There is not the slightest use. Bring on whatever you have to eat, and we'll make the best of it. Hurry up, my dear."

So poor Mrs. Pompous fell to work, and after various ineffectual struggles, in which she and the cooking utensils collided a good many times without any particular result, the meal was put on the table at last. It couldn't be called really a success, though, for the steak was badly burned, the muffins seemed nearly rare, and the coffee tried the patience of the fastidious clergyman to such an extent he certainly would have forgotten to lead in the family prayers only his wife reminded him of the omission.

"By the way," he said, as he pushed back his chair and arose, "where's the paper this morning? I want to see whether my sermon is announced."

"Why, the journals aren't printed on Sunday any more," answered Mrs. Pompous. "The government has just prohibited them, you know, dear; or hadn't you heard about the new law?"

"An't you glad, papa?" little Flossie piped up. "Now perhaps more folks'll go to church. Lottie

want to hear you o'ner, an' he told her he'd ravver stay at home an' read 'bout politics, an' base ball, an' the—"

But a warning look from Mrs. Pompous checked further disclosures and then the good lady remarked:

"I'm so sorry, Gustavus, that I can't hear your sermon, but as Minnie refuses to take care of the children to-day I must remain with them."

"Ah, well," said her husband, absently, "did you order Michael to bring round the carriage for me?"

"He won't do it, dear," said Mrs. Pompous, hastily, "and I'm afraid you'll have to ride in a street car, for he, too, has scruples against working—"

"What can have got into these provoking servants—are they mad or simply lazy?" interrupted the divine, testily. "Really, I hope you won't lose any time in getting rid of them, and finding some better, more easily managed ones in their places—for such insubordination and intolerable impertinence can't be endured," and, with a wrathful snort, the Rev. Mr. Pompous bounced into his study to look up the manuscript of the discourse he was to deliver.

A few minutes later he stood upon the corner of the next block waiting for a car, but to his great astonishment none appeared. The familiar jingle-jangle and the rattling of the wheels couldn't be detected, and up and down the street, far as he saw, the tracks were vacant and empty. At length a young gentleman approached him with a bow and inquired:

"Are you watching for the grip, my dear sir? They don't run to-day. Perhaps you are not aware that the new law forbidding all traffic on Sunday has just gone into effect." Then he added: "Pardon me, but I believe you are the Rev. Mr. Pompous. You certainly have done much to bring about this happy change. Allow me to congratulate you upon the fact that your untiring labors have borne such fruit, and to hope that you may long be spared to aid in fighting the forces of the wrong."

"Ah, yes," replied the bewildered minister, furtively pinching himself as he spoke to make sure that he was in his senses. "I have been deeply engaged of late, and could not keep informed; however, I thank you. But I am hurried this morning, and must really beg you to excuse me," and with these incoherent words he turned away and went back home at the top of his speed.

"I'll harness the horses and drive to church myself," he thought, as he sneaked around the barn in the rear of the premises; and once and again, as he bungled over refractory traces, and buckles, and straps, he murmured softly:

"What has happened—did the world take a somersault while I was asleep last night, I wonder?"

The immaculate costume he wore was sadly disarranged and soiled by the time the carriage was ready, but he couldn't stop to brush, for it was growing very late. And so he hastily clambered in, caught up the ribbons, and started off. But he had driven barely half a mile when suddenly a brawny, red-faced policeman stepped forward and laid a heavy hand upon the bits of his spirited, prancing steeds.

"Now, fellow, what do you want?" demanded the exasperated divine, with an impatient twitch.

"Hit's agin th' rules to ride hon the day o' th' Lord, don't you know, sor?" stupidly responded the blue-coated guardian of the peace. "Th' law say that w'en hit's wrong to work men 'tan't right to use th' 'osses nor hanimals of hany sort. Them's th' new regulations, as you hought to 'ave heerd on long before now, sor?"

The Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't attempt at all to argue the matter; he just sank back on the cushioned seat and permitted his champing steeds to be led ignominiously to their stables by the officer, who kindly helped him to unhitch. Then, with a sigh of resignation and a furtive look at the house to make sure that his wife wasn't peeking, he set bravely out to walk, since there could be no other available mode of reaching his destination.

It was a long and weary tramp, for instead of preaching at his own church, near which he lived, he had exchanged that morning with a minister whose charge lay in a distant part of the city. He was tired and warm and so preoccupied that he could not even stop to enjoy the unusual air of stillness that seemed to brood over the deserted streets. Once, growing thirsty, he decided to ask for a drink of soda water at the drug store he was passing, but the door was tightly locked and a bystander informed the divine that nothing of any sort could be purchased there on Sunday.

And, strange to say, the announcement which certainly should have filled him with delight and gratification had the astounding effect of increasing his vexation. Indeed he actually was guilty of muttering a mild imprecation deep in the farthest recesses of his saintly heart.

Presently, as he strode along, he found himself in a dingy, squalid alley, lined and overhung with rickety tenements. These were not quiet. Ah, no! They fairly swarmed with loud-voiced men, and quarrelling children, and mothers with haggard faces and torn and

dirty clothes. One group attracted the attention of the Rev. Mr. Pompous. It was a woman—a pale, disconsolate creature—sitting upon some broken steps with a baby in her lap and several little tots clustered around her. They all seemed so fretful that involuntarily he bent down and asked the mother what it was that ailed them.

"They do be cryin' 'cause we can't go to the park," sir," she answered, patiently. "Generally we spends Sunday under the trees, and we takes our bit o' dinner and eats it on the grass. But now the cars don't run, and it's so far we can't walk, and we just has to keep at home all day."

"H'm. Why don't you attend divine service, then? Wouldn't that solace you and be better than picnicking to-day?" the Rev. Mr. Pompous inquired, clearing his throat in rather a doubtful way.

"Well," the woman answered, "there is a mission church on the next street, built for the likes of us, but it don't rest me, sir, to go there, for the preacher he sort o' talks in a style I can't understand. So me an' th' children, we'd rather go to the park, after being cooped up the whole week."

"An' I'm hungry," sobbed the tattered urchin at her side, "an' I sold papers, an' I saved my pennies to get suthin' to eat to-day, an' now th' shops won't sell a bite—not one o' them."

"Is that true?" asked the Rev. Mr. Pompous, turning to the mother.

"Yes, sir," she said, "it's the law, an' I can't buy so much as a drop o' milk for th' baby this morning, or meat, or bread, or anything at all. I would ha' got some yesterday," she added quickly, "but we don't have ice, like the rich folks, an' such things they won't hardly keep over night, sir."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't say one more word; he just turned away, and despite the hurry he was in he walked slowly, and was evidently wrapt in thought. When he finally reached the church it was long after the hour set for service, but the members of the congregation had found great difficulty in getting there, and he was not much behind them. So he climbed into the pulpit and delivered his sermon about the world's fair and the importance and necessity of closing it on the day of the Lord. Somehow, though, he couldn't speak with the fervor and eloquence that usually possessed him, and the hearers, he noticed, were singularly inattentive and restless and preoccupied.

As he was just leaving for home at the end he saw among the friends who had waited to greet him a certain prominent and influential editor, and as he shook hands with the latter he made haste to propound a query which had been troubling him very much the past two hours.

"My dear Mr. Quilpen," he said, "is it possible my discourse won't be printed? I've looked in vain for the reporters here to-day and I began to fear—"

"Would you have the poor fellows labor on the holy Sabbath?" broke in the other, reproachfully. "Besides, there won't be any paper to-morrow. The government has forbidden it, don't you know?"

"Why—but I thought—I heard it was the Sunday issue that was prohibited," stammered the Rev. Mr. Pompous, getting more bewildered and perplexed.

"Yes, that is, too," said Mr. Quilpen in a cheerful way, "but I believe it has been decided that the publication of the Monday paper involves more flagrant desecration altogether. You see every bit of work done on it—the picking up news, the writing, and even the setting of type—had to be done the day before, and so if the employees cherished any religious scruples it was pretty hard on them, of course. The Sunday journal prepared on Saturday wasn't half so mischievous or bad. Don't you agree with me?"

But the Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't answer, he just opened his mouth, stared about vacantly, and then plunged silently down the steps and hurried away, sorely puzzled to account for this odd and unexpected change in the condition of affairs. He was soon shaken out of his thoughtful mood, though, for all at once he noticed that a policeman was shadowing him, creeping along behind him in a very mysterious way. He quickened his pace, but the officer walked more rapidly, too, and by degrees approached his side and laid a firm grasp upon his arm.

"You have made a mistake; let me go directly, fellow," cried the Rev. Mr. Pompous, as he drew himself up haughtily and struggled to get free. "What do you mean by assaulting me, a minister of the gospel? I have committed no crime—leave me alone."

"Ah, didn't you, though," rejoined his captor, sarcastically. "Perhaps you never heard of the law agin performin' labor on th' Sabbath day, eh? Then you'll have some information 'f you come up f'r trial."

"Well, at least," said the Rev. Mr. Pompous, seeing that remonstrance was useless, "allow me to telephone to my wife—"

"You couldn't send a message to-day through any wire, an' you ought to be ashamed f'r wantin' to," interrupted the officer. "Now, be you a-comin' along?"

The Rev. Mr. Pompous pulled himself together, feeling thankful that none of his friends was likely to

meet them, and so he was hauled to the stationhouse and incarcerated, in due time, in one of the cells. It was a long and dreary night he spent there, a prey to countless, torturing doubts and perplexities and fears, and the next morning, just out of pure loneliness, he fell to conversing with another prisoner, a shabby fellow, arrested for some petty misdemeanor. He told the sad tale of his grievances, expecting to get lots of sympathy, but, to his great surprise, the listener only waited till he was through and then said quietly:

"Ah, well, you have secured just what you wanted—the ideal Sabbath—and now I hope you feel satisfied. And next you will try to close the Columbian exposition each and every Sunday. Why, have you considered what a wonderful thing that stupendous, immense show will be—a means of education and culture for the masses, who can not afford to go to Europe when they wish—and do you know that many thousands of people labor all the week and have but the one day they can devote to relaxation? And upon that day you would shut the gates of the fair, and what can you offer in its place?"

"They should attend divine service, of course. We have plenty of churches here," muttered the Rev. Mr. Pompous. "It would be better than jaunting and junketing, I'm inclined to think, on such a day."

"Yes, now we reach the bottom of the matter, the root of the thing," said the mysterious stranger, in rather a mocking, satirical tone. "You are a clergyman, and you desire plenty of hearers, for it is out of the congregation that your salary is got. And the church, like any other concern, is apt to flourish most finely when there is no competition, and so you want all places of innocent amusement closed Sunday, that you, the preacher, may have full sway. Perhaps I'm unjust, but really, since you affirm that you'd not open such a thing as the world's fair on the Sabbath, I can but conclude that ministers, like other people, are sometimes influenced by motives of personal gain and selfish greed."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous felt very uncomfortable at the end of these curt and stinging remarks, and he was heartily glad when, in the course of twenty minutes or so, the summons came for him to appear in court. The dignified old justice looked at him sharply as he marched inside the railing, and turned a questioning glance at the policeman—for it was the one who, the day before, had arrested the unfortunate divine and now stood up to testify against him.

"Accused of desecrating the holy Sabbath, your honor," said that officer, "and I found him workin' precious hard—perched in th' pulpit, a-sawin' the air with his hands and yellin' and hollerin' till he was just red in the face."

"Really, this is the most shocking outrage, an insult, not only to me but to the sacred cause I represent," cried the Rev. Mr. Pompous, angrily.

"Do you claim that you are not guilty of laboring on Sunday?" inquired the justice. "What were you doing then?"

"I was preaching, of course," returned the Rev. Mr. Pompous, in a tone of wrath, mingled with both pity and contempt for the evident stupidity of the questioner.

"And what is the amount of the salary you get?" pursued the justice, in a very methodical way.

"I receive about—" here the nonplused divine stopped, and made as if he intended to swallow the answer, but then he thought better of it, and went on. "I have \$12,000 a year."

"And they give you that for preaching, of course?" queried the justice.

"I—that is—why, certainly," returned the Rev. Mr. Pompous, wondering what in the world this would lead to.

"But you say that preaching isn't labor; that you don't work when you deliver a sermon," continued the justice. "What do you call it—play? Is it possible the church allows you so much money every year for doing nothing at all?"

"Dear me," snapped the Rev. Mr. Pompous, finding himself caught in a net, "if this is a practical joke it has gone far enough. I beg that you will release me directly, for really I'm growing tired—"

"Thirty days and the usual fine," cut in the impatient justice. "These evaders of the law need a lesson." Bring on the next case, there, at once."

At this the Rev. Mr. Pompous became perfectly frantic, and, leaping over the railing, he rushed madly down the aisle. But at the door he was stopped by the two brawny policemen who stood guard there, and, after struggling furiously with them for a time, he managed to break loose and dashed into the street, and then—

Well, the Rev. Mr. Pompous waked up and found himself in his own bed, with his wife bending over him and shaking his arm in the most violently perturbed and frightened fashion.

"Gustavus," she cried, "what unearthly, horrible sounds you have been giving vent to in your sleep; you must have dreamed something dreadful. But, now, get up, for it is late, and this morning, you know, you are to preach about the world's fair, and the importance of closing it on the Sabbath."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous sighed, and, resting his elbow on the pillow, looked steadily at the floor, a long time in silence. Then at last he said, slowly:

"Yes, it was a bad dream, but now I am all right. And, my dear, I wish you'd just go down to my study and hunt up that old sermon of mine about the Trinity. I believe I'll use that to-day."

"Why, what has made you change so suddenly?" exclaimed his wife.

"I have some new ideas on the question of Sunday closing—that is," added the Rev. Mr. Pompous, hastily, "the discourse I wrote for delivery to-day is imperfect, and must be revised before I can use it at all."

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHILDREN.

Dr. Axel Key, of Stockholm, read a very interesting paper before the recent Medical Congress, Berlin, on the development of puberty and its relation to morbid phenomena among school children. In Denmark and Sweden it has been the custom for many years to weigh and measure the school children every year. Out of 15,000 boys and 3,000 girls the results were as follows: "In the seventh or eighth year of life boys grow considerably in height and in weight, after which a delay sets in which reaches its maximum in the tenth year and lasts till the fourteenth year, when a considerable acceleration of growth suddenly sets in. This acceleration lasts till the end of the seventeenth year. The acceleration is at first in height and later on in weight, gaining its maximum in the latter in the sixteenth year. At the end of the nineteenth year bodily development of youth seems to end. In girls the course of development is quite different. The decrease in growth after the eighth year is not so great as in boys and yields in the twelfth year to a rapid increase in height. The acceleration in the increase in weight comes later, but outstrips it in the fourteenth year. In the seventeenth or eighteenth year the increase is but slight. The increase in weight, however, sinks to zero almost in the twentieth year, when the growth in women may be regarded as ended." A remarkable thing, as pointed out by Dr. Key, is that boys grow faster than girls in weight and height till the eleventh year, then more slowly till the sixteenth, and then faster again. With slight variation these relations obtain all over Sweden and Denmark. In Italy and the United States of America the period of puberty in girls ends at least a year earlier. "In the spring and summer the child grows more in height, while in the autumn and winter it increases more in weight." "How is it now with the health of school children during the development of puberty? It was found that 40 per cent of the 15,000 boys in the high schools in Sweden were ill; that 14 per cent suffer from habitual headache, 13 per cent from chlorosis." "We ought," he concluded, "to adapt our demands on the youthful organism to its strength and power of resistance during the various phases of development, to promote the health and vigorous bodily development of youth better than we do now. I therefore indorse, from the bottom of my heart, the words which John Pether Frank, the father of school hygiene, uttered a hundred years ago: 'Spare their fiber still, spare the forces of their minds, do not waste the energies of the future man in the child.'"

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON HYPNOTISM.

The Duke of Argyll describes in a letter to the *Spectator* a remarkable experiment in hypnotism which he witnessed many years ago at the house of the late Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh University. He says: "Some one was asked to think steadily of some familiar scene—a house, of a room, or any object of which one could form a vivid mental image. On taking the hand of the mesmeric or hypnotized person, the image became visible to him or her, and was read off or described by the clairvoyante. Trying this experiment myself, I thought of a special room in a friend's house in England, which was very peculiarly and almost fantastically furnished. I imaged it in my mind with that distinctness which we are all able to give to the stores of recent memory, and awaited the result. I can only say that it was a result which astounded me. The clairvoyante described the room, with all its special and unique features, as if she saw it, but saw it with difficulty, through some darkness which it required some groping to penetrate. Not a word was spoken by me. She made out her vision with extraordinary truth. This happened now nearly forty years ago; but it left an indelible impression on my mind. I was convinced then and I am convinced now that the power of clairvoyance, as above defined and limited, was, however incomprehensible, a real power. I felt also, however, that the whole phenomena bordered on a region into which it is hardly safe to enter. It is well to feel in so practical a form the truth of the saying that there are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

The evening of life brings with it its own lamps.—*Jaubert.*



SECRET THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with being, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it, as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by
Like some March breeze whose poison breath
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And often you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought;
Into some mind, to make its home,
A dove, or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair—
They have a vital part, and share
In shaping worlds and molding fate;
God's system is so intricate.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

During the past week the lady managers of the World's Columbian Exposition held their first meeting in this city. One hundred and fifteen ladies responded to the roll call. President T. W. Palmer called the meeting to order. Rev. Florence Kallcock, the able Universalist minister, opened the meeting with prayer. Each member received her parchment commission; then President Palmer made an apt and happy address. He said:

"LADIES: I need not say that it gives me great pleasure to welcome you to a participation in the management of the World's Columbian Exposition. While the ordinary greetings of social life may not seem apropos, I may be permitted to express to you the thanks of the commission for your ready and patriotic acceptance of proffered burdens—as I am sure you will earn and receive the eventual thanks of the nation for loyal and efficient services. You being recognized by the Congress of the United States as an integral part of the commission, I shall not address you in the ordinary fan-farronnade which custom has hitherto sanctioned where nothing has been conceded to women save a right to promote philanthropic or sentimental enterprises. I wish to say that hitherto woman has been found as fully equal to the exigencies of her situation as man and that when responsibility has been placed upon her she has developed under it as well as man. This is the first time, however, that woman has been fully recognized in this country in the administration of a great public trust like this and the action of Congress in passing the bill with this feature, has met the general approval of our people. Did I feel equal to it, I would not volunteer advice nor assume the didactic to a body whose composition I so highly regard and the opinions of whose members I so much respect, lest thereby I might seem to detract from the dignity of your position and transcend the bounds of the authority conferred upon me by the commission directing me to attend your roll calls and preside during your selection of temporary officers. These parchment commissions which have been bestowed upon you may well serve in the better days to come as titles of a nobility as far beyond what has passed for nobility in half-developed society as the future shall be beyond the ages when hereditary titles arose. That your children's children to many generations should cite their descent from lady managers of an exposition which served as a milestone to mark the world's grandest and swiftest progress lies in your hands and brains to-day. All that American women ever lacked—opportunity—is here, and from every state and territory the women of the hour are here to take advantage thereof. It needs no gifts of prophecy to predict that the future will justify the wisdom of the creation of your board and the selection of its individual members."

Mrs. Fenton, of Georgia, was elected temporary chairman; Miss Cora Payne, of Kentucky, temporary secretary.

At the second day's meeting Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, was elected president of the board of lady managers, she being the unanimous choice, the highest compliment in the power of the women to confer.

Mrs. Palmer was escorted to the chair

by Mrs. John A. Logan and Mrs. Cantrill.

Mrs. Palmer in a very graceful speech of acceptance, said:

LADIES: I feel deeply the honor of being called upon to preside over this commission. My humility never asserted itself more strongly than now as I stand among so many distinguished women of national fame, whose brilliant careers have been a matter of pride to the entire country. My one friend has flatteringly put me in nomination and another, Mrs. Logan, who seconded me in so cordial a manner, is one whose life has been largely passed in the fierce glare of public life, and whose fine qualities have thereby been rendered the more apparent. She has shown by her words not my worth, but the qualities of her own generous heart. When she speaks she is necessarily eloquent, and in this case I am the fortunate gainer. The kindness expressed to me personally by the ladies of the commission also in placing this great responsibility in my hands has greatly touched me.

My position differs slightly from that of your temporary chairman in this, that while I have no enemies to punish I have many friends to reward—all of the commission. I regret, after such a mark of confidence, that I have to ask the indulgence of the ladies for my inexperience in presiding. I hope that when we have been holding meetings as long as the other sex a knowledge of parliamentary law will be taken as a matter of course in every woman's training. In the meantime we may amend an amendment just a few times too often, or be put to confusion by some experienced and wily tactician suddenly springing "the previous question," or we may surprise Roberts and Cushing by proving that motions down in their manuals as undebatable present no difficulties in that line to us. We trust that these lapses may only be attributed to a commendable excess of zeal, stimulated by our ambition to keep things as lively as they do in our great model—the other commission.

We must, however, seriously realize the greatness of the opportunity which has been given us. I felt yesterday, as the ladies met in this room, and the North shook hands with the South, the East with the West, that this first meeting in sympathetic intercourse of women from all parts of the country and their learning to work with and understand each other must result in a great broadening of the horizon of all concerned.

The full benefit of this intermingling will not be felt, however, unless we, each and all, are generously willing to leave for the time the narrow boundaries in which our individual lives are passed to give our minds and hearts an airing by entering into the thoughts and aspirations of others and enjoying the alluring vistas which are open before us. In this fresh, breezy atmosphere, brightened by the warm sunshine of sympathy, we will be surprised to find that many of our familiar old conventional truths look very queer in some of the sudden side lights thrown on them, and are not half so respectable and dignified as we have fancied them. Above all things else harmonious action is necessary. That is the foundation which we must have for the superstructure that is to be gradually erected and which, we trust, will be the successful result of our work together. Ladies, again I thank you most heartily.

One of the very pleasant sights at this meeting has been the venerable Isabella Beecher Hooker, who has toiled for the recognition of women these many, many years. Mrs. Hooker declares this to be the happiest occasion of her life. She rejoices that she has lived to see Congress recognize women and place them on terms of equality with men in this great World's Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer gave a reception to the lady managers and their friends at the Palmer House. The parlors and dining room were profusely decorated with flowers and tropical plants, refreshments were served and several hundred people were entertained in a most enjoyable manner.

A North of England woman, who has practically shown what a woman may do in agriculture, died recently near Morebath. Miss Milne lived at Otterburn, but she also owned Howpark farm in Berwickshire and both were farmed under her personal management. At Otterburn, besides ordinary farming operations, she carried on with great success the rearing of pedigree cattle and sheep. Her herd of shorthorns invariably occupied a high place in all the local exhibitions and her "Leicesters" were held in great repute. She was a competent judge of horses and reared prize-winning poultry and dogs—fact, Miss Milne was

"an all-round lady farmer," but at the same time the feminine parts of her character came out in her devotion to flowers and horticulture generally. She had a very fine home, garden and extensive glass houses at Otterburn.

A CHICAGO INSTITUTION.

Owing to her youthfulness Chicago can boast of but few old institutions and these few are old only in a local and limited sense. About the most ancient and certainly one of the most popular of these institutions is the one known as Drake's Game Dinner. Like everything else in Chicago it began in a small way. The one-story frame building of forty years ago, fronting an unpaved street placarded here and there with signs of "No bottom here" has grown into the palatial structure of sixteen stories fronting a granite-paved and completely appointed street and costing more than the total value of all the land in the county fifty years ago; and the annual game dinner, first given thirty-five years ago to a dozen citizens in a hotel that could be set down in the dining room of the house now conducted by the same proprietor, has grown into a national affair with over five hundred invited guests.

In 1855 Mr. John B. Drake, now known to the traveling public the world over, was keeping a hotel in Chicago and dreaming of the future magnificence of the city. His dreams were not disturbed by the pitying look of the Bostonian or New Yorker who in "drumming" the west for trade passed through the town, nor by the contempt of Cincinnati and St. Louis for its pretensions. In one of these day-dreams he was inspired with the idea of giving a game dinner to a few personal friends, among them "Long-John" Wentworth, whose giant form was then familiar on Illinois prairies and the House of Representatives at Washington, and which is now crumbling to dust beneath a tall marble shaft at Rose Hill. Mr. Drake had learned from observation that Chicago was the best game market in the country and that a greater variety could be had in November than at any other time. So in order to show the resources of the market and at the same time to bring together in social intercourse his friends, Mr. Drake essayed his first game banquet. Such was its success that he followed it up the following year with another which was even more perfect than the first; then that annual dinner settled down into the dignity of an institution, and it has kept pace in its magnificence and completeness of appointments with the growth of the city.

Among the first and finest of the great buildings which grew with magical speed out of the ashes to which the city was reduced October 9, 1871, was the Grand Pacific hotel, and at the head of its management Mr. Drake has stood from then till now. On last Saturday evening Messrs. Drake and Parker entertained 520 invited guests in the Grand Pacific at the thirty-fifth annual game dinner. The whole of North America, both land and water had been levied upon to supply the table and ornament the rooms. Space forbids any extended mention of the decorations. Suffice it to say the *ensemble* was as beautiful as it was unique, and unapproachable in any other city of the world. The most notable study was a representation of the Columbian Exposition Commissioners in session. The scene was as much a feast for the eye as what lay beyond was for the palate. It was a congress of stuffed fowl. On a dais at one end sat a solemn game cock, with his gavel in his right claw. On either side were the secretaries, two owls with fountain pens and looking as wise as secretaries usually look. A giant woodpecker with a flaming tuft was making a speech, probably on the matter of site. Behind sat 115 members in carved chairs. These members were as grave and wise as their living prototypes could possi-

bly be. They were grouse, duck, chicken, snipe, quail, pigeons, rice birds, plover, partridges, pheasants, sage hens. There were scarcely two of the same variety. Over the president's chair perched Uncle Sam, an eagle in patriotic garb. The whole was a marvelous bit of work, and the gem of the decorative display.

The dinner was, so far as we can remember, the finest of these annuals, and our opinion is corroborated by many of the long-time attendants. Here is the menu:

Blue Points.		
Soup.		
Hunter.	Fish.	Game broth.
Broiled Trout.		Baked Whitefish.
		Boiled.
Leg of Mountain Sheep.		Deer Tongue; Caper Sauce.
		Roast.
Black Tail Deer.		Mountain Sheep.
Saddle of Antelope.		Loin of Venison.
Loin of Elk.	Opossum.	Raccoon.
Wild Goose.		Sand Hill Crane.
Ruffed Grouse.		Mallard Duck.
Partridge.		Red Head Duck.
Sage Hen.	Brant.	Wood Duck.
Jack Rabbit.		Squirrel.
		Butter Ball Duck.
Prairie Chicken.		Blue winged Teal
	Wild Turkey.	
Pigeon.	Pheasant.	Plover.
	Snipe.	Quail.
		Broiled.
Venison steak.		Gray Squirrel.
Partridge.	Blue wing Teal.	Butter Ball Duck.
Black Birds.	Snipe.	Pheasant.
Red wing Starling.	Quail.	Reed Birds.
Rice Birds.		Marsh Birds.
		Entrees.
Venison cutlets, mushroom sauce.		
Breast of Prairie Chicken, truffles.		
Rabbit larded, champagne sauce.		
Squirrel pie, hunter style.		
Vegetables.		
Boiled and mashed potatoes.		
Stewed tomatoes.		Sweet potatoes.
Green peas.		Sweet corn.
		Celery.
		Ornamental Dishes.
Gelatin of wild Turkey.		
		Boned Quail in Plumage.
Pyramid of Game in Jelly.		
		Pattie of Liver a la Royale.
Boned Duck au Naturel.		Birds at Rest.
Prairie Chicken en Souffle.		
		Boned wild Turkey.
Quail.	Snipe.	Ducks.
Prairie Chicken.	Partridge.	
Prairie Chicken Salad.	Dressed Celery.	
		Dessert.
Macaroons.	Fancy Cake.	Confectionery
Lady Fingers.	Assorted Fancy Pyramid.	
Lemon Sorbet.	Neapolitan Ice Cream.	
Oranges.	Figs.	Grapes.
		Nuts.
Coffee.	Crackers.	Cheese.

At first blush some may wonder what place in a religio-philosophical paper an account of so material and sensuous a thing as a game dinner can have. A little reflection, a little philosophizing will show it has its appropriate place in THE JOURNAL. Those who only consider man as a candidate for another world, who divest him of his mortal qualities, who imagine that the growth and development of this vast country are trivial matters, such are not the people who are to bring on the millenium. They are morbid and uncanny. The Supreme Intelligence, a spark of whom is expressed in every human being, knows how to develop man. He knows that the social intercourse, the display of the resources of the country, the healthy, inspiring, exhilarating psychical forces set in motion at such a gathering; He knows, we say, that all these are necessary in bringing His children up to that sphere of purity and wisdom and happiness which is their final destiny.

Among the guests were many men and women of national reputation; and all of them representative people in their several and varied walks of life. By mingling with such companies the religious teacher, the psychical researcher, the moralist, the ethical exponent keeps in touch with the great heart of the world, knows its beat, and can sympathize with its desires and understand its needs vastly better than does the recluse, or he who only associates with those who share his own views.



CONFIDENT IT WAS THE WORK OF SPIRITS.

TO THE EDITOR: I wish to give my experience with Mrs. Laura Carter, the Cincinnati slate-writing medium. Never having seen or heard of her, except through a brief note of quasi endorsement in THE JOURNAL some months since, I called at her house after a journey of something like a thousand miles. I am quite certain she had never seen nor heard of either me or my wife. Before going to her house we went to a stationer's in Covington and bought two large book slates, which we carefully cleaned, and placed between them a bit of slate pencil and our previously prepared questions. We found Mrs. Carter a refined, pleasant lady, of fine physical health and beauty. She asked no questions whatever, and we gave her neither names nor residence. The room was some ten or twelve feet square and carpeted; two large lamps with Rochester burners were burning at their full capacity in different parts of the room, rendering it as light as could be desired. We sat at a small table, with our slate out of reach of Mrs. Carter. She left the room for a few moments and while she was away we examined the table and carpet carefully. The table was a common, wooden affair, with a carved figure of a dog on the lower platform. Thick woolen curtains hung around it to the floor. These curtains had a slit in the side next and opposite to the medium, used to insert the hand while holding the slate. I give these details at some length so that any one may see the impossibility of juggling on the part of Mrs. Carter.

When she returned she took her seat on the side of the table opposite us. She sat with her right side next to the table, with her feet in full view. She took a small slate of her own and cleaning it, put it under the table through the slit in the curtain, holding it with her right hand. She sat and rocked back and forth in her rocking-chair for a few minutes with no result. She then turned to my wife and said: "I perceive you are mediumistic and would like for you to take hold of the slate with me." My wife complied with the request and immediately the sound of writing was heard by all and the vibrations distinctly felt by my wife. The communication purported to be from the control and contained the usual commonplace. The slate was cleaned and again placed under the table and a message purporting to be from my wife's father was given. While this message was being written Mrs. Carter turned to my wife and said, "Your father says: 'Frank and Mary, my dear children, I am glad to meet you, and will do all I can for you. Let Allie S—go west with you, it is the place for her.'" Mrs. Carter then said, "Please place your slate just under the curtain on the floor at your feet." My wife complied. Mrs. Carter was just then again called from the room and requested my wife to hold her—Mrs. Carter's slate—while she answered the call. Mrs. S. complied, and Mrs. Carter had closed the door and gone down stairs when my wife called my attention to the fact that writing was going on on the slate while no one but herself was touching it. She then concluded to examine her own slate to be sure it had not been tampered with. She cautiously opened it and found the slate clean and her questions inside.

Mrs. Carter now returned and explained, her absence being to excuse herself to some importunate visitors. She said to my wife, "Examine your slate," and Mrs. S. found both sides of the large slate written full, purporting to be a loving message from her father, repeating the advice about Allie S. going west. Mrs. S. next placed one of her questions written on a narrow slip of paper on the floor, partially under the curtain, but leaving the larger part in sight. While she looked at it, she called my attention to the fact that it glided slowly under the curtain. In a moment an answer was written on the slate. The communications now turned to me, and two messages were written, purporting to be from my father, one of them, however, calling me "Henry," which is no part of my name at all. Mrs. C. then asked me to place my slate under the edge of the curtain at my feet and on the side of the table opposite the medium. I complied, and in an instant, it seemed, I examined the slate and found both sides written on. Two messages were given, one claiming to

be from my father and the other, a scrawling message in badly formed capital letters, claiming to be from an Indian calling himself "Bright Star." These are the bare facts. The reference to Allie S. is explained by the fact that my cousin, Miss Allie S., is not in very good health and wanted to go west with us, but we did not feel quite certain whether we should advise her to go or not. That Mrs. Carter is a sincere, honest, good woman I have no doubt. That the manifestations are genuine and of spiritual origin I can not doubt. That it was not my father's spirit communicating I am equally confident, as he certainly knows my name is not Henry. Imposture on the part of Mrs. Carter is out of the question. Mind reading will not account for the writing. No; it was the work of disembodied spirits I feel quite certain.

F. H. SHROCK.
PUEBLO, COLO.

SLATE-WRITING TEST.

TO THE EDITOR: Nineteen years ago, a young Scotchman named Bruce Mitchell, with his newly married wife Jenny, lived with his folks on a small farm one mile out from Dubuque, Iowa. A boy was born to them, when the husband and father resolved to go to California in quest of a betterment of his condition. Years passed away with no tidings from Mitchell. When his father died the place was sold, the small amount of proceeds divided among the children.

Mrs. Mitchell, hearing of a lucrative position as cook in the Oberlin Hotel in Golden, Colo., took her boy and secured the place. There, in the capacity of cook, she remained several years, still gaining not the slightest word of the absent husband. Believing him dead, she became engaged to a young Welshman named David, who lived with his father, known by the title of "Uncle William," in Golden.

At this time appeared the announcement of a lecture in the opera house by Henry Slade, the slate-writing medium, and tests of his powers at the close. Mrs. Mitchell became strongly impressed to go and see if anything could be learned of the fate of her husband. She was accompanied by David and his father. On the way, something seemed to say with persistent repetition, "Buy a slate! Buy a slate!"

Stopping at the store of a Mr. Taft, she purchased a pair of folding slates, and proceeded on her way. Taking the first opportunity to accept Mr. Slade's invitation, she stood up to the stage holding the slates by the opening edge firmly in her hand. The medium stooped down, and simply closed the first finger and thumb of one hand to a corner of the wooden frame, when the scratch of apparent writing was instantly heard. In a few seconds, Mrs. Mitchell was bidden to see what the message was. When she did so, she fell to the floor in dead faint, yet retaining a firm grasp of the slates. As soon as consciousness returned, she was assured by David and his father that no one had been permitted to see the message whatever it was. She instantly rejoined that she wished every one to know what it was, as there was nothing to conceal, and requested Uncle William to read it aloud. He did so to the following effect:

"Jenny, Bruce is back at the old home, dying," signed by the full name of the father who had died so many years before.

The greatly excited wife immediately telegraphed to the husband of her sister, residing at Dubuque, to learn the truth or falsity of the message. Next day, a telegram was returned confirming the statement that Bruce Mitchell was lying at the old home a very sick man. She again telegraphed to know if she should come to him, and received the answer that the joy of knowing she was alive had so far recovered him that he would come to her. He did so, when they decided to remain in Golden, she retaining her position in the Oberlin Hotel.

I received this from a lady intimately acquainted with the Mitchells and all the circumstances, and leave it as requiring no additional comments at my hands.

W. WHITWORTH.
CLEVELAND, O.

A SUGGESTIVE LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR: To my mind, a paper published in the interest of Spiritualism, containing only accounts of physical manifestations, would satisfy very few people, for while physical phenomena are absolutely necessary, yet it is the proofs they bring and lessons they convey that are of vital importance to us.

The old JOURNAL heading had the globe

in the center, and "Devoted to Spiritual Philosophy," inscribed thereon (and that covers an immense field of thought) and THE JOURNAL in its new dress stands for the same, and your constituency being many men—and women, too—of many minds, you could not be expected to please each individual, but he must expect too much for his money who can not find in any one number of THE JOURNAL the value of the price he pays for it. It is also most unjust to charge THE JOURNAL with "drifting away from Spiritualism," as it must be apparent to any continuous reader that its policy is for the truth, and only the truth in Spiritualism, and as "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause, but only asks a hearing" and gets it here, it is certain to rub against some pet theories, and disturb the minds of the owners thereof. Some cry for more accounts of phenomena; let us have some but not all such; for we had better seek for personal experiences, for they are most important. You cover this point fully in the sentence at the top of the third column, sixteenth page, November 21.

Illustrating this I will give an incident occurring when I was thought to be dying in August 1888. A telegram was sent to my sister and its delivery was delayed some how, until the morning after it was sent; not being able to get a train immediately she got the planchette—by the way that planchette has a wonderful history,—and a message was written signed by my father saying that I was better, that I was not going to die just then, that I was to get well, but would be sick a long while. This she told me as soon as she arrived and added, "Pop never deceived me yet in his messages."

I did not believe it at the time, for I couldn't see how it was possible for me to get well, and as a matter of fact I have not my full strength yet, although I have been able to work since January last.

Now this is valuable to me and yet I do not see how it can be of much service to others, since they would not know my "capacity" for telling the truth. Certainly no sane person believes all that he reads.

THE JOURNAL of date mentioned above, copies the statement of the *Christian Herald* as to the enormous amounts appropriated to the Roman Catholic schools, but that paper fails to mention the large appropriations to other sectarian schools; probably it is perversion of public money to sectarian uses only when given to our adversaries.

And now in regard to the attempt to put the Christian "God in the Constitution," the idea comes to me that this would cause Christianity to carry a very heavy load, as certainly crimes committed in this country now can not be ascribed to the influence of Christianity, as this is not a Christian nation, but make it such nominally and it must assume the responsibility. Just think of our politicians and the actions of the members of the last Congress as examples of Christianity. I would hardly like to see this saddled on Spiritualism; it has enough to bear now.

GEO. C. RUDY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FATHER EDMUND'S GHOST.

TO THE EDITOR: "Its all in your eye" is an adage; "Not by a jugful." is another. As Reverend Father Edmund says, in your issue of September 20th, "No doubt there are ghosts and ghosts." May be his own story proves this. I never saw a ghost. I would like to. I am afraid I never shall. I don't believe I am good at seeing ghosts any way. Father Edmund is sure that he succeeded. I have no doubt he saw something. It may have been a real ghost. It may have been an unreal ghost. "There are ghosts and ghosts." I will add to this, and say, that there are optical illusions and optical illusions. I do not know what kind of an optical illusion the Father refers to when he says that he was not the subject of an optical illusion on the occasion of his experience in the convent garden. It is an optical illusion when one sees a man away on the top of a hill and he does not seem to be more than an inch high. We know that that is an illusion. Men do not come of that size. But is it an optical illusion when the miserable drunkard sees the wall covered with wiggling serpents? Perhaps not, though a distinguished European author who has paid great attention to the eye and the laws of the mind, has begged me not to question the old belief. Perhaps he wants the chance to question it himself. I think it may be questioned. Will some one show us how mental serpents may become serpents on the wall?

Father Edmund seems to have appointed himself special attorney for the "ghost" he

saw in South America and fancies that the appearance he saw could not have resembled any of the brethren of his order. Nor do I think that any brother of the order besides himself was present in the flesh that night in the garden. But Father Edmund may have been deceived in respect to the matter of resemblance. The figure that appeared to him did not have the tonsure? How does he know? Might the Father not have been mistaken? It was a drowsy hour that he had his experience.

1. The appearance in the garden may have been the reproduction of a photograph made upon the retina of the Father's eye at service in the choir, and projected magic lantern wise when he went out into the dark. He says that the robe on the image (ghost?) seen was black. This would be all right if the choir was vested in white. May he not have fancied the robe black if that was the ordinary color? I write here briefly on the supposition that the reader understands visual photography and the tricks it will play.

2. A ghost may actually have visited the father while in the garden, being the ghost, or rather the spirit of some person whom he had known at one time, but at the period of his experience being dimly remembered; and may not, the mind under certain circumstances, have the power of unconsciously producing upon the retina the image of the visitor as he appeared in life? Are not all of our minds stored up with positives or negatives, which at times are used as it were inadvertently? By mental action one can produce colors in the eye. Why not form? I have more than once suggested to friends, that the mind has power to create images on the retina from within, just as pictures are photographed from without. Might there not, in the case of Father Edmund, have been a real spirit and, so to speak, an artificial rehabilitation? The European authority referred to has advised me not to throw this thought into scientific circles. Does he want to do that himself? I am ready to be demolished.

(REV.) B. F. DE COSTA.

NEW YORK CITY.

As Mr. De Costa says, "It may have been a real ghost." It may have been an optical illusion. THE JOURNAL has never made the experience of Father Edmund a subject of investigation, and gave his narrative without vouching for its correctness. To those who believe that the departed manifest themselves in the form of apparitions there is nothing incredible in the statement commented on above. Mr. De Costa, who is an orthodox clergyman, doubtless believes that Jesus after his crucifixion appeared to his disciples and subsequently manifested himself to Paul. A skeptic might dispose of these experiences by saying that they were "optical illusions." Mr. DeCosta's faith would not thereby be shaken. There is far stronger proof that spirits do in various ways make their presence manifest in these modern times, than that on which Mr. De Costa bases his belief in ancient spiritual manifestations.

ANOTHER COMPACT FULFILLED.

TO THE EDITOR: An article in THE JOURNAL, headed, "A Compact Fulfilled," reminds me of an incident in my own experience, which occurred several years since. I was invited by a lady whose acquaintance I had made very singularly, being attracted to me through my writing for THE JOURNAL, to visit her. I had never met her husband or family, nor was I at all acquainted in Mendota, where they lived. After spending a few days with them and partaking of their generous hospitality, the night before I was to leave for home, she asked me if I was willing she should invite in a few friends of hers, and allow my influences to control me for anything they might have to communicate. I readily agreed. That evening their handsome parlors were filled with a goodly company; some believers in the philosophy, others investigating, and still others who were entirely skeptical. The host, Mr. Johns, his brother, and a friend of theirs, a professor of music whose name has escaped me, gave some excellent music upon the piano, violin and bass-viol, which had a tendency to harmonize the company; soon my controls took possession and pointing out different ones in the room gave whatever they were able to give, and all were asked whether they recognized the spirit giving the message or being described.

Several expressed themselves satisfied as to the identity of the spirit communication. Finally, after the description of a very small old lady, seemingly about eighty years of age, walking with a cane was given to a Mr. Marsten—a prominent photographer there—he was asked the usual question, whereupon he arose and said the description was a perfect one of his mother who lived many miles from there; for she was, he said, still in the form, at least he supposed so, as when he heard from her only a few days before, she was in her usual health. The next morning on our way to the depot to take the cars for home, passing his studio in company with Mrs. Johns, we called in to bid Mr. and Mrs. Marsten good-bye, when to our surprise Mrs. Marsten told us that the night before, while they were at the house of Mrs. Johns, a telegram had come, telling of the sudden death of his mother. No one being at home the telegram was not delivered until morning, and she said Mr. Marsten was at that time packing his things to leave on the next train to attend his mother's funeral. She also said Mr. Marsten's mother was not a believer, although her son had had many talks with her on the subject of spirit return, and once she had told him, if she went first, and found it to be a truth, she would surely come back, and if permitted would manifest her presence to him. Thus was another "compact fulfilled."

C. A. R.

CHICAGO.

SPIRITUALISM IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR: There is and has been for some time in this city, a wide-spread, unusual and unaccountable interest in the subject of modern Spiritualism. No less than four week-day evening conference meetings have been established in various locations, besides the Conservatory Hall and Eastern District Sunday services. All these meetings, I believe, are fully attended. Some two or three weeks ago, Mrs. Ida Wilson Porter opened Sunday afternoon and evening meetings at Everett Hall, Mrs. Porter, as you are well aware, is the noted fire-test medium and daughter of the late E. V. Wilson. The fire tests, I know to be, from personal experience, unmistakably genuine phenomena. The recent advent in Brooklyn of Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Mott-Knight, the medium for independent writing, affords great satisfaction, and justly, too, to the Spiritualists of our city. Mrs. Knight, a short time since, having been invited to do so, gave a public demonstration of her medial power, before the Progressive Conference. At her own request, she was placed under strict test conditions. The phenomena of independent slate writing was produced, although in a very imperfect form, compared with the clear and beautiful illustrations of it given at her own séances. The investigating committee, composed entirely of skeptics, were utterly nonplused. The Eastern District Society surpasses nearly if not quite all the other associations here in rating excellence of character infinitely higher than either eloquence of speech, or wondrous medial power, or both combined. Let all the others but emulate the example of this sister and organization, and Spiritualism will exert an influence in Brooklyn that shall be irresistible, and the movement made a great blessing to humanity.

W. C. BOWEN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SPIRITUALISM AT GRAND RAPIDS.

TO THE EDITOR: At the regular business meeting of the Religio-Philosophical Society it was voted unanimously to merge the society into the Progressive Spiritualists' Society. This was done with a view of eliminating some undesirable rules and regulations. Dr. U. D. Thomas declined the nomination for president of the new society for the reason of increasing engagements, which rendered him unable to do justice to the position. A change was therefore made in the management, the officers now being as follows: Effie F. Josselyn, president; H. W. Booser, vice president; J. B. Josselyn, secretary and treasurer, with a finance committee of three. Mrs. Adah Sheehan, of Cincinnati, is the speaker for the present month. Ably and eloquently does she represent the cause in which she has chosen and been chosen to labor. Individuals with their differences sink out of sight in comparison with the grand principles enunciated by this speaker. We have a conference meeting every Thursday, from which much good is hoped for. Our retiring president speaks for the Owosso society on the 23d instant. Mrs. Glading is our speaker for December.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Oct. 14.

Several correspondents inquire who is the author of the "Vision of the Future," published in a late JOURNAL. One or two ascribe it to Dr. Coues. The author, whose initials are S. E. H., we have known for several years. She is a brilliant and gifted woman, with finely developed psychical powers. In the nature of things we are naturally skeptical as to her predictions; only time will verify or disprove them.

Mrs. A. N. Wisner of Benton Harbor, Mich., a medium of considerable local note, spent last Sunday in Chicago. Mrs. Wisner seems to have sound ideas on matters relating to Spiritualism. She does not claim to be able to lecture, but her friends say she gives admirable talks in public, both instructive and entertaining.

B. F. Underwood will give an address on Sunday evening, November 30th, before the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Ethical Association. Subject: "The Relation of Hume and Kant to Herbert Spencer, and the Synthetic Philosophy." A discussion will follow to be opened by Raymond S. Perrin.

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If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below: "In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

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stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

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Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed.

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COMMUNION.

By Mrs. F. O. HYZER.

Mother, we did not dream amiss
When feeling were we called to part
In outer form, our happiness
Could not be blighted in the heart,
Since we foresaw and felt that we
E'en o'er the dark transition wave
Should hold our soul attractions free
From every shadow of the grave.

We knew mortality would shrink
From separation for an hour,
But felt immortal life could drink
The cup, nor feel its chilling power;
But not until my spirit rose
From fleshly bonds, could I to you,
Or you to me the truth disclose
In its most joy-entrancing view.

Not till I stood beside your form
While you sat weeping in your woe,
As I with heart aglow and warm
Sought to impart my joy to you,
Did I appreciate the power
Of interspherical communion,
And realize the priceless dower
Of soul-inseparable union.

Not till I saw the light divine
Of love's eternal, central fire
Around your spirit burn and shine
Responsive to my heart desire,
Did meditation's magic course
Reveal its grandeur unto me,
As guiding all things by its force
Now and to all eternity.

Awed and enraptured as I stood,
Myself by self-existent right,
I for the first time understood
The laws of shadow and of light
As they in psychic art relate
Each to the other's use divine,
In their eternal co-estate
Of Nature's changeless course sublime.

There first my eager mind beheld,
And realized that matter lies
As a vast shadow, light repell'd
By the vibrating waves that rise
On the horizon of the Thought
Or Mind that is near and far
From protocosmic atoms wrought,
To splendors in the sun and star.

Thus the objective universe
With all its darkness, stress and strain,
Rolled lyrical in tone and verse
Over the vibrant chords of brain,
As Reason clasped the lily hand
Of tender Psychic in his own
And I beheld the spirit land,
A boundless omnipresence shown.

While I, untouched of Death or Change,
Save that in consciousness divine
My soul by such vast inter-range
Of being knew all Being mine,—
Mine, mine forever to explore,
Mine, mine forever to possess—
I the inseparable, never less—
The All-related, never more.

O how could I, beloved one, weep!
How could my soul or spirit grieve,
Since knowing I could ever keep
All I could consciously receive!
That I could fold all precious forms
Of beauty to my yearning heart,
Sealing love's bonds with kisses warm
By Nature's high and holy art!

Thus soul delivered and arisen,
Render'd subjective to the earth,
I stood beside your psychic prison
To aid you in your higher birth;
Seeing the work I had to do,
As fast as I the power could win,
For all who live as well as you,
To wake them to the heaven within.

But my first practice of this art
Of painting soulscapes evermore,
Was wrought upon your loving heart,
As its dark shadows o'er and o'er
I touched with light of love and truth,
Until our grand ideal came
In outlines of immortal youth
Into the seven-fold auric flame.

Three years this study I have wrought
Fairer and clearer on your brain,
In every light and shade of thought
Adapted to your psychic flame;
Until to-day with joy I find
Commencing our psychic air,
And by our efforts love-combined
The art work growing still more rare.

The heavy background has been toned
Till beauty smiles where anguish gloom'd,
Birds sing their joy where sorrow moaned;
And lilies wave where nightshade bloom'd.
The cross and sepulcher have given
Place to the resurrection scene,
And Calvary slopes up toward heaven,
Crown'd with the palm and olive green.

The turbid waters 'twixt the spheres
Of being we've call'd Life and Death,
Now a pure crystal stream appears,

Rippled by evolution's breath,
While argosies sweep o'er its heart
Laden with choicest fruit and wine
For mortals needful and distrest,
Guided by Wisdom's hand divine.

Then, darling, can you still regret
That I wore not the flesh until
I had with earth's approval met
Through my inspired artistic skill?
Or that my works unfinished lie—
Unwon the artist honors sought,
While you so clearly see that I
A nobler, purer work have wrought?

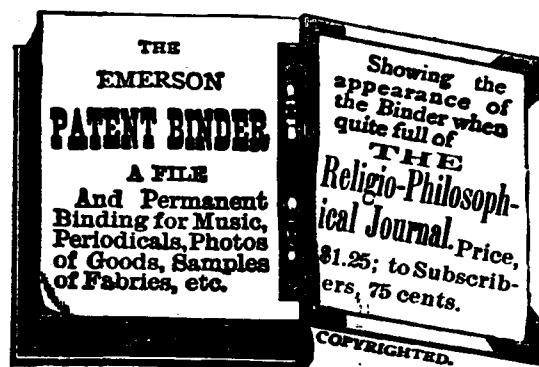
That I'm an earnest artist still,
Sketching Love's triumph over death
With hand that never felt the chill
Of the transition's dreaded breath—
That shall be ceaselessly employed
Not "man's last enemy" to slay,
But knowing naught can be destroyed
Return him to his kindred clay?

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AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

The glory has passed from the golden rod's plume,
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom;
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
The maples like torches flame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,
And Winter's wild herald is blowing its blast?
For me dull November is sweeter than May,
For my Love is its sunshine—she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring dove return to her nest?

Will the needle swing back from the east or the west?

At the stroke of the hour she will be at her gate:
A friend may prove laggard—love never comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet.
Too early! Too early! She could not forget!
When I cross the old bridge where the brook over-
flowed

She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines;
I tread the brown pathway that leads through the
pines;

I haste by the boulder that lies in the field,
Where her promise at parting was lovingly sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round through the
wood?

Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle or
hood?

The minute draws near—but her watch may go
wrong;

My heart will be asking, What keeps her so long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do!

Why question? Why tremble? Are angels more
true?

She would come to the lover who calls her his own,
Though she stood in the track of a whirling cy-
clone!

—I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had
passed,

I looked; lo! my Love stood before me at last.
Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks how they
glowed.

As we met face to face at the turn of the road!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in October Atlantic.

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing,
O budding time!
O love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal steeple;
The bells made happy carolling,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept,
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked,
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide.
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

—GEORGE ELIOT.

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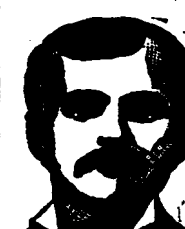
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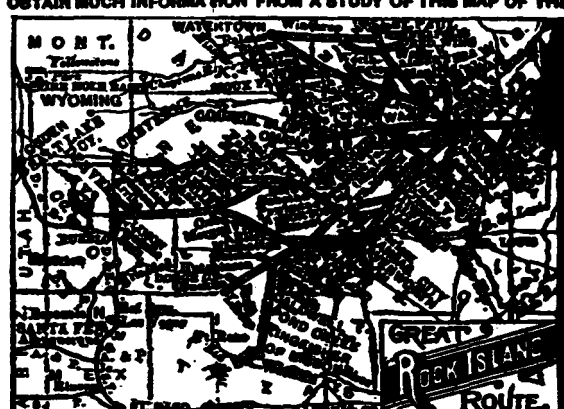
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THE JOURNAL will be sent **FOUR WEEKS FREE** to all who so request. A careful reading is respectfully asked. Persons receiving copies, who have not subscribed, may know that their address has been supplied by a friend and that the paper is either paid for by some one or is sent with the hope of closer acquaintance. Those receiving copies in this way will incur no financial responsibility.

THE JOURNAL BINDER.

Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for *seventy-five cents*, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.



"NOW."

Now is the season of the year for you to make extraordinary efforts to assist me in increasing the circulation of THE JOURNAL. I am giving you a paper of more permanent value and at a greater cost than ever before. I do not, it is true, give the amount of current gossip and local news that some of my contemporaries do; I don't believe that is what my constituents want. I have learned from experience that the intelligent, the earnestly seeking, the thoughtful want a paper the reading of which is not a waste of time nor a mental dissipation. I believe that among the more than 60,000,000 people in the United States there are enough ready to do hard thinking and careful experimenting to give THE JOURNAL a great and powerful constituency. Don't you think so? Of course you do. Can't you find time and opportunity to solicit a new subscriber? Of course you can if you only feel like making the effort. Suppose that for one week, just one week, you were as a body, to be inspired with the same zeal and enthusiasm and persistency in working for THE JOURNAL that your evangelical neighbors display in supporting their multifarious activities and numerous publications! Why I should have to quadruple my order to the paper manufacturer; and I could enlarge THE JOURNAL and bring in a score of able writers and specialists to help improve the quality and increase the quantity of matter. You would be in every way the gainers besides having the great satisfaction of having done your best. I would be the gainer, and Spiritualism in its scientific, philosophical and religious phases would receive an impetus such as has not been known in this generation. Try it, won't you? Consider that I am looking you straight in the eyes and asking you to make for me, for THE JOURNAL, and for Spiritualism only a tithe of the effort I am constantly making! Now is the time. Do it now before the distractions of another week divert your thoughts and cool your inspiration and enthusiasm. Go at the work in earnest, if you really are in earnest in your asserted beliefs and in your friendship for THE JOURNAL. Remember, I will send THE JOURNAL one year to five addresses sent at one time with \$10. Remember, if you are in arrears, that you are under obligations both moral and legal. Remember, if you have paid in advance, that I need your active continuous interest as much as THE JOURNAL needs your advance payment!

TRANSITION OF MRS. SILAS BIGELOW.

THE JOURNAL is asked to make notice of the transition of an esteemed friend. Believing the letter of the bereaved husband making the request to be better than anything we can say it is herewith published:

DEAR BROTHER BUNDY: You will please insert a brief notice of my good wife's release from the material, in her favorite paper. She left me in our pleasant Florida home at 7 a. m., October 27th, to join the angel band of kindred spirits who were waiting and beckoning her away from me. No, not away, but veiled from my material sight. She was sick but a week and at the last, after telling me, "I think I am going," turned upon her side and lay perfectly quiet and passed away without a tremor of a nerve or the movement of a muscle. She had long desired the change and was in almost daily communion with her mother, daughter and friends in spirit life. She was well grounded in the philosophy of Spiritualism and a firm and unswerving friend of THE JOURNAL. I know she joins me heartily in wishing you long life in the body and success in your grand philanthropic labors.

I so far departed from custom as to speak at the funeral of my dear good wife (after

friend Pope, who spoke well) and also at the grave, and gave them plain truths and enforced them by the object lesson before me—the body simply—while the already resurrected wife and mother hovered near to comfort and bless. I really shouted defiance at and victory over the grave as I stood by it and assured old friends and neighbors that she whom we all loved was joyous, happy and free, and the grave had been cheated of its coveted prey, and death had lost its sting, to her who had triumphed at last. My loss is indeed severe and my heart is still sad at times, but I feel and know that she is well pleased with the change which she had for some years desired.

Very truly yours,
S. BIGELOW.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

The next meeting of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research will be held at the rooms of the Boston Society of Natural History, corner of Berkeley and Boylston streets, on Tuesday, December 2, at 8 p. m.

Programme: 1. Routine business.
2. The secretary will give an account of some cases recently received or investigated.

3. Report of some sittings with Mrs. Piper in England, by Prof. Oliver Lodge, F. R. S. (To be read by the secretary.)

No admittance except by ticket. Special tickets are sent for members and associates. Other tickets, each of which will admit three persons, will enable members and associates to introduce their friends. Extra tickets may be obtained by members or associates on application to the secretary. RICHARD HODGSON, Sec'y.
5 Boylston Place,
Boston, Mass.

MISS NICKERSON'S WORK.

A lady writes: Kimball hall was crowded last Sunday afternoon, and Emma J. Nickerson lectured as usual. There were representative Spiritualists present from all parts of the city, and preliminary steps were taken toward organizing a society, to meet regularly under the conduct of Miss Nickerson. Judge Ormsby presided at the business meeting, and Mr. Donkerley was chosen secretary. Subscriptions, almost sufficient for carrying on the meetings until May, were promised. The society will be named next Sunday, and the organization effected by the election of officers. The meetings in Kimball hall have been sustained by Miss Nickerson over two months. They have steadily grown in interest from the beginning, and with larger audiences each week. Miss Nickerson's lecture last Sunday was on "Secrets of Success in Life."

Ex-Secretary L. O. Weeks writes that the annual convention of the Vermont State Spiritual Association was held at Hyde Park, Vt., November 14th, 15th and 16th. Dr. E. A. Smith was reflected president. Addresses were made by Lucius Colburn, Dr. S. N. Gould, Charles Crane, A. F. Hubbard, Mrs. A. W. Crosssett, Mrs. S. A. Wiley, F. A. Wiggins, Dr. George Sutton and others. The next convention will be held at Waterbury in 1892.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Boston, writes: THE JOURNAL is an excellent paper, fair, candid, brave, independent.

Salvation Oil, the great pain-remedy, is a genuine and reliable liniment. Price, 25 cts.

No one has ever been disappointed in using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for a cold.

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.



Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

E. FRANK, Pastor.
St. Severin, Key-Union P. O., Pa.

A Can. Minister's Experience.

St. Paulin, P. Qub. Can. Feb. 10, 1900.
I am happy to give this testimonial as to the excellence of "Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic." Suffering for a long period of nervous debility due to dyspepsia, I ascertain that since I made use of this remedy a radical change was operated on me; not only on the nerves, but even dyspepsia disappears promptly. Similar experiences have been made by many of my conferees with this remedy. I consider it entirely efficacious and proper to cure all nervous diseases and other cases depending from the same.

J. E. LAFLECHE, Pastor.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.

LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE.

—BY—
MARY BOOLE.

Part of the object of this work is to call attention to the fact that our life is being disorganized by the monotony of our methods of teaching.

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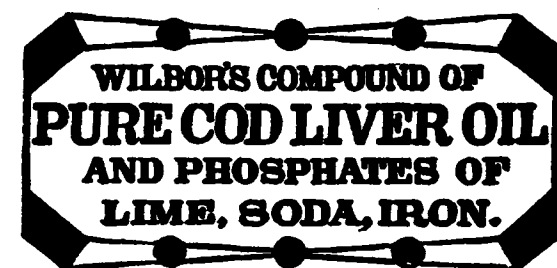
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